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PUNCH

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A Midsummer Day-dream, and its waking Sequel.

IT was the luncheon-hour at Lord's. Likewise it was exceeding hot, and Mr. PUNCH, after an exciting morning's cricket, was endeavouring to cool himself with an iced tankard, a puggreed "straw," and a fragrant whiff.

"Willow the King!" piped Mr. PUNCH, pensively. "Quite so! A merrier monarch than the Second CHARLES IS WILLIAM (GILBERT) the very First! And no one kicks at King Willow, even in these democratic days. The verdant, smooth-shaven lawn, when wickets are pitched, is your very best 'leveller'—in one sense, though, in another, what stylish RICHARD DAFT calls 'Kings of Cricket' ('by merit raised to that good eminence'), receive the crowd's loyal and most enthusiastic homage. But, by Jove, the Harrow boys will want a new version of their favourite cricket song, if prodigy be piled on prodigy, like Pelion on Ossa, in the fashion to which the Doctor during the first month of Summer in this year of Grace has accustomed us."

"The 'Doctor's' throne has never been disputed by anyone outside Bedlam," said a strong and sonorous voice.

Mr. PUNCH looked up, and perceived before him a stalwart six-footer in flannels, broad-belted at the equator, and wearing broad-brim'd silken stove-pipe.

"ALFRED MYNN, quoting 'the Old Buffer,' or I'm a Dutchman," said the omniscient and ever-ready one.

"And, whatever fame and glory these and other bats may win,
Still the monarch of hard hitters, to my mind, was ALFRED MYNN;
With his tall and stately presence, with his nobly-moulded form,
His broad hand was ever open, his brave heart was ever warm!"

as PROWSE sang pleasantly."

The Kentish Titan blushed—if Shades can with modesty suffice. "You know *everything*, of course, Mr. PUNCH," said he; "and therefore you know that the object of my visit is *not* to have my praises sung even by you or the Poet PROWSE, but to back up that National Testimonial to *the* Cricketer of the century—and the 'centuries'—of which I'm glad to hear whispers in the Elysian Fields, where—alas!—we do *not* pitch the stumps or chase the flying 'leathery duke' of Harrow song."

"Well, it's a far cry from Hambleton to Downend," quoth Mr. PUNCH, pensively; "but even the gods of 'the Hambleton Pantheon,' as picturesque JOHN NYREN called them, might have admitted the Downend Doctor as their Jove. Or, adopting his other figure, have made him the King ARTHUR of their Round Table, *vice* old RICHARD NYREN retired."

"I see you read what is worth reading," responded the Kentish Big 'Un. "DICK NYREN's style was as sound and honest and brisk as the English ale he lauded,—'barleycorn, such as would put the soul of three butchers into one weaver.' But the great Gloucestershire gentleman is worthy to bend the bow of Ulysses."

"Or to wear the pads of ALFRED MYNN, which, I believe, were presented to him," said Mr. PUNCH, cordially.

"Ah! There is another and a bigger Presentation afoot, I understand, thanks largely to a truly Gracious Prince," returned "the monarch of hard hitters." "A knighthood? Well, that's as it may be! Quite deserved indeed; but a

'King' hardly needs the addition of the lesser honour, and indeed W. G. won his spurs on the tented field years and years ago. But a National Testimonial! Faith, the Briton who grudges a subscription to *that* doesn't deserve to see a sixer run out, or drink a flagon of genuine Boniface at the 'Bat and Ball' on Broad Halfpenny. Only wish we old willow-wielders in the Elysian Fields could contribute each our obolus. By Castor and Pollux, here he comes!"

Broad, bronzed, black-bearded, bear-pawed, bell-mouthed, beaming, in loose-cut flannels and M. C. C. cap, the redoubtable Doctor entered. 'Twas a sight to see those two six-foot-oddies shake hands! And to hear the talk of the Cricket Heroes of two generations——

* * * * *

"Hillo, Mr. PUNCH! Wake up, old man! Match over!"

It was the veritable voice of the Gloucester Giant. But where was the Pride of Kent? He came like a shadow in summer slumber, and so departed. But WILLIAM GILBERT was at least satisfactorily solid.

"Where are the Bats of yester year?" murmured the drowsy Sage.

"Oh, still scoring—some of 'em," said the practical smiter, cheerfully. "Keeping up a fair average, too."

"What is yours just now, Doctor?"

"Oh, ask DRUCE! *His* tops it, I believe—for the present."

"Ah, well! But the Century of Centuries, the Thousand of Merry May, the suggested knighthood, the coming National Testimonial, H. R. H.'s letter——"

"I never saw a nicer letter, and I hope to see as good wherever I go," interrupted the modest and taciturn giant, with a grin reminiscent of *Wickets in the West* and "the rapt oration flowing free," in a fourfold iteration of a single sentence.

"Better *before* the stump than *on* it, eh, WILLIAM?" smiled the Sage, who had read his rollicking R. A. FITZGERALD, and understood W. G.'s allusion. "Unlike the *other* W. G., at present out in the Baltic."

"Ah, *he* could give the bowling beans, in his own way, which certainly isn't mine," said the Man of Many Centuries.

"What a season!" exclaimed Mr. PUNCH, preparing to puff.

"Centuries to right of us,
Centuries to left of us,

"Centuries all round us,
Volley and thunder!"

MYNN was here just now—in my vision. Wish you could have met him, as I dreamed you did! *Par nobile fratrum!* But even *he* never hit his hundred hundreds, though he played up to the age of fifty. Well, WILLIAM mine, you've topped the toppers and cut all records. May the National Testimonial do likewise. Wish you a sovereign reward for every good hit with which you've pleased the populace—a '*quid*' for every *quo*. And, to prove the sincerity of my love and admiration for the greatest Cricketer of all time, I propose, my dear (prospective) Sir WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE, K.G. (Knight of the Game), to head that same National Testimonial with a contribution outshining and out summing all others, to wit my

One Hundred and Eighth Volume!"





JANUARY xxxi Days.		FEBRUARY xxviii Days.		MARCH xxxi Days.		APRIL xxx Days.		MAY xxxi Days.		JUNE xxx Days.	
1/T N. Year's D.	17/T Abou Kisa	1/F St. Prisca	1/F St. Prisca	1/F St. David	17/S S. S. in Lent	1/M Bismarck b	17/W Oxf. R. T. b	1/W S. S. in 34m	17/S Talleyrd d.	1/S Oxf. R. T. b.	16/S S. S. in Tr.
2/W A. B. d.	18/F St. Prisca	2/S S. S. in 34m	2/S S. S. in 34m	2/S S. S. in Lent	18/M S. S. in Lent	2/W O. B. d.	18/W O. B. d.	2/S S. S. in 34m	18/S S. S. in Tr.	17/S S. S. in Tr.	16/S S. S. in Tr.
3/Tu B. Trouba	19/S S. S. in 34m	3/W S. S. in 34m	3/W S. S. in 34m	3/Tu B. Trouba	19/W S. S. in 34m	3/W O. B. d.	19/W O. B. d.	3/S S. S. in 34m	19/S S. S. in Tr.	18/S S. S. in Tr.	17/S S. S. in Tr.
4/F S. S. in 34m	20/S S. S. in 34m	4/Tu B. Trouba	20/W S. S. in 34m	4/M S. S. in 34m	20/W S. S. in 34m	4/W O. B. d.	20/W O. B. d.	4/S S. S. in 34m	20/S S. S. in Tr.	19/S S. S. in Tr.	18/S S. S. in Tr.
5/S S. S. in 34m	21/S S. S. in 34m	5/W S. S. in 34m	21/W S. S. in 34m	5/Tu B. Trouba	21/W S. S. in 34m	5/W O. B. d.	21/W O. B. d.	5/S S. S. in 34m	21/S S. S. in Tr.	20/S S. S. in Tr.	19/S S. S. in Tr.
6/Tu B. Trouba	22/S S. S. in 34m	6/W S. S. in 34m	22/W S. S. in 34m	6/M S. S. in 34m	22/W S. S. in 34m	6/W O. B. d.	22/W O. B. d.	6/S S. S. in 34m	22/S S. S. in Tr.	21/S S. S. in Tr.	20/S S. S. in Tr.
7/W S. S. in 34m	23/S S. S. in 34m	7/Tu B. Trouba	23/W S. S. in 34m	7/Tu B. Trouba	23/W S. S. in 34m	7/W O. B. d.	23/W O. B. d.	7/S S. S. in 34m	23/S S. S. in Tr.	22/S S. S. in Tr.	21/S S. S. in Tr.
8/Tu B. Trouba	24/S S. S. in 34m	8/W S. S. in 34m	24/W S. S. in 34m	8/M S. S. in 34m	24/W S. S. in 34m	8/W O. B. d.	24/W O. B. d.	8/S S. S. in 34m	24/S S. S. in Tr.	23/S S. S. in Tr.	22/S S. S. in Tr.
9/W S. S. in 34m	25/S S. S. in 34m	9/Tu B. Trouba	25/W S. S. in 34m	9/Tu B. Trouba	25/W S. S. in 34m	9/W O. B. d.	25/W O. B. d.	9/S S. S. in 34m	25/S S. S. in Tr.	24/S S. S. in Tr.	23/S S. S. in Tr.
10/Tu B. Trouba	26/S S. S. in 34m	10/W S. S. in 34m	26/W S. S. in 34m	10/M S. S. in 34m	26/W S. S. in 34m	10/W O. B. d.	26/W O. B. d.	10/S S. S. in 34m	26/S S. S. in Tr.	25/S S. S. in Tr.	24/S S. S. in Tr.
11/W S. S. in 34m	27/S S. S. in 34m	11/Tu B. Trouba	27/W S. S. in 34m	11/Tu B. Trouba	27/W S. S. in 34m	11/W O. B. d.	27/W O. B. d.	11/S S. S. in 34m	27/S S. S. in Tr.	26/S S. S. in Tr.	25/S S. S. in Tr.
12/Tu B. Trouba	28/S S. S. in 34m	12/W S. S. in 34m	28/W S. S. in 34m	12/M S. S. in 34m	28/W S. S. in 34m	12/W O. B. d.	28/W O. B. d.	12/S S. S. in 34m	28/S S. S. in Tr.	27/S S. S. in Tr.	26/S S. S. in Tr.
13/W S. S. in 34m	29/S S. S. in 34m	13/Tu B. Trouba	29/W S. S. in 34m	13/Tu B. Trouba	29/W S. S. in 34m	13/W O. B. d.	29/W O. B. d.	13/S S. S. in 34m	29/S S. S. in Tr.	28/S S. S. in Tr.	27/S S. S. in Tr.
14/Tu B. Trouba	30/S S. S. in 34m	14/W S. S. in 34m	30/W S. S. in 34m	14/M S. S. in 34m	30/W S. S. in 34m	14/W O. B. d.	30/W O. B. d.	14/S S. S. in 34m	30/S S. S. in Tr.	29/S S. S. in Tr.	28/S S. S. in Tr.
15/W S. S. in 34m	31/S S. S. in 34m	15/Tu B. Trouba	31/W S. S. in 34m	15/Tu B. Trouba	31/W S. S. in 34m	15/W O. B. d.	31/W O. B. d.	15/S S. S. in 34m	31/S S. S. in Tr.	30/S S. S. in Tr.	29/S S. S. in Tr.
16/Tu B. Trouba		16/W S. S. in 34m		16/M S. S. in 34m		16/W O. B. d.		16/S S. S. in 34m			30/S S. S. in Tr.



UP THE RIVER—VERY MUCH AT SEA—SQUALLS.

POOR KIDGER HAS BEEN DOING HIS LEVEL BEST FOR TWO MORTAL HOURS, AND THIS IS WHAT IT HAS COME TO!

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

An Appreciation—By Himself.

FORE-WORDS.

FAR is it indeed from Old Podler's wishes or intentions to go about pronouncing his own paregoric, seeing "A Good Bird in the Hand needeth no Bush," as the wise old saw hath it (though *why* old saws, however toothless, should have any monopoly of wisdom over *other* manual implements, Old Podler will leave it to others to elucidate). Suffice it to say that for more years than he cares to recall, Old Podler's Predictions have been a by-word amongst the elect, and the Prophet is now too old a bird to require to blow his own trumpet. He has got on, to a really surprising extent, in his arduous and responsible profession, though contemporaneously getting on, he regrets to say, in another respect—namely, years, thereby necessitating his handing over what remains of his mantle to younger and straighter shoulders. In other words, he has just concluded negotiations for the disposal of his stock-in-trade and goodwill, consisting of a vast selection of astrological instruments, mostly brazen, and his old-established connection with all the leading celestial luminaries, to a young relative of his own by marriage, who will take over the busi-



FAUTE DE MIEUX.

Constance. "CAUGHT ANY FISH, ARCHIE?" Archie. "NO—NONE."
Constance. "HAD ANY BITES?" Archie. "YE—HUNDREDS."
Constance. "TROUT?" Archie. "No—MIDGES!"

ness at a valuation as a going concern.

In future Old Podler will restrict himself to purely private predictions, solely to oblige such old customers of his who prefer mellow experience to callow enterprise.

In taking a last and lingering farewell of the community at large, however, Old Podler feels that he would not be acting true to *Punch*, nor yet to the general public, any more than he would to his own self, were he, from any motives of false humility (which he *despises*) to refrain from inviting attention to the singular blaze of triumphant, not to say staggering, success that has signalled his Predictions in last year's Christmas Number, forming his valedictory achievement in the science of correct prophecy.

Accordingly, he proposes to run through his Predictions month by month, noting the marvellous accuracy with which, taking them as a whole, they have been fulfilled to the foot of the very letter, and pointing out in those rare instances where they might be considered *not* altogether to have come off, so to speak, the *Why* and the *Wherefore*, incidentally affording a full and complete vindication of a pursuit which—between Old Podler and his readers—he has known it when it was palmier.

Having said thus far, he will proceed to what is certain to prove a highly congenial task.



'SHOCK-HEADED PETER'
(The Master of music)

JUST LOOK AT HIM! THERE HE STANDS,
FOZZLED HAIR, AND TENDRIL-HANDS,
LOCKS WERE SACRIFICE TO CUT;
THE PIANO HE MIGHT SHUT;
DID HE DEIGN TO CUT THAT HAIR,
WORSHIPPED BY THE HYSTERIC FAIR,
WERE HE TRIMMER, TIDIER, NEATER,
HE WERE NOT — 'SHOCK-HEADED PETER.'



THE STORY OF CRUEL WILLIAM
(The British Rough).

HERE IS CRUEL WILLIAM, SEE!
WIFE BEATING BRITISH BRUVE IS HE;
HE SMASHED THE CROCKERY, BROKE THE CHAIRS,
AND THREW HIS LITTLE ONES DOWN STAIRS;

AND AH! FAR WORSE THAN ALL BESIDE,
HE KICKED HIS WIFE, TILL SHE NICH DIED.
AND THAT LAW DID TAKE A WHIP,
AND WHIPPED HIS BACK TILL HE WAS SICK;
T'WAS WONDERFUL TO HEAR HIM ROAR,
AH! YOU SHOULD ONLY HAVE BEEN BY,
TO HEAR HOW BILL DID HOWL AND CRY.

THE DREADFUL STORY
(The New Woman).



IT ALMOST MAKES ONE WEEP TO TELL
WHAT FOOLISH HARRIET BEFELL,
A CREATURE WHO WOULD HAVE HER WAY,
AND WITH MOST DANGEROUS MATCHES PLAY;
FOR HARRIET WOULD NOT TAKE ADVICE,
SHE LIT A MATCH IT WAS SO NICE!
IT CRACKLED, AND IT MADE A FUME,
AND HARRIET RAN ABOUT THE ROOM,
AND THOUGHT IT PLEASED THE PUSSIES WELL,
THOUGH THEY OBJECTED TO THE SMELL.
THE PUSSY CATS SAW THIS,
AND CRIED "OH NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY MISS!"
AND STRETCHED THEIR CLAWS,

ABOUT HARRIET & THE MATCHES



AND RAISED THEIR PAWS,
'TIS VERY VERY WRONG, YOU KNOW,
ME-OW ME-OW WE TOLD YOU SO,
YOU WILL BE BURNT IF YOU DO SO.

AND SEE! AH! WHAT A DREADFUL SIGHT!
THE FIRE HAS CAUGHT HER SNEE ALIGHT;
AND VERY SOON NO THING IS FOUND,
BUT JUST HER ASHES ON THE GROUND.
AND WHEN THE TWO CATS SAT BESIDE
THE SMOKING ASHES HOW THEY CRIED!
ME-OW, ME-OW, ME-OW, ME-OW,
WHAT WILL NEW WOMANHOOD NOW DO?

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S POST-CARDS TO HIS SON. No. I.—PRELIMINARY.

London, January 1, O. S., 1895.

DEAR FRIEND,—Many years have elapsed since I laid down my pen after writing a last Letter to you. A great deal has happened in the interval, including post-cards. If you remember—and I trust what I have said to you as to the necessity of training your memory has borne fruit—we had not at the time of our earlier correspondence even envelopes. You will find post-cards a matter of some convenience. But let me beg of you to use them with discretion. For example, if you are in communication with Crowned Heads, avoid the post-card. Even with Ministers, whether of State or accredited to Foreign Courts, the post-card should be sparingly used. There is about it a lack of distinction.

You will, perhaps, with the audacity of youth, cite two cases against this dictum. One is Mr. Gladstone, the other the humble individual who addresses you. But Mr. Gladstone, though not lacking in parts, never had the advantage of the training in Paris and elsewhere which your father lavished upon you. As for me, I trifle with the post-card because it is a novelty, and because its superficial area is so limited that I have covered it before I have opened the topic on which I desire to converse with you, and have so secured the pleasure of writing to you again at no distant date. Adieu! May the graces attend you, for, without them, *ogni fatica è vana*.

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR JANUARY.—As a "New Woman," commence the first month of the year with novel ideas about the place of man in Nature. Remember that you are his superior, and that, having filled a subordinate position for some four thousand years, you have to make up for lost time. As a commencement, revolutionise that particular masculine institution, "the Club." Start a *cercle* of your own. Have the usual coffee-rooms, smoking-rooms, and card-rooms. Elect a committee. Then proceed to pill every candidate put up for election. This will be done as a matter of course by all who have the power of the ballot-box. The numbers naturally falling off, supplement the list of members by admitting visitors. Follow masculine precedent, and offer hospitality to the opposite sex. By this time you will have had enough of the Club, and the Club of you, so try something else.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

JANUARY.—On referring to his prediction for January last, Old Podler finds he anticipated "*grave internal complications in the mechanism of the Automatic Sweetmeat Machines at one or more of the principal Underground Railway stations.*" In proof of the essential correctness of this forecast, he confidently appeals to any unprejudiced observer who chanced to be on the platform of

Portland Road Station, between the hours of two and five on the afternoon of Monday, the 22nd of January, to state whether it is or is not the fact that the butter-scotch department of the machine there was officially announced to be "temporarily out of order."

He notes, too, that he predicted that the Beadle of a well-known Arcade would be afflicted with chicken-pox; and here, again, he is proud to say that the event fully bore out his prognostic. Old Podler is quite aware that the amiable and highly respected official who controls the destinies of the Burlington Arcade wrote to the papers, indignantly denying that he had had the disease in question. But observe that Old Podler named no names; it is possible (as any medical man will confirm the fact) for a patient to have the complaint unbeknown, even to himself, not to mention that in this vast and opulent metropolis of ours there are *more arcades than one*. Again, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Clown at Drury Lane Pantomime were solemnly adjured by Old Podler to abstain from acid drops; and it cannot be doubted that, had they not taken the warning to heart in time, they would not be now enjoying their present excellent health and spirits. So much for January.



Miss Histriophila. "I COULD TELL YOU WERE AN ACTOR AT ONCE. NOW DO TELL ME, WHICH *RÔLE* DO YOU CONSIDER YOUR BEST?"
The Bounding King of the Arena. "I DON'T ROLL AT ALL. I TURNS SOMERS-AULTS OVER 'OSSES AN' ELEPHANTS AN' THINGS!"

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR FEBRUARY.—Not entirely novel, but novel enough for a beginner. Produce a newspaper. Edit it your-

self. Have all sorts of news. Remember the public love variety. Be a Unionist one day, and a Radical the next. Why should not all sides have their say? Have half-a-dozen contributors for each subject. If they disagree with one another's opinions, so much the better. If your readers complain, tell them they are unreasonable. You don't bring out a paper to please them, but yourself. If you find that your cosmopolitan sympathy with everything becomes wearisome, give up journalism, and try something else.



DARBY AND JOAN FALL OUT.

"WHAT, MARIA? DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT IF I WERE TO DIE, YOU'D ASK THE GIBSONS TO MY FUNERAL, AND LEAVE OUT MY OLD FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. BROOKS?"

"I SHOULD CERTAINLY NOT INVITE MR. BROOKS."

"THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I SHOULD BE *EXTREMELY ANNOYED!*"



A CONSULTATION.

Patient. "DOCTOR, MY MEMORY HAS RECENTLY BECOME SHOCKINGLY BAD."

Doctor. "INDEED? IN THESE CASES, SIR, IT IS MY INVARIABLE RULE TO ASK FOR MY FEE IN ADVANCE."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

TOORALOO!

OR, CHEVALEERIA COSTERANA.

(Jockey "Albert-Chevalier") Version of the celebrated "Cavañera Rusticana" adapted to private representation.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALF WAYO (a Coster).
TOORALOO (a Militiaman).
SAL TOOTSIE (in love with TOORALOO), a Doña.
LOLLA (a Doña, wife of ALF WAYO).
LOO (Mother of TOORALOO).
A Waiter (at the "Cambrian Lyre").

Of course, in strictly Elizabethan style, the play may be represented without any set scene, and with "properties" only. But the Scene represents—



SCENE—"Down Endon way."

Sign-post (O.) at back, where two roads converge. Between this point and the Inn, called "The Welsh Harp" (L. H.), and Sal Tootsie's cottage (R. H.), runs from R. to L. the London Road.

Overture. The Overture offers an opportunity to any aspirant for burlesque musical honours. Then, the Curtain being still down, the voice of Tooraloo is heard singing without.

SONG.

You ain't forgotten yet that night in May!
Down at the "Welsh Harp," which is Endon way?
'Twas just the time I come good bye to wish yer,
Before a goin' out with the Milishyer.
"Oh, Lolla dear! d'ye hear? Bye, bye!" says I.
I kiss'd you fast asleep! Bye, Lolla, bye!
An' now you're Mrs. Alfred Wayo! There!
I loves yer as you are, an' as you were!
As I loved you "that lovely night in June."
When me an' you was jinin' in a tune!
Away O! I went away O! 'Way O!!

* This parody is written for acting. This must be borne in mind by the "gentle reader." The Author reserves all public acting rights. The songs will fit, by a little private arrangement with the tunes, the original music of the Opera; but burlesque airs for some of the principal numbers have been already written by a popular Composer, with whom the Author will confer on receiving any application as to the music.—Ed.

Overture continues, finishes, and curtain rises. Enter Sal Tootsie from down the street, L. C. At the same time Loo enters from cottage R. H.

Sal (sadly). Ah! Mother Loo!
Loo (turning away from her). Sal Tootsie here! Adoo!

Sal (detaining her, agitated). Your son I want to see! My Tooraloo!
Loo (shortly). He's out with his militia.

Sal. No! (Loo starts.) Last night He was down Endon way.

Loo (disturbed). If you are right, He's left the army!

Sal (distractedly). Ah! where can he be!!
Loo (puzzled). Has he deserted?

Sal. (wildly). Yes! deserted me!
But I will wait! I'll search! (with suppressed emotion) and, if I find him, He'll know what sort of girl he's left behind him!

[Exit distractedly R. 2 E.]

Loo (puzzled). Well! [Music; noise without as of approaching donkey-cart. Loo looks off towards L. 2 E.]

'Tis Alf Wayo! Donkey-cart, too! Sweet!

[Regards herself.] I'm so untidy. (Smacks her lips.) I'll get something "neat."

Alf Wayo, cheering, drives in on donkey-cart laden with vegetables.*



Music. Alf Wayo comes down, cracking his whip.

I the Donkey gaily O!
Driving, driving daily O!
In my coster-cart, Wy-O!
Giving the moko
Titillating toko,
I make him start! Wy-O!
Gee-ho!

[Donkey joins in chorus, and gets rid of his harness.]

Waiting is my Doña O,
I'm of her the owner O!
She's the girl to please Wy-O!
Bless her! I'm the chap, O!
For the kissing trap, O!
Coming with a squeeze, Wy-O!
Gee-ho!

[Dance of Alf Wayo and Donkey. Exit Donkey with cart, &c.]

Alf (rapping at cottage door, R. H.). Hey! my Old "Dutch"!

* Two aspiring gymnasts can take the donkey's part. If no aspiring gymnasts, omit donkey and cart, and any allusions to it, except of course the song sung by Alf Wayo on his entrance.

Loo (opens door suddenly, and gets "one" on her head). Oh! Oh!

[Collapses against door.]

Alf. (sympathetically). I beg your pardon.
Loo (recovering). 'Tis very lucky that my head's a hard 'un.

Alf (jocosely). That tap was mine, now I'll try yours.

[Indicating drinking as he goes towards door R. H.]

Loo. You'll try;
But that there tap, as you allude to, 's dry.

Were my son here, I'd send.

Alf (surlily). He's not far off!

Loo. Who?

Alf. Him! Your son! I saw him! (sarcastically) quite the toff!

Loafing about my house.

[Crossing to L. H.]

Loo (R. H. bridling). He's better brod

Than "loafer" comes to!

Alf (viciously). Oh! I'll punch his head!

[Sal Tootsie comes down R. at back of Loo unperceived by Alf, who is L. H.]

If I can catch him!

Loo (indignantly). You!—you—

Sal (behind her R. whispers agitatedly).

Mother! silence!

Unless you want your words to lead to violence.

[Crosses behind and exit into Inn L. H. as Alf crosses to R. H.]

Alf (moodily). I feel a jealous fit all green and yellow.

Loo (pointing to bill on Inn door). Are you a Forester?

Alf (roughly). No.

[Exit R. 2 E.]

Loo (astonished). An Odd Fellow!

In the "Welsh Harp" (looking off L. H.)

Sal Tootsie's feeding. Good!

My appetite's well sharpened too, for food.

So—



[Loo is just about to exit into Inn L. H. when Sal Tootsie comes out from it and grasps her arm with tragic intensity.]

Sal. Stay! Mamma!

Loo (frowning). Mamma!

Sal. (decidedly). Your son swore he—

Loo. Don't pinch!

Sal. I must! (With tragic earnestness).

He said he'd marry me!

Loo. (startled). My Tooraloo!

Sal (showing ring).

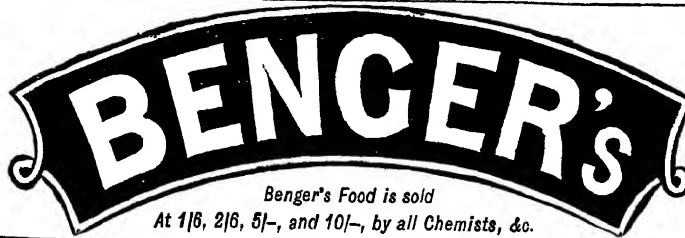
Gave me this pledge! See there!

He said his wife I was! the ring I wear!

But he with Lolla's gone upon a spree!!

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected. It is invaluable."
London Medical Record.

FOOD FOR INFANTS



GOLD MEDAL
INTERNATIONAL HEALTH
EXHIBITION, LONDON.
INVALIDS
AND
THE AGED



Important to Wearers of Fine Linen.

INSTRUCTIONS to prevent the FRAYING of CUFFS and COLLAR, also the withdrawal for a practical test, sent post free on application to R. S. HUDSON, Bank Hall, Liverpool, Manufacturer of

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A Fine Powder—in Packets.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

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NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE!

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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These Series of Pens Writes Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

By Her Majesty's



Royal Letters Patent.

"SELVYT" TRADE MARK.

The New Polishing Cloth and Duster, Should be supplied to every gentleman's

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Silver, Glass, China, Boots (patent and brown), Carriages, Harness, and all fine and highly polished surfaces.

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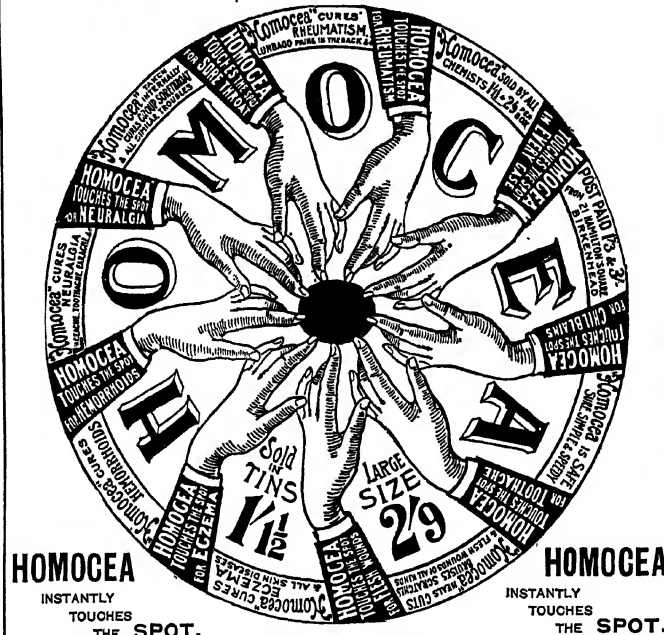
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"Old Bleach" Huckaback, Diaper and Damask Towels, Fringed and Hem-stitched Towels, Huckaback and Fancy Towelings, Bird's Eye and Nursery Diaper, Pillow Linen, Embroidery Linen, Glass Cloths, Tea Cloths, &c., &c.

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INSTANTLY TOUCHES THE SPOT.

HOMOECA may be considered one of the most important discoveries of the age. It is an infallible cure for Piles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Eczema, Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Wounds, Inflammation, Stiffness, Sprains, and Strains.

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LADY KEANE has much pleasure in recommending Homoea as an invaluable remedy for Rheumatism, Toothache, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, &c. It has entirely cured her of Rheumatism and other ailments.—Hillside, Bracknell, Berks.

LADY VINCENT says:—"It is such an incomparable application for Rheumatic Neuralgia, that she wishes to have two more tins sent.—8, Ebury Street, London."

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OR LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF

MEAT and MALT WINE.



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OF WARM WINTER UNDERCLOTHING.

REMNANTS Made-up Bundles of Remnants containing useful lengths of Serges for Dresses, Meltons, Winceys, Merinoes, Cashmeres, Blankets, Flannels (white and scarlet), Skirtings, Velveteens, Prints, &c., &c., in lengths of from 2 yds. to 8 yds., at 10/6, 15/6, 20/-, 25/- each. Well worth double the money. A charge of 1/- extra is made on each parcel to cover cost of carriage.

Write for Price List.

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BRAND "J. & F. MARTELL"
ON CORKS, CAPSULES,
AND LABELS.

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IN COGNAC.

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"MYRTLE GROVE" CIGARETTES

COOL. SWEET. FRAGRANT.



MAKES THE PUREST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST BEEF TEA.

KEEPS FOR
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LENGTH
OF
TIME.

Beware of
Imitations.

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*See Signature
(as annexed)
in Blue Ink
across the label
on each Jar
of the Genuine
Extract.*

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**VITALI'S
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"THE FINEST"—
UNEQUALLED.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

See Wine Cards
GORDON HOTELS.
Metropole, London. Metropole, Brighton.
Victoria, " Cliftonville, Margate.
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And of all first-class Caterers in the United
Kingdom.
"Superior Vintage Wines of Italy."
LONDON, E.C.

Clerks should ask their Employers for
MAGNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS
Beware of the Party offering imitations.
SMALL HINDOO PEN Nos. 1, 2 & 3



"They create both wonder and delight. No wonder
that Ed pens come from them."

LUXARDO



THE
KING OF LIQUEURS.

DR. RIDGE'S
PATENT COOKED
FOOD.

Excels all other
Foods for Infants
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LAURENT-PERRIER
"SANS-SUCRE."

The only natural highest-class Brüt Champagne
without any added Sugar or Alcohol, and of delicious
flavour.
Sold by Wine Merchants, all leading Clubs, Hotel
and Restaurants. And of
Sole Consignees, HERTZ & COLLINGWOOD,
4, Sussex Place, London, E.C.

"WILLS'S" NAVY CUT



"CAPSTAN" BRAND.
Can now be obtained in
2-oz. Patent Air-Tight Tins
In Three Grades of Strength,
viz. :—

"MILD,"
Yellow Label.

"MEDIUM,"
Blue Label.

"FULL,"
Chocolate Label.

As well as in 1-oz. Packets
and 4lb. Patent Air-Tight
Tins, by all Dealers in
Tobacco.

Loo (*horrified, R.*). Lolla! Alf Wayo's wife! [*Staggers.*]

Sal (*L.*). Neglecting—me!! [*Both women overcome fall into two chairs.*]

Loo (*recovering, exclaims jerkily*). Oh! Oh! He can't have ventured past recall!

[*Rises and staggers. Then plaintively, as she makes for door R. H.*]

My boy! (*Gulping, pathetically.*) "He only stands so igh! that's all!"

[*Exit staggering into cottage R. heart-broken.*]

Music. Enter Tooraloo gaily. Sal Tootsie starts up as he touches her on the shoulder. She R. H. eyes him jealously. He shrugs his shoulders, whistles, and crosses to L. H.

Sal (*savagely*). Where have you been?

Tooraloo (*carelessly*). Oh, nowhere. Sal (*indignantly*). That's not true!

Me you will not deceive! false Tooraloo!

[*Chord.*]

[*With intensity.*] Lolla you love! You do. Too. (*still more annoyed*). Oh, stow it! can't yer?

What are you doin' here? (*She seizes his arm and he shakes her off. Both R. C.*) Bah! I don't want yer!

[*They both start at the sound of Lolla's voice. Sal Tootsie furious, Tooraloo restraining her.*]

Music. Lolla heard singing without L. 2 E.

I have my hat and feathers,
I look so spicey, spicey!
I'm neat in upper leathers,
The boys say "Nicey-nicey!"
I've a regular tip-top shawl,
Likewise an 'ankerchee,
I'll go where I can
With my fancy man
Anywhere for a spree!



Enter Lolla, à la Carmen, extravagantly dressed; she sings at Tooraloo, crossing from L. to R. and back again.

My dress is short and tidy,
My hair is jetty black,
Oh don't I look the Lidy!
It's bunched up at the back.
I've no end of a nosegay, too,
And a brooch that's like a star.
I'll go where I can
With my fancy man
Smokin' a big cigar!

TRIO.

I've } No end of a nosegay, too!
You've } And a brooch that's like a star!
She'll } Go where I can
I'll } With my fancy man
Smokin' a big cigar!

[*Sal Tootsie, while Lolla is singing, wants to rush at her, but is restrained by Tooraloo. Just as Lolla is about to exit L. H. she throws a flower to Tooraloo, and exit into inn. Tooraloo stoops to pick it up. Sal Tootsie rushes past him to L. H.; he seizes her, and throws her round to R. H.*]

Too. (*to Sal, roughly*).

Stay there! (*Looking after Lolla.*) She cuts me! I have lost my chance!

(*Wildly.*) And all the other chaps with her will dance!

I'll join her.

[*Going. Music.*]

Sal (*seizing him, imploringly*). No—no—no! [*She struggles with him.*]

Too. Get out! (*Throws her down.*) There! [*Runs off L. H. into inn.*]

Sal (*rising, and staggering. Then at doorway L. H. threatening.*). Hussy!

Leave me for her! (*Tragically.*) Leave her to me!

No mussy!



Music. Enter R. Alf Wayo.

Alf. (*to Sal Tootsie*). You don't enjoy your holiday?

Sal (*bitterly*). I do. [*Suddenly seizing him, and pointing L. H.*]

Lolla's gone off! Alf (*considering, and mistaking her meaning*) A bit. [*Crossing to L. H.*]

Sal (*seizing his right arm, shaking him*). With Tooraloo!

Alf (*starting furiously*). My wife! with Tooraloo! I'll pound him, bash him! Dash him! I'll thrash him, hash him, and I'll smash him! (*Taking her by the wrist.*)

You're not deceiving me? Sal. I swear it's true!

(*Then, seeing him savagely doubling his fists and sparring, frightened, crosses to L. H.*)

What have I done! Alf. (*sparring R. H.*). You'll see what I will do.

DUET.

Alf. I'll bash him, crash him, smash him!

Sal (*aside*). Ah, what will he do!

Alf. I'll thrash him, hash him, dash him!

Sal (*aside*). He'll kill my Tooraloo!

Alf. I'll thrash him, I will!

Sal (*aside*). Poor Tooraloo he'll kill!

Alf. His head I'll break.

Sal. Unhappy day!

Oh, for my sake!

Alf. Away! Away!

Both. Unhappy day! Away! Away!

[*Alf Wayo rushes off R. 2 E. pursued by Sal Tootsie.*]

Gay music. Re-enter Lolla and Tooraloo dancing, followed by Waiter with jug and pewter pot.

Too. Hi! fill it up! (*Waiter pours out beer and then pours some in glass for Lolla.*) My Lolla!

Lolla (*coquettishly*). O, go 'long!

Too. Your health, my dear!

Lolla. And yours!—your health and song!

SONG. Tooraloo.

Foaming pot of half-an-half O,
That's the very thing to quaff O,
'Tis the way to make you laugh O,
When you're a goin' on the spree!

Stuff it is you can depend on,
Pewter bright a chap might lend on,
O there is 'Arpiness in 'Endon
My Lolla lolling here with me!

With my shiners gaily chinking,
Can't I just go in for drinking,
Kissing all the girls like winking,
Thinking, dear, alone of you!

Lolla.

You're forgetting my position,
I'll give you an admonition,
Sir, in spite of your petition,
I can't belong to Tooraloo!

Both.

Tooraloo! Tooraloo!

Never can { I } belong to you!
 { she }
Tooraloo!

[*Waiter produces concertina and all three dance. Exit Waiter L. H.*]

Enter Alf Wayo R. 2 E. and down between Lolla and Tooraloo.

Both (*startled*). Alf Wayo!

Alf (*grimly*). Quite so. You are rather merry.

Both (*affecting carelessness*). We are! We are!

Lolla (*trembling*). Particularly.

Too. (*nervously*). Very!

(*Trying to assume a festive manner.*) You'll just have 'alf a glass?

Waiter, re-entering, fills and presents pewter. Alf (*grimly*). Look here—no chaff.

Nor wife! nor beer! I don't share 'alf-an'-'arf!

But from a chap like you I simply collars it.

[*Snatches the pewter from Tooraloo. Lolla is fainting and clutching chair.*]

I puts it to my lips—and then—I swallows it!

[*Music. He drinks it off, and turns it over empty.*]

D've see my pint?

Lolla. They'll fight! [*Exit R. 2 E. frightened.*]

Too. (*sulkily*). You want a row!

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

Alf (savagely). I do—with you—I'll have it, here! and now!

[Gives him a cuff on the ear. Chord.

Whack!

Too. (returns it). Whack! [Chord.

Waiter (c. pleasantly). Can I see fair?

Alf. The stakes you'll bring.

Waiter. Yes—stakes for two.

Alf (to Waiter). Andropes, to make a ring.

[Pointing off R. 2 E.

Exit Waiter R. 2 E.

Too. (aside, miserably).

He's going to smoke.

(Sees Alf lighting a pipe.)

He strikes his match, I see;

I shall not be his

match when he

strikes me!

Re-enter Waiter R. 2 E. c and down.

Waiter. The stakes is on.

Alf (with fierce joy). I'm ready for the

tussle.

My friend (to Waiter), I'm in good

training—feel my muscle!

Pop in my left, and give him such a

whacker!

[Music.

(To Tooraloo.) You'll follow. (To Waiter.)

You're my "second." Here's (show-

ing pipe) my backer!

[Exit R. 2 E. Alf Wayo swaggering,

followed by Waiter admiringly.

Enter Loo R. H.

Too. (c.) Mother! [Deeply affected.

Loo. My child! Why—

Too. (pretending gaiety). Nothing.

When you see

Sal Tootsie, Mother, give her this from me.

Loo (R. c.). What?

Too. (about to kiss her, but changes his mind).

It shan't pass my lips.

Give her a kiss

For me, and when you've done it, just

add this.

Say that I gaily went at duty's call,

Singing "O let me like a soldier fall!"

[Music. He tries to sing, "O let me like a

soldier fall!" but breaks down at third

line and rushes out R. 2 E.

Loo (excitedly and puzzled). What ever is the

matter! What's it mean?

Music. Re-enter Lolla R. 2 E.

Lolla (wildly). O they are going it!

Loo. Where

have you been?

Lolla (looking off R. 2 E.). They're at it!

fighting! (Coming down.) I've just

left the ground!

Music descriptive increases in intensity as Sal

Tootsie rushes in R. 2 E.

Sal (excitedly). It will be over in another

round!! [Music. Cheers without.

See, they return!

Re-enter Waiter and Peasants cheering and

supporting Alf Wayo and Tooraloo.*

The latter is considerably damaged.

Loo (distractedly). My son! (To Alf,

furiouly.)

You'll suffer, if I am bereft of him.

Alf (turning carelessly away from Loo, and

addressing Lolla sarcastically). There

is your lover, Madam! take what's

left of him!

Lolla (indignantly). My lover! What d'ye

mean? He was, before (archly).

You came along! But, after that (dis-

dainfully) no more!

* Of course as great a crowd here, and all through,

as the strength of the company will permit. If the

performing donkey has appeared, his disembodiment

will provide a couple of peasants.

Alf Wayo (relenting and explaining to Lolla).

Sal Tootsie told me—

Lolla (haughtily). Her! Why she is jealous

If he should look at anybody ellus!

Why? (Contemptuously.) Ain't they going

to marry?

Alf (hesitating). Is that true?

Loo. True! Look!

[Tooraloo and Sal Tootsie are em-

bracing L. H.

Too. (to Sal Tootsie) } (together).

Lolla (to Alf Wayo) }

What's { she } to me, when I love you!

{ he }

[All embrace. Waiter embraces Loo, and

gets the worst of it. Waiter retires up.

Loo (ruffled, and settling herself). Imperance!

(Then turning smilingly to the two

couples.) Bless you! What a lucky

chance!

Wedding to-morrow, and to-night—a

dance!

FINALE.

Loo. Now we'll dance and sing

Anything old or new,

Alf. As long as it is a thing

With a chorus Tooraloo!

Lolla and } Tooraloo! Hooray!

Loo. } Hooray for Tooraloo!

Tooraloo. } The wedding ring!

We'll dance and sing!

All. Right Tooraloo! Loo!

Chorus.

Tooral looral Loo!

Hooray for Tooraloo!

'Tis quite the thing

To dance and sing

Ri Tooral looral Loo!

[Dance of all the characters as the

curtain descends.



FINALE.

Sal Tootsie. Tooraloo.

R. H.

Loo.

O.

Waiter.

Alf Wayo.

L. H.

Lolla.



BRITANNIA À LA BEARDSLEY.

(By Our "Yellow" Decadent.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S POST-CARDS TO HIS SON.

No. II.—ON GOING INTO PARLIAMENT.

London, March 1, O. S.

DEAR FRIEND,—You are now about to enter the House of Commons, a distinction and a turning-point in the career of any young man. I shall expect to find in your bearing, conduct, and success, the full flower of the seed I, writing to you in the middle of last century, sedulously sowed. I forget, at the moment, under which political flag you marched to victory at the poll. Some people are disposed to attach significance and much importance to that detail. For my part I regard it as absolutely immaterial. You go into the House of Commons to serve your country, not to advance the calls of a faction. If you happen to have been carried by the Conservative vote, you will do well from time to time to declare yourself in favour of Liberal proposals and Liberal policy. By such a course you will not only vindicate your independence, but will more rapidly and surely establish a position for yourself. Any man ticketed Liberal or Conservative can walk into the "Aye" or "No" lobby, according as he is directed by the party Whip. Any crank becomes of importance when party Whips are not sure on which side he will vote on a given occasion. Not that I wish you to obtain the reputation of being a crank. Indeed, from what I hear of you from the Abbé Guasco, I believe you are unfitted to play such a part. Be independent, but don't overdo it. You see if, being returned as a Liberal, you vote steadily for the Conservatives, or *vice versa*, you lose all the advantage of the manoeuvre, and are open to the charge of apostasy. In your voting, let the unexpected occasionally happen. Adieu.

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR MARCH.—Your career will probably by this time have brought you into intimate acquaintanceship with matters legal. Of course, never think of consulting a solicitor. He would be sure to give you bad advice, and even if he didn't, you, as a New Woman, ought to disdain to accept any service from the opposite sex. A text-book will give you the common form of all legal documents up to the date of appearance in open court, and then, when you reach that stage, you should have a good time of it. Now, as a lady, you can set all rules of precedence at defiance. Call upon the Judge to help you, if you have any difficulties, for he is bound to assist you. Bully the counsel, and in examining the witnesses take due care to give copious personal explanations to the jury. And if after all this you lose your case, why abandon the Law Courts, and try something else.

THE COMPLETE ANGLE-ER.—A crack cue-ist at billiards.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

FEBRUARY.—Looking back, Old Podler is impressed with the necessity for being careful what he says. He foretold, to quote his precise words, "*grave scandals affecting a certain institution which Old Podler does not feel himself at liberty to particularise more fully.*" No reader who is at all up in current events can fail to see what particular institution Old Podler had in his mind's eye when he penned those memorable words. The case, however, being still *sub judice*, further comment is undesirable. Then he went on to say: "*Parliament will reassemble, and Westminster will be startled*

by some serious escapes of gas in the immediate vicinity." For corroboration of this apparently daring utterance, the reader is referred to the Reports of *Hansard*. Which is one more to Old Podler.

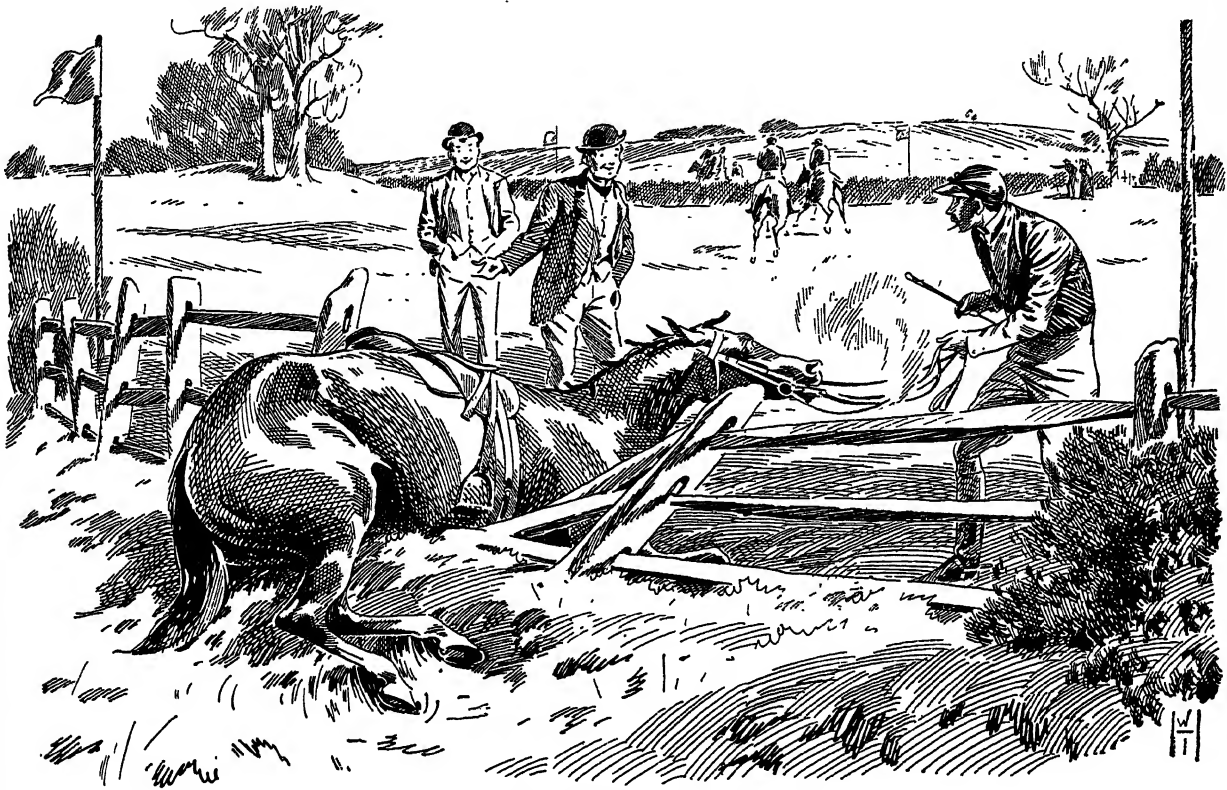
MARCH.—Old Podler sees he refers to this as "*a singularly quiet and uneventful month,*" which it was—for him, seeing he was laid up throughout with a bad leg and unable to go into society, even so contiguous as the "*Salmon and Ball.*" He likewise added that "*it would not surprise him on or about the 10th to find Primrose Hill developing into an active volcano,*" also committing himself to announcing a Simoom on the Serpentine. When it does so happen that Old Podler makes a slight slip, he hopes he has ever had the manly courage to admit it, and he is free to confess that, so far as he is aware, no signs of volcanic eruption did, as a matter of fact, take place on Primrose Hill or near it on that particular date. He can only explain it by some accidental shifting on the part of his astrological apparatus, which the best of them will not always be wholly free from it. But there *was* a simoom on the Serpentine, though kept out of the papers by the exertions of the park-keepers, acting doubtless from an honest desire on their part for the good name of the Gardens, or fearing it might have a deterrent effect on the nursemaids.



A REGULAR TREAT; OR, THE RADICAL TENDENCY.

His Little Lordship. "OH, MISS PRIMSEY, I'M GOING TO TELL THOSE NICE BOYS TO COME AND GIVE US A SAIL IN THAT LOVELY BOAT!"

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR APRIL.—You may be sure that as a New Woman you have a better head for figures than man. Why not take up horse-racing? If you are rich enough, start a stable. Conduct it on the principle that nothing succeeds like success. If a horse fails, sell him at any sacrifice. If a jockey does not get a place, never employ him again. If a trainer is not invariably the guardian of the winner, change him. If you are less wealthy, go in for betting pure and (more or less) simple. Lay wagers with the opposite sex. If you win, be sure to get your money. If you lose, don't pay. Mind, you have to avenge the wrongs of your sisters. Spoil your enemies. If this leads to the spoiling of your own game, why cut the turf, and try something else.



QUITE A FLASH OF GENIUS.

Facetious Party (looking on, to the Captain, who has just come to grief with pumped-out Animal). "MY EYES, GUVNOR, THAT BE WOT OI CALLS 'PLAYIN' 'PITCH AND TOSS,' THAT BE." (Pointing to Horse laid across fence.) "HEAD 'S O' ONE SIDE, TAIL 'S AT T'OTHER! SEE! HO! HO! HO! HE! HE! HE!" [Goes off chuckling with delight.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE IMPRESSIONIST) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Reggie. "I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE, WHY DO YOU PAINT YOUR TREES MAUVE, AND YOUR SKIES PEA-GREEN?"

Our Artist. "I PAINT MY TREES AND SKIES JUST AS I SEE THEM IN NATURE."

Reggie. "GOOD LORD, YOU DON'T SAY SO! LOOK HERE, OLD MAN—YOU KNOW MY UNCLE, THE Q.C.—WELL, HE WENT WRONG WITH HIS EYES TWO YEARS AGO, AND GOT WORSE AND WORSE TILL HE CONSULTED SOME FAMOUS MEDICAL JOHNNY IN SWEDEN, OR NORWAY, OR SOMEWHERE; AND NOW HE SEES BETTER THAN HE EVER SAW IN HIS LIFE. I'LL FIND OUT ALL ABOUT IT, IF YOU LIKE, AND LET YOU KNOW!"



Master Jack (to prominent Member of Hunt). "HERE, I SAY, YOU FELLOW, JUST YOU PICK A LINE FOR YOURSELF NOW, AND DON'T YOU COME JUMPING INTO MY POCKET!"

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
POST-CARDS TO HIS SON.

No. III.—A WORD TO THE
WISE.

London, May 1, O. S.

DEAR FRIEND,—You will see a good deal of Sir William Harcourt. Make your court to him, but not so as to disgust in the least Lord Rosebery, who may possibly dislike your considering the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the man of business, and him only *pour orner la scène*. Whatever your opinion may be on this point, take care not to let it appear, but be well with them by showing no public preference for either. (By the way, I find, on reference to the printed volumes of my letters, which you were so thoughtful as to present to me, that I have said this before. Of course you will remember the passage in Letter COLII, the only difference being the substitution of the names of Mr. Yorke and Lord Albemarle. However, *cane fait rien*. I anticipate the graceful remark you were about to make that my writing is not for an age, but for all time. I thank you. Never lose a chance of saying a pretty thing, even to your father.) Should you ever hear gossip detailing particulars of difference of opinion between these eminent



Village Cricketer (explaining to Pat that he is out—Leg before Wicket). "YES, YES; BUT YER MUSN'T GO STICKIN' YER LEG BEFORE YER WICKETS SO THAT IT STOPS THE BALL!" Pat (nursing his leg and dancing round). "BEGORRA THIN, IT'S MESELF 'LL BE AFTHER STICKIN' IT BEHINT ME WICKETS NEXT TOIME, AND LET THIM STOP IT!"

men, always affect to doubt its foundation in fact. This will tend in two desirable directions. Your gossip, piqued by your incredulity, and desirous of justifying his information, will be led into supplying you with fresh points that may prove of service to you hereafter. In any case you will enjoy the advantage of presenting yourself in a loftier attitude than is assumed by one eager to swallow any malicious chatter. Moreover, if by chance Lord Rosebery or Sir William Harcourt come to hear of the conversation, and your part in it, you will not suffer in their estimation. Adieu, my dear child.

AN OLD WAY WITH THE
NEW WOMAN.

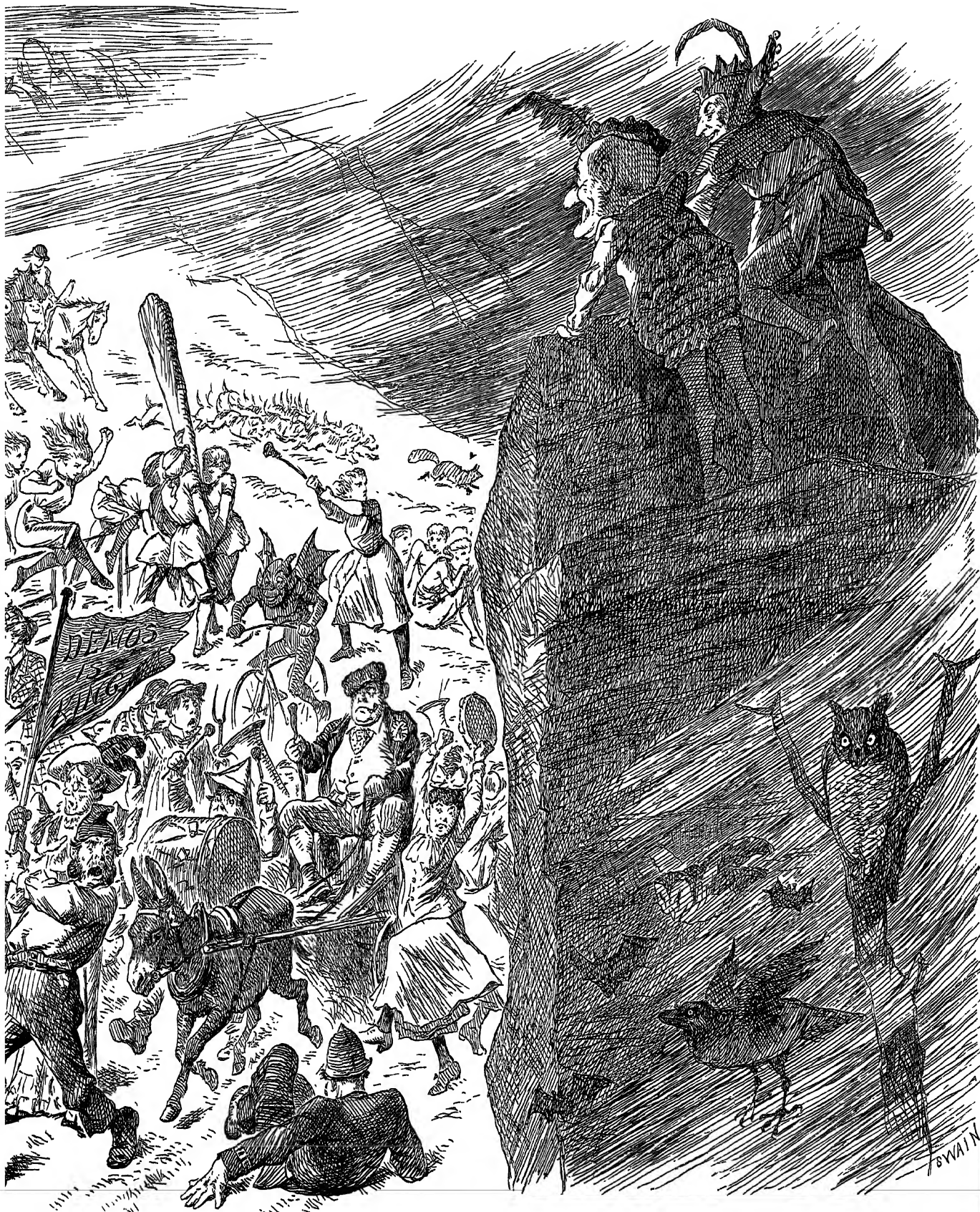
WHEN the New Woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that it won't pay,
What charm can make her gentle, jolly,
And winning, in the old sweet way?
The only plan her past to cover,
And hide away the rot she's said,
Make Man her champion, servant, lover,
And warm her bosom, is—to WED!



PUNCH'S "WA

(PUNCHIUS-FAUST A

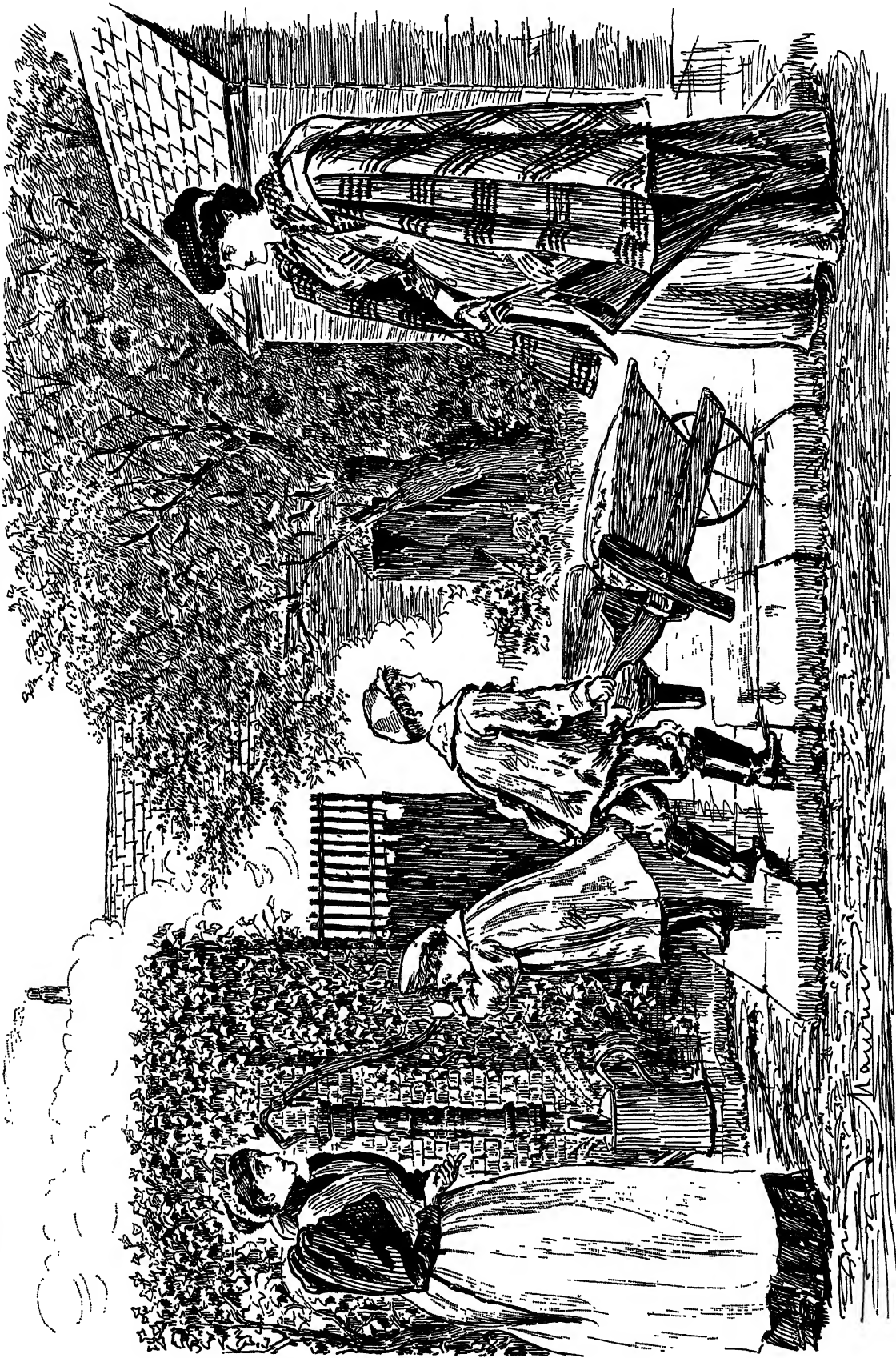
"THE HILL IS MAGIC-MAD TO-NIGHT!"



PURGIS NIGHT."

MOMUS-MEPHISTOPHELES.)

"CAN I INDEED BELIEVE MY EYES?
IS 'T NOT MERE MASQUERADING?"—FAUST.



TRUE HAPPINESS.

(The first morning at the Farmhouse.)

Mamma. "WELL, MARTHA, HAVE THE BOYS BEEN HAVING A GOOD TIME?"

Nurse. "YES, MA'AM—VERY. I'VE HAD TO CHANGE EVERYTHING THEY'D GOT ON FOUR TIMES!"

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S POST-CARDS TO HIS SON.

No. IV.—ON THE IMMENSITY OF MANNER.

London, July 1, O. S.

DEAR FRIEND,—At the risk of wearying you, I cannot say too much of the immense importance of good manner and unimpeachable appearance. In the House of Commons you can never make a figure without elegance of style and gracefulness of utterance. I might quote numerous illustrations which support this dictum, whether as failures or successes. But 'twere invidious, and I refrain. Let it suffice that you are careful to succeed by bestowing the utmost attention upon your air and address. At the present stage of your career as a budding statesman, Professor Turveydrop is of more importance to you than is a study of May's otherwise interesting and valuable text-book on Parliamentary Law and Procedure. See the Professor daily, and apply yourself diligently to his instructions. Desire him to teach you every genteel attitude that the human body can be put into. Let him make you go in and out of his room frequently, and present yourself to him as if he were by turns different persons, such as a Duke, an Irish Member, the Prime Minister, or even a burglar. I should like to know that even in chance contact with a person of this latter class you were able to comport yourself in the manner precisely suitable to the occasion. In respect of making acquaintances in the House, before forming particular connections look about you, and inquire into their respective characters. Any of their friends will tell you the worst about them. *Ceteris paribus*, single out those of the most considerable rank and family. Show them a distinguishing attention, by which means you will get into their houses and keep the best company. After you have taken your seat write to me at least once a week and tell me whom you see, where you dine, and whom you meet. Make a practice of writing from your seat in the House. If possible, get a front seat below the gangway, and write on your knee with the assistance of a pad of blotting paper. It looks Ministerial, and in the eyes of the House will insensibly associate you with the Treasury Bench. Good night, yours.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for "Mamma").—When good-looking poverty approaches the door, female loveliness peeps out at the window.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

APRIL.—Here again Old Podler was less what might be described as on the spot than he had every right to expect. He hinted, in somewhat amphibious terms, perhaps, but still he *did* hint, at a possible return on the part of the fair sex to the Crinoline. What the Planets *really* indicated was a revival of the *Chignon*, which it will be remembered showed symptoms of returning animation about this period. But though his calculations came out a little erroneous, Old Podler cannot consider that he was so *very* far out after all. And who knows that it was not the very accuracy of his prediction that produced an alarm which prevented it from being fulfilled? The secrets of the stars lie far beyond the comprehensions of the shallow and the scoffer.

MAY.—For this month Old Podler prophesied "a serious outbreak of blackbeetles at Bulham, Bermondsey, and Brixton." The curious who will take the trouble to consult the back files of the *Bulham Mercury*, the *Bermondsey Herald*, or the *Brixton Chronicle*, will need no further proof of the striking accuracy with which Old Podler foresaw this highly unpleasant visitation.

In his following prediction he was less happy. He foretold that "the Editor of 'Smart Snippets' would, after attempting to poison himself with paste, sever his throat with the fatal shears"—which, unfortunately, the course of events has so far proved to be premature, Old Podler understanding that the Editor has commenced proceedings against him for libel, thereby demonstrating the narrowness of his intellect and the petty spitefulness of his disposition. Happily, a jury of his fellow-countrymen may be trusted to take an enlightened and unprejudiced view of what was merely published in the interests

of science and without any intention to inflict needless pain on a fellow-journalist.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for *Stingy Hosts*).

GOOSEBERRY "Cham" and Port of Sloes,
Make good company cock their nose.

BAD JOKE FOR JULY.—To leave London under the impression (gathered from the weather charts) that it is "calm," and then cross from Dover to Calais in a gale.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Miranda. "HOW DELICIOUS THESE MOUNTAIN EXCURSIONS ARE! ONE FEELS SO COOL,
SO FREE, SO UNTRAMMELED!" *Ferdinand.* "———!"



Superior 'Arry. "CABBIE! TO THE—AW—THE PRINCE OF WALES'S."
Cabbie. "MARLBRO' 'OUSE, MY LORD?"



Old Gent (unaware of the position of his Bridle). "THAT CONFOUNDED DEALER SAID SHE HAD A SNAFFLE MOUTH."

THE COQUETTE'S CALENDAR.

FLIRTY days hath September
April, June, and November;
In Valentine month I flirt like
fun,
As in the others, every one;
And as to Leap Year, oh, that's
prime!
There's one day more of Flirting-
time!!

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for
Unwary Wooers).—Few fashion-
able women are "beauties-
without-paint" to their filles de
chambre.

LINES ON A LITTLE LUMINARY.

(By a Coster Critic "in front.")

TWINKLE, twinkle, little "star"!
Ah, "'e dunno where 'e are."
Swaggers "There! 'ow's that
for 'igh?"
While we—winks the other eye!

BAD JOKE FOR MARCH.—To
lose one's umbrella in commem-
oration of the season of Lent.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for
Opulent Old Fools).—Age
mustn't chink a full purse in
a pretty girl's ear.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for
Girls).—A waltzing expert tears
no gathers.



Stout Old Party (who has been pottering about Links, and has just been hit
by a ball). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! OH—O—O!! I'M 'IT! I'M 'IT!
You've INJURED ME! You've 'URT ME!"
Irritable Player (following up his ball, which has cannon'd off Old Party
into furze bush). "INJURED YOU? CONFOUND YOU, SIR! You've IN-
JURED MY DRIVE A GOOD DEAL MORE!"

NOVEMBER IN NUCE.

Rise! Tog!
Coat, clog!
Gingham, dog!
Look incog!
Nose a frog!
Aches a-gog!
Faugh! Fog!!
Street a bog!
Feel a hog,
Or polywog!
Chest a-clog!
Homeward jog!
Peel! Prog!
Hot grog!!!
Bed! A log!
Hung the Fog!!

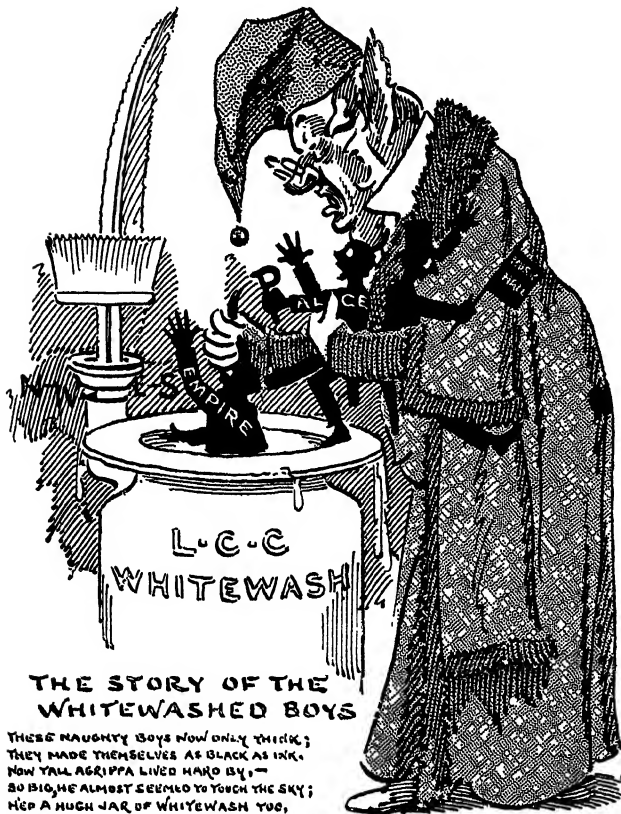
BAD JOKE FOR APRIL.—To be
fooled into proposing to a girl,
and then to be sued for breach
of promise of marriage.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for a
Victim of Winter's clumsiness).—
It's no use swearing over spilt
soup.

BAD JOKE FOR MAY.—To
dream of the hawthorn tree, and
on waking to find a claim for
rates and taxes.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for
Husband-hunters).—Handsome
is as handsome has!

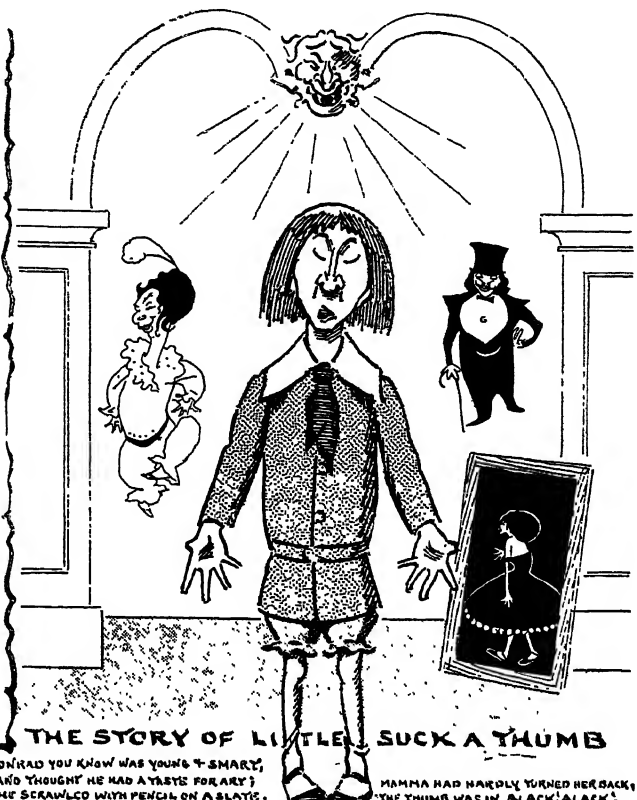
CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for
Champagne Lovers).—Good wine
needs no—Apollinaris!



THE STORY OF THE WHITEWASHED BOYS

THESE NAUGHTY BOYS NOW ONLY THINK;
THEY MADE THEMSELVES AS BLACK AS INK.
NOW TALL AGRIFFA LIVED HARD BY;
SO BIG HE ALMOST SEEMED TO TOUCH THE SKY;
HE'D A HUGE JAR OF WHITEWASH TOO,
IN WHICH A GREAT GOOSE FEATHER GREW;
HE CALLED OUT IN AN ANGRY TONE,
BOYS, LEAVE THAT DIRTY PLACE ALONE!
BUT AH! THEY DID NOT MIND A BIT
WHAT TALL AGRIFFA SAID OF IT;
THEN AEE AGRIFFA FOAMED WITH RAGE,
(AS HE IS PICTURED ON THIS PAGE):

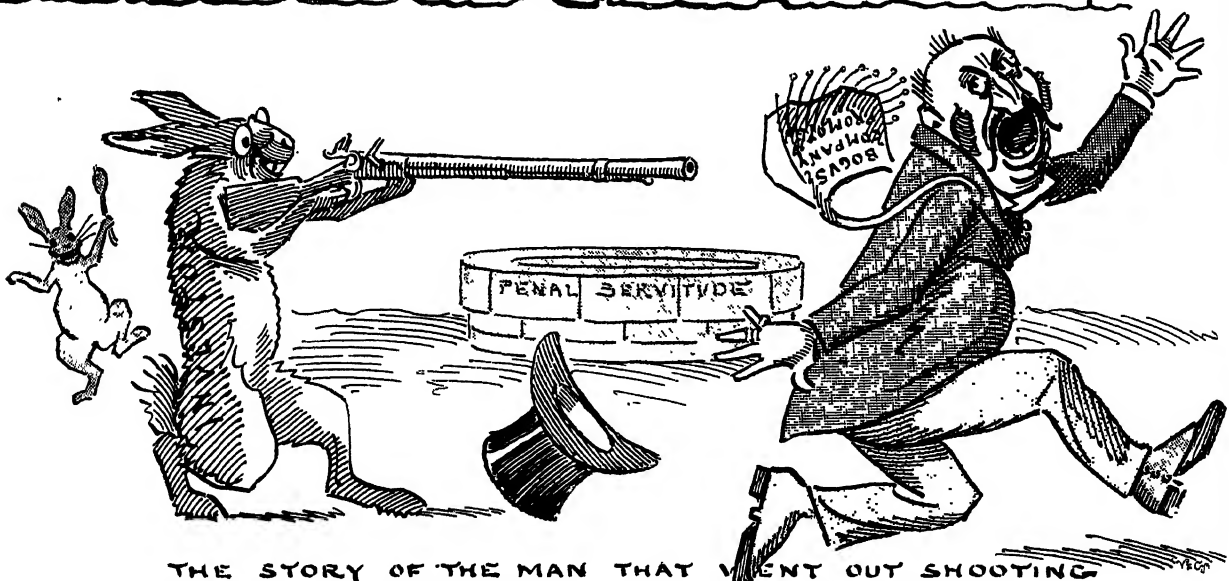
HE CRIPPLED SPIKE OF KICK OR SQUALL.
AND IN HIS WHITEWASH PLUNGED THEM ALL;
TILL THEY WERE WHITE AS WHITE CAN BE;
BUT WILL THEY KEEP SO? WE SHALL SEE.



THE STORY OF LITTLE SUCK-A-THUMB

CONRAD YOU KNOW WAS YOUNG & SMART,
AND THOUGHT HE HAD A TASTE FOR ART;
HE SCRAWLED WITH PENCIL ON A SLATE,
AND DUBBED HIMSELF AS UP TO DATE;
HIS WISE MAMMA WOULD OFTEN SAY;
"DON'T SUCK YOUR THUMB & SNUB OUTWAY;
TIME THE AVENGE ALWAYS COMES
TO SMALL ARTISTIC SUCK-A-THUMBS;
AND CUTS THEIR THUMBS CLEAN OFF & THEN,
YOU KNOW THEY NEVER COME AGAIN!"

MAMMA HAD HARDLY TURNED HER BACK,
"THE THUMB WAS IN, ALACK! ALACK!
HE SCRAWLED MORE PICTURES DURING A BAYON;
ALL SUCK-THUMB SMUDGE AND
SCRAMBLING SCRATCH.
MAMMA CAME HOME, THERE CONRAD STANDS,
AND LOOKS ASBROOD WITH THUMBLESS HANDS;
SHE CRIED "I KNEW WHAT FATE WOULD COME"
TO NABBY-PABBY SUCK-A-THUMB."



THE STORY OF THE MAN THAT WENT OUT SHOOTING

THIS IS THE MAN WHO SHOOTS THE HARES;
A PIOUS MUG HE ALWAYS WEARS;
BUT OH, HIS IS A MURDEROUS GUN,
POOR PUSS & DEATH TO HIM IS FUN;
BUT HARES, LIKE WORKS, WILL TURN AT LAST,
WHEN CRUEL SPORTSMEN SHOOT TOO FAST.

THE BAD HARE SHOOTER RUNS AWAY;
THE HARE RUNS AFTER HIM ALL DAY;
AT LAST HE SYMBLED AT THE WELLS;
HEAD OVER HEELS & IN HE FELL.
THE HARES BOTH LAUGHED, THE MAN DID SHOUT,
ALL GOOD FOLK HOPE HE WON'T GET OUT.

London, Van der Meer & Co.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S POST-CARDS TO HIS SON.

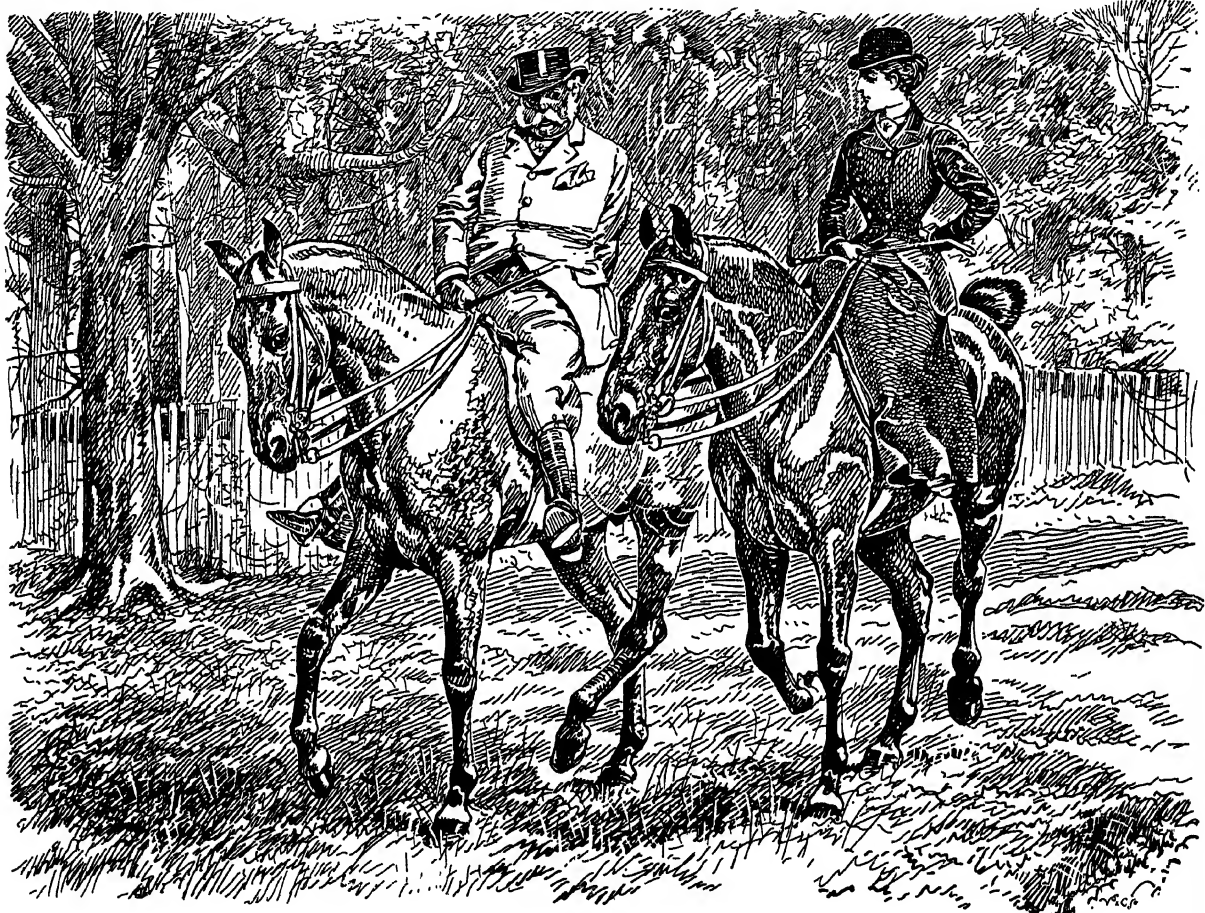
No. V.—ON ENTERING THE HOUSE OR LEAVING IT.

London, September 1, O. S.

DEAR FRIEND,—It is more easy to conquer a continent than to enter a room with perfect manner. If this be true of an ordinary drawing-room, how much more weighty is it in consideration of walking into the House of Commons? Mr. Disraeli, a personage whom I regret circumstances prevented my knowing in the flesh, devoted much, but not inadequate, time to acquiring the art of walking up the floor of the Commons when the Speaker was in the Chair. I gather from those familiar with the spectacle that it was a little overdone. The fixed look, the solemn visage, the slow movement, and the bent head when he came within arm's length of the Mace, suggested that this eminent statesman was going to a funeral rather than proceeding to the Treasury Bench. Mr.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

JUNE.—Old Podler felt it his painful duty to prepare the public for "disaster in Dulwich" during this month, being amply justified by the facts, for he ventures to say there are few residents of this justly popular and highly salubrious locality who cannot recall an incident which transpired about this period within their neighbourhood for which the term disaster cannot be considered inappropriate, nor yet excessive. He also prophesied the advent of "a new half-penny evening paper of a highly peculiar colour." His impression was that it would be published somewhere about Peckham. But (and this only shows how extremely careful even experienced prophets ought to be in handling their instruments) he must have made an error of half a degree or so in his calculations, for the paper in question actually appeared in *Pekin*! So true is it that, as dear Old Plato observes: "*Nemo mortalibus omnium horas sapivit.*"



She. "I THINK THE SPRING THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR. I LOVE IT!"

He (self-made man). "WELL, GIVE ME THE END OF THE YEAR. I THINK THE AUTOMATIC TINTS ARE SO FINE!"

Gladstone, I am informed, always pulled himself together as he entered the House, and with head erect, shoulders thrown back, and eyes respectfully fixed upon the Chair, marched to his place. These great ensamples are withdrawn from your opportunities of study. Happily Sir Richard Temple remains, and, by what I hear from possibly prejudiced friends, is worthy your notice and emulation. Sir Richard moves towards his place in the Chamber of the Commons with the stately grace of a man who has consorted with the ancient princes of India. His temporary withdrawal from the House is, I understand, not less ceremoniously effected. Watch him closely. Make him your model. Possibly—for genius is not envious and loves to culture the capabilities of the young—he may permit you to call upon him some day when there is no morning sitting, and allow you to enter and leave the room under his personal direction. Half an hour's practice with such a master would outweigh the value of the written counsel of the fondest of fathers. Adieu. Go on and prosper. Do not fail when you call on me to bring the *graces* along with you.

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR MAY.—Having served an apprenticeship on the turf you will be ripe for the City. Why not turn company promoter? There is nothing to prevent you framing misleading prospectuses and carrying on the business of a not-too-sensitive advertisement agent. You will find your sex of assistance in disarming suspicion and even inducing confidence. The outside public will imagine that if you are connected with an undertaking it must be a "good thing." Then if the force of circumstances are too strong for you, all you will have to do will be to throw yourself on the compassion of the official receiver and try something else.

BAD JOKE FOR SEPTEMBER.—To buy your gun, take out your licence, and promise game all round to your critical friends, and then be told that the man who had promised you a month's shooting has gone to Australia.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for Flirts*).—There is many a sip 'twixt moustache and lip.

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON (STREET).



THINKING IT OUT.



IN TRAINING.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

JULY.—As the year advances, it will be observed that Old Podler gets his Prophetic Eye more and more in, and he is able to point with pride to his prediction for this month as a signal example of his well-nigh miraculous powers of vision. Here is the identical paragraph he wrote a twelvemonth back: "*Old Podler is proud to predict that some time in this month an event will transpire which will redound to the honour and glory of the nation at large, while shedding a thrill of joy throughout the circumference of the City and its suburbs.*" And what event did transpire, exactly as per prophecy? Why, the christening of the firstborn son of our future King and Queen, to whom Old Podler respectfully hastes to tender his heart felt congratulations! Some prophets would expect a baronetcy for less than this—or a snug pension at the very least—but Old Podler scorns to cringe to Royalty for any such recognition, being too much the astologer and gentleman for to demean himself—though not unwilling to be met half way.

AUGUST.—Old Podler is not the kind of Prophet to crow, and, indeed, finding himself right once more has become so much a matter of course with him that he hardly takes any particular notice of it. Still, he is human, and it is no more than natural as he should feel some complacency in reminding readers that he predicted the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese War for this identical month! For what were Old Podler's words? Why, these: "*Old Podler dreads to hear, also, of increased mortality.*" And, making every allowance for the Oriental imagination, he thinks there must have been lives lost to a considerable extent, both on land and sea. It is true his original prediction concluded with the words, "*amongst shrimps and shell-fish generally.*" But that, of course, was merely the Prophet's mystic manner of wrapping of it up, though he would not be suspected of wishing to hurt the feelings of either combatants by alluding to them as "Crustaceans," which are deservedly popular as delicacies when in season.



THE COMPLETED ARTICLE.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S POST-CARDS TO HIS SON.

No. VI.—ON SUBSCRIPTIONS.

London, December 1, O. S.

DEAR FRIEND,—There is one matter that will early press itself upon the consideration of your new M.P.-ship. I mean the question of subscriptions to local institutions among your constituents. You may, perhaps, observe that this is a matter which concerns me more than you. In one sense, *vous avez raison*. Like Judas—by the way, do not forget that Judas is not a Parliamentary word. Under no provocation apply the term in debate even to your dearest friend—like Judas (I may say it of myself), I carry the bag, and, as you know, make no objection to your reasonably dipping into it. But the dispensation of your (or my) bounty will seriously affect votes, and should be discreetly managed. In my time the difficulty did not exist. With a few exceptions, constituencies were only too glad to get as member a gentlemanly fellow, by preference of noble birth, who once a year dined at their ordinary, and occasionally got a berth in the Customs or Post Office for their more worthless sons. Now it is, I am told, different. There are churches to restore, chapels to build, bazaars to open, hospitals to support, cricket-clubs to subsidise, and football associations to keep in boots, feed, and victual. A member of the present House tells me of a group of his constituents who lived upon him for two years simply by founding Football Associa-

tions. When in a comparatively small borough the number reached 314, he set on foot inquiries which relieved him from further claims under this particular head. In the matter of subscribing to football clubs it is, if so accomplished a linguist will excuse the barbarism, *le premier kick que coûte*. If you give to one you must give to another, but of course not to 314. With these general reflections I must leave in your hands the task of dealing with individual cases.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

BLESS THEE, BOTTOM! THOU ART TRANSLATED.

SMART silliness dominates our modern schools,
Enamoured of sheer nonsense and old Nox.
Theirs is the paradise of (clever) fools,
Limbo of lunacy-cum-paradox.
They give us not fine grace, sweet airs, fair faces,
But monstrous masks and coxcomb "airs and graces,"
Until we pine for plain old-fashioned folly;
Bottom bejewelled is so melancholy!

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for everybody*).—Time, Tide, and *Punch's Almanack* wait for no man!

If Time, and Tide, and *Punch* you'd soften,
Buy it early, buy it often!

"LATE, LATE, SO LATE!"

The Complaint of Paterfamilias.

AUTOCRAT of the Breakfast Table? Bah!
My only wish is that I *were* so, Ma!
'Tis nearly nine, the coffee's thick and cold,
Yet no one down save you and me—who're old!
How long and late in bed smart youth now lies!
The Rising Generation does not—rise!

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for Paterfamilias*).—The proof of the pudding is in the—doctor's bill!

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for Gourmets*).—All good things come round to those who will but—tip the waiter.



THE RASHNESS OF IT.

Peggy. "WAS YE HEARIN' THAT JEANIE ANDERSON'S GETTIN' MAIRRET?"

Kirsty. "STUPID CREATUR! HOO IS SHE ABLE TAE KEEP A MAN?"



MAIDEN MODESTY.

"HAVE YOU GOT THE TOWELS WELL AIRED, JAN?" "YES, 'M."
"AND THE ANCHOR AND THE ROPE FIXED?" "YES, 'M."
"AND THE LIFE-BUOY?" "YES, 'M."
"AND THE DROPS AND THE BISCUITS?" "YES, 'M."
"AND YOU'RE SURE THERE'S NO ONE IN SIGHT?"
"THERE'S A COASTGUARD WITH A SPY-GLASS ON THE TOP OF THE CLIFF, 'M." "THEN I SHAN'T BATHE TO-DAY!"

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for Table-talkers*).

WHEN her mind is on the feast,
The prettiest prattler talks the least.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for the Unstable*).—Many a fickle one comes a mucker.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for Adventurous Wooers*).—A kiss in time promises nine!

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for Topers*).—Thirst comes from tippling.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for Poor Pianists*).

MUSIC hath charms to move the silent guest,
And set the matrons chattering their best.

CHRISTMAS PROVERB (*for Wary Wooers of the Sea*).—Beauty when unadored adores the most.

BAD JOKE FOR NOVEMBER.—To spend a small fortune on a wealthy relative, and then find yourself cut out of his will for having recommended Cannes as preferable to Brighton in the month sacred to fogs in London.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

SEPTEMBER.—Yet another triumph! What other Prophet foretold the Battle of Ping-Yang? *Nobody*, except Old Podler, who used the following expression last year: "*Fancies he sees something of a highly peculiar nature taking place in a locality which shall be nameless at present.*" Alas, it was not merely fancy on Old Podler's part, as well he knew it at the time!—though the precise name of the battle-field was hidden from his gaze, the same as it was from all others, till the actual date of occurrence.

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR JUNE.—The season will have now sufficiently advanced for you, as the New Woman, to take the matter in hand. Your experience earlier in the year in organising a club will now stand you in good stead. You will be accustomed to latchkeys, chambers, and unattended visits to places of evening resort. All that you have to recollect is that one woman is as good as another man, and better. You may try gatherings of your female fellow-sympathisers, but you will probably discover such companionship a little dull. However, assemblies of this kind may be greatly improved by the admission of lady-like young men. No doubt by the time you have completed the thirty days' trial of Society renovated according to the latest mode, you will have become weary of the task of improving the social world. If this is the result of your labour, all you have to do is to drop it and try something else.

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR JULY.—By this time you will have sufficiently recovered from the toil of journalism to have another dash at literature. Why not write a novel? All you have to do is to make it "advanced." The golden rule is to compose something that could not possibly have come from a pen wielded by a man. Or rather an Englishman. You may pick up some useful ideas from French authors, and as circulating libraries are rather on the wane, you need not fear exclusion from the shelves of distributors of three-volume romances. You ought to be able to get in quite enough for a solitary tome. Plot is of secondary importance. All you want is character, or rather absence of character. "Shocking" is purely a Parisian expression, and will never be applied to the work of a London lady. If it is, by some envious male reviewer, you may be sure that your mission is accomplished, and you can try something else.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

OCTOBER.—Again does Old Podler hit the bull in the centre of his optic! Writing so long ago as last Autumn, he announced during this month "*A stir in the Stock Exchange.*" Well, was there not a panic in consequence of a somewhat hastily summoned (but no doubt strictly required) Cabinet Council; and did not speculators (amongst whom Old Podler's absence was fortunately conspicuous) burn their fingers badly? Depend upon it, ye sceptics, an astrologer of experience and respectability gets glimpses into the Unseen through the gates ajar which are not dreamt of in your philosophy. At least, Old Podler can answer for himself.

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR AUGUST.—As all the best people will by this time have left town, you can turn your attention to the worst. You will find them rather amusing. Patronise the East End. Cultivate the society of burglars, and exchange views with prize fighters. Perhaps it will be as well to seek the physical protection of athletic male sympathisers fresh from the Universities if enrolled in the more select divisions of the police. If you sing, or think you can sing, warble ballads to the roughs and recite poetry to the vagabonds. However, as the New Woman is not quite so much appreciated in the East End as in the West it will be as well to use discretion in carrying on your crusade of reformation. If you are rudely advised to "chuck it," why do, and try something else.

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR SEPTEMBER.—If you happen to be active, now is the time for trying a little sport. Appear in rational dress, with the divided skirt markedly developed. Join a shooting-party, and if the male members of the society object to your chattering and want of skill, remember that

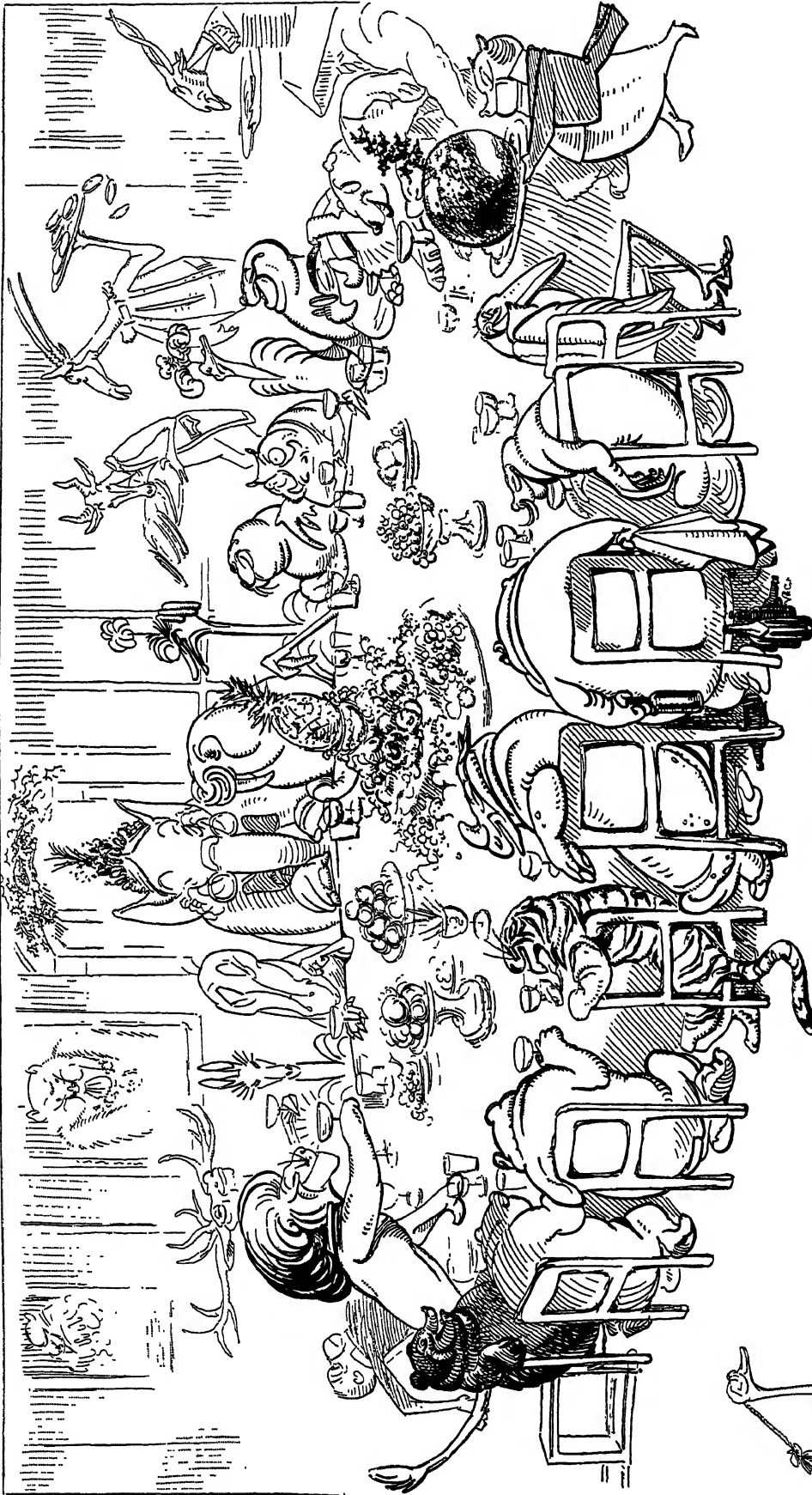


Odd Man. "LOOK 'ERE. THE GUV'NOR WANTS A NORSE—A USEFUL, ALL-ROUND KIND OF 'ORSE. 'E WANTS A NORSE AS 'E CAN RIDE IN THE PARK; A NORSE AS 'LL GO QUIET IN A DORG-CART FOR THE MISSIS TO DRIVE. WELL, THEN 'E'D WANT 'IM IN THE BRORM IN THE SEASON. AN' 'E'D 'AVE TO DROR THE LAWN-ROLLER NOW AN' THEN. AN'—"

Dealer (witheringly). "'E DON'T WANT THE BLOOMIN' 'ORSE TO WAIT AT TABLF, DO 'E?"

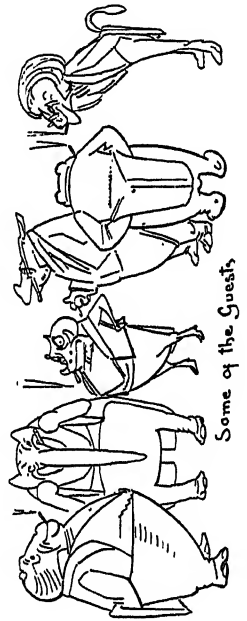
it is simply because the equality of the sexes has been hitherto imperfectly appreciated. And when you talk of the equality of the sexes, recollect that woman is nobler, and in every sense better than man. Take your more-than-fair share of the luncheon-basket, and if you are weary of carrying your gun in the afternoon, why tell off a man to carry it for you. You owe it to your sex to surrender none of your advantages. Everything must be done to oblige a lady. And when everything has been accomplished in that direction, and you want a change, why try something else.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY AT THE ZOO.

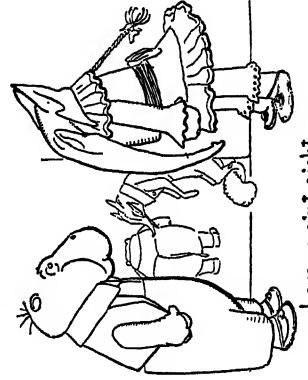


HAPPY FAMILY AT FEEDING TIME.

Leo (the Lion Comique). "BEASTESSES AND BEASTS! YOUR JOLLY GOOD HEALTHS!"



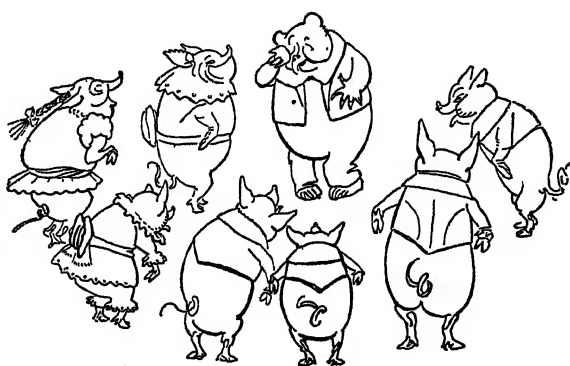
Some of the Guests.



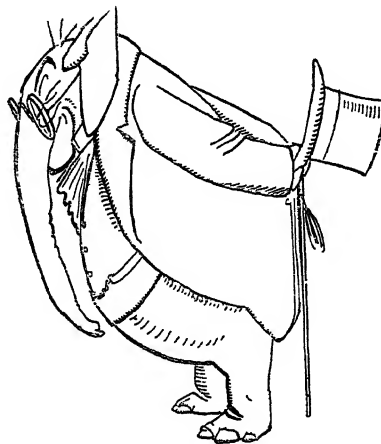
Love at first sight



"Are you engaged for the next waltz?"



The little boy who ate too much -



- arrival of the Doctor

AT AND AFTER THE ZOO PARTY.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

NOVEMBER.—Here Old Podler had the candour and straightforwardness to own himself nonplussed for once last year, not allowing himself to go beyond a discreet hint that there might be "*a devolution, on or about the 9th, of the most exalted dignity in London's vast city.*" But he was *not*, as might be expected by the superficial, alluding to the Lord Mayor's Show, at least not altogether. What he was more by way of alluding to was the new scheme of Municipal Reform, which Old Podler *trusts* may work satisfactory, though not desiring to pledge his opinion either way—at present.

DECEMBER.—The year not having yet advanced so far, Old Podler is consequently unable to play as loud a paean as customary for this month. If he is not mistaken, he felt himself called upon last Autumn to warn all aristocrats of his acquaintance residing in Eaton and Euston Squares against earthquakes. Dearly would he like to retract those ill-ominous words could he do so without swerving from the strict path of veracity he has ever laid down for himself! But the planets never speak without fully knowing their minds, nor yet is Old Podler no more but their faithful interpreter. Another prediction of his, to wit, that "*a popular and much admired actor in romantic comedy will lose all the hair off the top of his head, and the year will close in general gloom,*" has naturally given rise to a considerable stir in theatrical circles, several talented actor-managers writing to Old Podler to inquire if he meant *them*. Old Podler wraps himself in his Sphinx-like reserve, and merely recommends them all to keep their hair on.

OLD PODLER ON PROGNOSTICATION.

HIND-WORDS.

(If Fore-words, why not Hind, likewise?)

OLD PODLER has now completed his triumphal review of past prophecies, and takes this opportunity of again informing his kind

friends and patrons that he is generally to be found at home for purposes of private consultation. *Séances*, dark and light, personally conducted (harmonium *extra*); materialisations (weather and spirits permitting) from 4 to 6, and 8 to 10.

N.B.—Old Podler also practises a little on the Crystal Ball, when not ignorantly interfered with by the police.



THE HEALING ART.

Doctor. "DID YOU GIVE THE CHILDREN THE PHYSIC I SENT LAST NIGHT?"

Fond Mother. "YES, SIR."

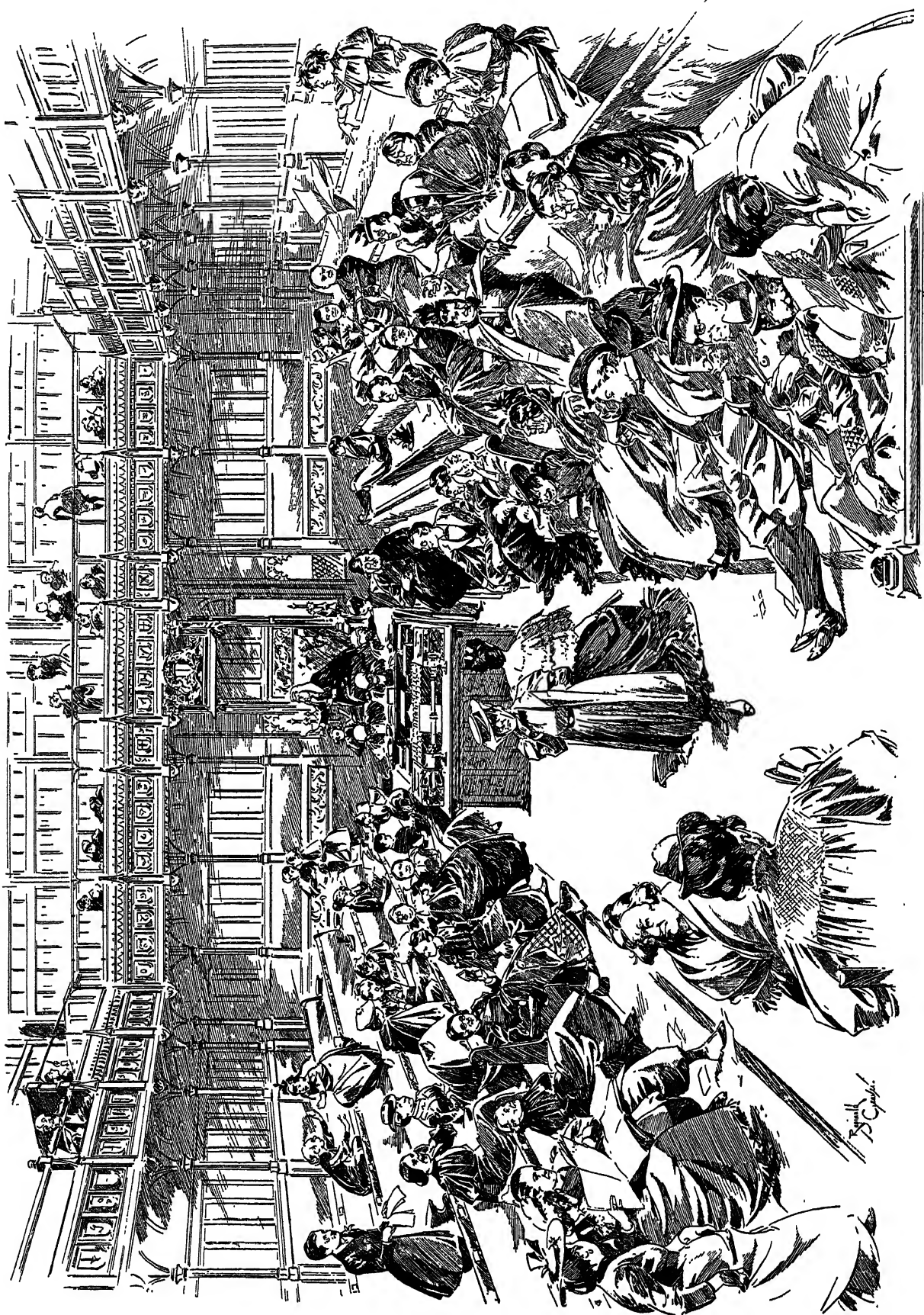
Doctor. "AND HOW ARE THEY TO-DAY?"

Fond Mother. "WELL, THE LITTLE UN'S VERY BAD, TO BE SURE. BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO 'AVE DONE THE T'OTHER UN' NO 'ARM AS YET!"

of a New Woman has its disadvantages. If this be your opinion, why turn over a fresh leaf, and, for the last time, try something else.

* CHRISTMAS PROVERB (for Little Greedies).—When Mamma's not looking the nice things we are "*hooking.*"

THE N. W. NOTE-BOOK FOR DECEMBER.—Having reached the last month of the twelve, you may possibly like to sum up your career for the past year. You will have discovered that a New Woman is not always successful in starting a club, writing for the newspapers, appearing in person at the Law Courts, keeping race-horses, promoting companies, reforming society, concocting "*shocking*" novels, amusing the vagabond population, shooting birds, upsetting hospitals, and last, but not least, gaining a husband. You may therefore, perhaps, be a trifle dissatisfied. You may think that possibly the career



A LADIES' PARLIAMENT.



PREHISTORIC PANTOMIME.

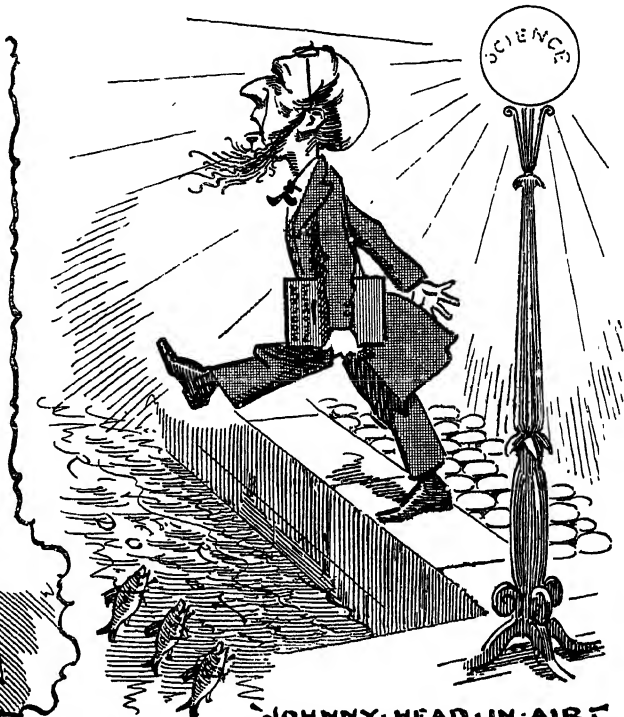
IT CERTAINLY WAS SOMEWHAT DISCONCERTING WHEN THE REAL ANIMAL SUDDENLY TURNED UP IN THE STAGE BOX!



THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS.
(Reduce your weight)

AUGUSTUS WAS A CHUBBY CHAP;
THREE CHINS DEPENDED LAP ON LAP;
HIS CORPORATION WAS IMMENSE.
CRIED HE "REDUCE THIS CORPULENCE";
HE SCREAMED OUT "TAKE THIS FAT AWAY!
AND ANYTHING IN GAVE TO PAY!"

A QUACK O'ERHEARD HIM, AND HE CRIED;
"JUST TRY MY FOOD!!" AUGUSTUS TRIED;
TOOK IT AT BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, DINNER;
AND DAY BY DAY GREW THIN, AND THINNER;
A LIVING SKELETON HE BECAME
UPON THAT FOOD, TILL HE WAS - DEAD!



JOHNNY HEAD-IN-AIR

DOCTRINAIRE OF HIGH DAY SCHOOL;
IT WAS ALWAYS JOHNNY'S RULE
TO BE GAZING AT THE SKY
AND WHIM CLOUDS THAT WANDERED BY;
BUT FOR FACTS THAT ROUND HIM LAY,
IN HIS WAY,
JOHNNY DID NOT SEEM TO CARE;
FOOLISH JOHNNY HEAD IN AIR.

ONCE, WITH HEAD AS HIGH AS EVER,
JOHNNY WALKED BESIDE THE RIVER,
WATCHING AUGHT EXCEPT HIS WAY,
AND ELECTRIC'S GUIDING RAY;
OF DOUBTS STREAK HE HAD NO DOUBT;
THE ABSOLUTE HE MUSED ABOUT,
SO HE STRODE ON, THINK, THINK, THINK,
TO THE RIVER'S VERY BRINK,
ONE STEP MORE! OH! SAD TO TELL!
HEADLONG IN POOR JOHNNY FELL.



THE STORY OF FLYING ROBERT.
(Flying machines)

BOB, AFTER LONG YEARS OF TRYING
FASHIONED A MACHINE FOR FLYING;
SOMETHING LIKE A BIG UMBRELLA,
AND HE THOUGHT - "POOR FOOLISH FELLOW!"
THAT HIS PARACHUTE BALLOON
WOULD CONVEY HIM TO THE MOON.
"LET RAIN FALL, AND HIGH WIND BLOW"
CHUCKLED BOB, AND UP HE GO!
WIND DID BLOW, AND IN A MINUTE - BOB WAS IN IT.

UP UP HE FLEW - TO THE SKIES.
NO ONE HEARD HIS SCREAMS AND CRIES;
THRO' THE CLOUDS THE RUDE WIND BORE HIM,
WITH HIS MACHINE BLOWN OUT BEFORE HIM.
NO ONE EVER YET COULD TELL
WHERE THEY STOPPED, OR WHERE THEY FELL;
ONLY, THIS ONE THING IS PLAIN,
BOB WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN!!

Little & Simon's Sons

MR. PUNCH'S STRUWWELPETER.



MR. PUNCH WELCOMES THE NEW YEAR.

So, 'Ninety-Five, my boy, you've come at last!
 Another year has gone, and I am here
 To greet you, as your brothers in the past
 Were greeted on their coming, year by year;
 For it's always been my practice, Sir—a bit of *Punch's* lore—
 Since the day that I was volumed, until now I'm fifty-four.

Aye, fifty-three New Years I've welcomed. This
 I pray to Heaven in its arms may bear
 A whole New Yearful of a nation's bliss—
 A world without a tear, without a care.
 'Tis thus that I have played, young Sir, full many years before;
 But to know how oft I've prayed in vain, would make your young
 heart sore.

The Year that's dead was better, sure, than some;
 But even he brought with him strikes and war,
 Whose ghastly horrors smote the soft heart numb
 And wrung and chilled it to the very core.
 'Twas a villainous attention, this suffering and gore,
 That we'd rather have dispensed with, from your brother 'Ninety-
 Four.

But even he, my lad, a jest could work.
 And on occasion smile, and nod, and beck;
 To England gave—a rising Son of York,
 And gave to Ireland—Mr. GLADSTONE's cheque!
 Thus tickling Mr. BULL from smiles and laughter to a roar.
 But hearty laughs like these, my friend, were few in 'Ninety-Four.

And you, young shaver, what is it you bring?
 Razor and soap, like shavers young and old—
 The soap to soothe, razor to cut and sting?—
 Will wedding-bell be heard, and death-knell toll'd?
 You see, my lad, we're anxious as to what you have in store,
 For there's still some things to put to rights bequeathed by 'Ninety-
 Four.

In Parliament, no doubt, you'll make your game—
 In Camp, and Court, and County Council, too?

Make sport of love—make foul an honoured name—
 And all the little fun you're wont to do?
 Well—take my tip. Just do your level best, remember! For
 The blame, my son, lies at your own, not *Mr. Punch's* door.

So mind, young Sir, for *Mr. Punch's* eye
 Is cocked upon you through your little life.
 Go—rule the world!—and if before you die
 You fill the earth with joy instead of strife,
 You'll be the first of all your race—for all the smiles they wore—
 That gave the country what she asked— from 0 to '94!

PROTEST FROM THE PLAYGROUND.

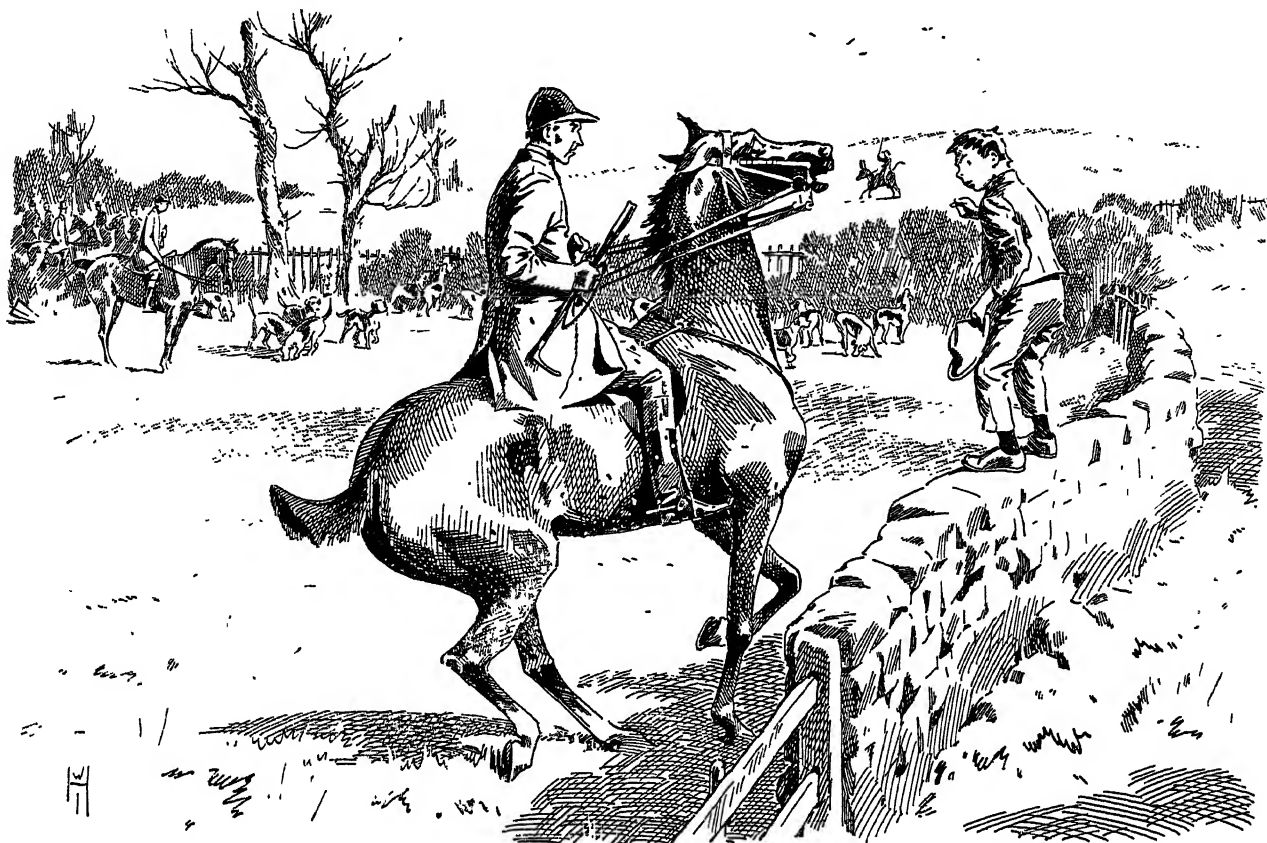
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know you sympathise with boys, and isn't it a jolly shame the masters set us such awfully hard questions in exams? My Report has just come home, and my Pater has given me a fearful rowing, and all because it says "WILKINS Terts. (that's me) has done badly in Examinations, and does not take the trouble to use what intelligence he possesses." My Pater threatens not to take me to the Pantymime, and I hear it's awfully beefy this year! Well, we had a "History and General Knowledge" paper, and one of the questions was this beastly one, and of course I couldn't tackle it—"What, or where, are the following:—'Imperium in Imperio, The Korea, Bimetallism, The Grand Llama, Balance of Power, and One Man One Vote?'" I answered all right about the Korea, because I kicked young SMITH under the table to give me a tip about it, and he said it was the book the Turks use in church; and I put that down, but all the other things floored me. Please will you say what Bimetallism is? JONES Junior said afterwards, in the playground, that it was a sort of lozenge, and ROBINSON Senior said he didn't know what it was, but he knew his Pater was a Bimetallist; and JONES said ROBINSON Senior's Pater must be a confectioneer then; and so ROBINSON punched JONES's head; but what is it? And is it fair to ask us boys such questions? My Pater said at breakfast the School Board was fond of sending out sirkulers. Do you think they would send one to our Head-master, and ask him to stop such rot?

Your obedient young friend

JACKY.

**SPORT IN COURT.**

[“The Anti-Gambling League has decided to take proceedings against the Jockey Club. . . . In the view of the League every member of the Jockey Club is equally open to indictment.”—*Morning Post*.]



A VIEW HALLOO.

(Hounds at fault.)

Whip (bursting up to Young Hodge, who has just begun to wave his cap and sing out lustily). "NOW THEN, WHERE IS HE?"

Young H. "YONDER, SIR! ACOMIN' ACROSS YONDER!"

Whip. "GET OUT, WHY THERE AIN'T NO FOX THERE, STOOPID!"

Young H. "NO, SIR; BUT THERE BE OUR BILLY ON T' JACKASS!"

SPORT IN COURT;

Or, The New Year Dream of the National Anti-Gambling Leaguer.

OH! it must have been the grog, for I slumbered like a log,
And I dreamed—such a dream! I was holding forth in court,
And the prisoners in the dock,—how the Sporting League 'twould
shock!

Were the Princes, and the Nobles, and the Leading Lights of
Sport.

A supreme, successful raid on the Jockey Club we'd made.

No mere stuffy, sordid set, of poor betting—men *this* time,
No cheap winner-spotting snobs, but a lot of topping nobs,
And I had them on the hip, and I charged the lot with Crime!

It was prime to see a Prince at my language flush and wince,
And a Lord Chief Justice squirm, and a stern-faced Judge quite
blench.

But—I could not fail to mark the demeanour of the Clerk,
Who looked on it *as a lark!*—and that Beak upon the bench—
Ah! he had a mighty "beak," which I felt a wish to tweak—

Had a wink in his left eye which seemed frivolous, if funny;
And he didn't seem to suit us, for we wished a stern-faced BRUTUS;
Nay, a ruthless RHADAMANTHUS were the big-wig for my money.

Ah! it wanted resolution to conduct that prosecution,
With a Prince and several Dooks, and an Earl, a County Squire,
And a Mephistopheles, who sat lounging at his ease,
Whom the culprits all called "JIMMY," and seemed hugely to
admire;

For although I ramped and raved, Beak and Prisoners behaved
In a fashion which seemed scornful, and assuredly was light;
And that Clerk—confound his mug, which looked strangely like
a pug!

And the chap for the defence, with his eyes so brisk and bright,
They seemed all upon the grin, or almost, which was a sin,
And I'm sure I heard a Dook whisper in a Judge's ear,

"Don't old Mulberry Nose look funny? I will bet you any
money!"

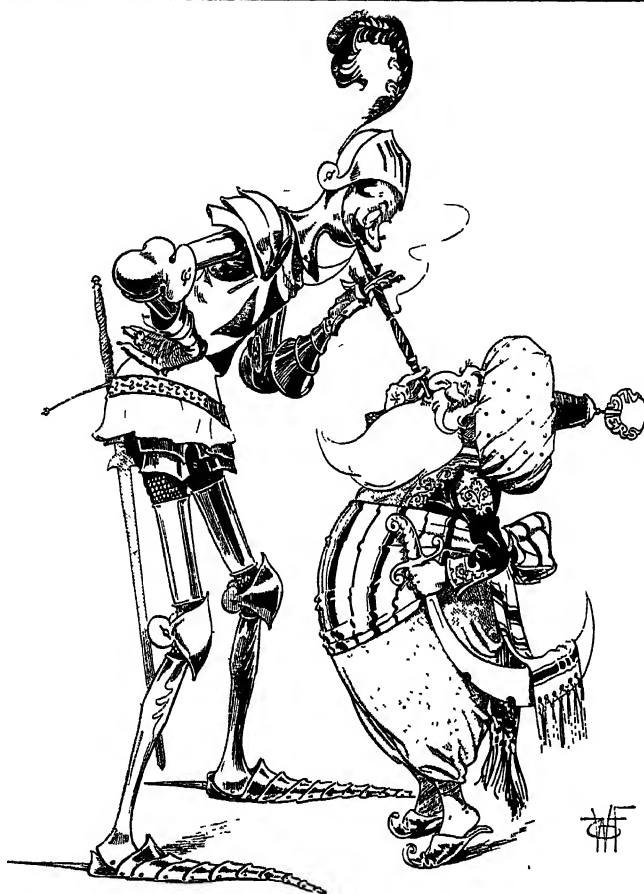
Well, I missed the wager's point; but oh, dear! oh dear!!
oh dear!!!

Think of betting—in a Court! And I thundered against Sport,
Which meant Gambling, more or less, and red ruin, and disgrace.
From the girls who, though they're loves, wager wickedly—in gloves,
To the Plunger Peer who shames his ancient race—to win a Race.
Ah! I think I "gave them beans." I'm uncertain what that means,
But the Lord Chief Justice whispered I was doing so—to "JIM"—
And the phrase I overheard, and although it sounds absurd,
I felt it meant a compliment to me, compelled from him.

So I said "Sport may intrigue and set up a rival League
To our holy Anti-Gambling One; but Sport is a Foul Sink
We have pledged ourselves to purge with a besom and a scourge—"

But here that Punchian eye indulged in a prodigious wink,
Such a spasm of sheer fun, that I felt the case was done;
Court, Prisoners, Judge, assumed the guise of a colossal Joke!
My head appeared to swim, the wild vision did dislign,
And with a shriek of bitter disappointment I—awoke!

"ANGLO-INDIAN."—We are indisposed to go the full length of
agreement with the learned Editors of the *New English Dictionary*
in their study of the derivation of the objectionable word "damn."
In the interesting extract you inclose they remark: "The conjecture
that the word is the Hindi *dām*, *dawn*, an ancient copper coin,
of which 1,600 went to a rupee (see YULE), is ingenious, but has no
basis in fact." That may be so. It is, nevertheless, a curious coincidence
that at the present time the steady devaluation of the money
value of the rupee, combined with its immovable rating in the salary
list, produces in the Civil Service and the army in India a state of
feeling subject to which at least 1,600 dams go to a rupee. We
much fear that, under this provocation, our army in India is able to
compete with regiments earlier enrolled, who, you will remember,
"swore terribly in Flanders."



COMBINATION COSTUMES FOR COVENT GARDEN.

"THE TWENTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER!"

"WHAT NONSENSE YOU DO TALK. HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT OUT?"
 "WHY, ANY FOOL COULD SEE THAT. THE SHORTEST DEY AND THE
 LONGEST KNIGHT, OF COURSE!"

NEW YEAR NOTIONS.

(By an Old Buffer.)

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," someone says;
 I wish that there *wasn't*, by Jingo!
 It seems to me *everything's* New in these days,
 And nothing is genuine old stingo.
 A New Poet turns up about once a week
 (According to log-rolling rumour);
 And there's the New Politics, all grab and sneak;
 And something dull dubbed the New Humour!
 The New Art; I'm certain it comes from Old Nick,
 It's so diabolic and dirty.
 Faith! some of their Novelties make me feel sick,
 And most of them make me feel "shirty."
 The New Year!—well, that is as old as the hills.
 The New Leaf—we annually turn it.
 Ah! if the New Newness would banish Old Ills.
 Not e'en an Old Fogey would spurn it.
 New Year, give us books that are healthy and gay,
 And Art that's not impish or queer, Sir!
 And if you'll but cart the *New Woman* away,
 You *will* be a Happy New Year, Sir!

THE MODERN THEATRE LAUGH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I crave the hospitality of your columns under the following circumstances. The other night I went to a burlesque. Being a man of modest means, I contented myself with paying half-a-crown, for which sum I was able not only to sit with the plebs in the pit, but to see Society in the stalls.

Will it be believed, at the end of this so-called nineteenth century, that songs were sung and things were said which made those everywhere around me *laugh*? Sadder still, two-thirds of those I saw were women!—women, who are our mothers and sisters, when they are not our wives and sweethearts!

I haven't the least notion where the harm in all this comes in, but I'm confident there's some somewhere. In any event it's a serious sign of the times; which reminds me that I should have sent this to the *Times*, if I had not thought the recent Society-play correspondence sufficient for one season. I'm so afraid the dear old *Thunderer* will drop the telegraphic news and take to *Telegraphic Correspondence*.

In any case, I invite letters on "The Seriousness of Laughter."

Yours distressedly,
 A DI-TRI-SYLLABIC PITTITE.

[No letters on this subject will be inserted.—Ed.]

NEW YEAR.

"RING out, wild bells." We hope that you,
 With '94 that's rung out,
 Will kindly ring out just a few
 Of all those things entitled "new"
 Which plagued us till quite mad we grew
 As mad as dog with tongue out.

Those novelties! The newest kind—
 With turned up nose and weird, sleep-
 y eyes, that told of vacant mind,
 And monstrous chignon massed behind—
 Were those appalling things designed
 By Mr. AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

Yes, "things"; for nought of human shape,
 However strangely bizarre,
 Is there portrayed; there's not an ape,
 That feeds on cocoa-nut or grape,
 Between Morocco and the Cape,
 So hideous as these are.

For goodness' sake, don't let us see
 New Art which courts disaster!
 We much prefer to Mr. B.
 VELASQUEZ, REMBRANDT, even P.
 P. RUBENS or VANDYKE, for we
 Like oldness in a master.

And then "New Humour." Heavens, why
 It's but a pleasure killer!
 A cause of weary yawn and sigh,
 Which makes us almost long to fly
 To those old jokes collected by
 A certain Mr. MILLER.

In politics Newcastle, too,
 With programme was prophetic;
 And now Leeds leads, and shows who's
 who.
 The Grand Old Man—there's age for
 you!
 Has found much better things to do,
 Not prosy but poetic.

But all the things, so new in time,
 Are nothing to the woman,
 Who now is "new," and seeks to climb
 To heights which seem to her sublime;
 (Excuse the execrable rhyme)
 She is indeed a rum 'un.

Of course we know that youth is sweet;
 Old women are not charming;
 But no old woman we could meet,
 With featless form and formless feet,
 This wild New Woman now could beat,
 She's perfectly alarming.

Ring out, wild bells, wild belles like these
 New-fangled fancies screaming;
 Ring in the woman bound to please,
 A lady, always at her ease,
 Not manlike woman, by degrees
 More man than woman seeming.

Old '94, who now has fled,
 Encouraged blatant boldness
 In things called "new," as we have said;
 New '95, now he is dead,
 Might bring some things which are instead
 Remarkable for oldness.



A VITAL QUESTION.

(Asked at a Penny Reading.)

"WHO will stand on either hand,
 And keep the bridge with me?"

"SHOULD CHRISTMAS BE ABOLISHED?"

[A symposium on the above question appears in the December Number of *The Idler*.]

WITH what philosophy sublime
The institutions are discussed,
Which foolish men of olden time
Were well content to take on trust!
"Is life one great mistake?" we cry,
"Our modern teachers deem it so;"
"Man's place shall woman occupy?"
And now this last—"Shall Christmas go?"

They mock at any plea for mirth,
With fine derision they allude
To any wish for peace on earth
As just a pulpit platitude;
This Christmas-time, it seems, is fraught
With fancies anything but clever;
The lessons that CHARLES DICKENS taught
Are obsolete, and gone for ever!

They tell us, in their stead, to praise
The jokes on seasonable ills,
The epigrams on quarter-days,
The *jeux d'esprit* on mud and bills;
But as for honest glee and cheer,
Since every cause for joy's demolished,
Why, Christmas, too, it's amply clear,
Should be left out—in fact, "abolished."

Well, let them talk; to please themselves
By all means let them demonstrate
That fairies, Santa Claus, and elves
Are manifestly out-of-date.
Well, let them talk; and find a joy
In cynical philosophy,
But every English girl and boy
Will give their empty words the lie!

Nor only these: In every land
When Christmas brings, to brighten life,
The sturdy grip of hand with hand,
The softened heart, the ended strife,—
Then air your pessimistic views,
Then ask again, "Shall Christmas go?"
And find your answer, if you choose,
In one emphatic, hearty—"NO!"



"LOOK WHAT I'VE BOUGHT YOU FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX!"

THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.**VIII.—AFTER THE POLL.**

I AM overwhelmed with congratulations, from all classes, from all sections, from all ranks, and I am acclaimed on all hands as a worthy head man for a Mudford, if not yet a model, village. Not the least welcome have been the communications which have reached me from those who have made my acquaintance in these published Chronicles. The mayor of a borough whose charter dates well back into the beginning of the second half of the present century, wrote to say that he is emboldened by the fact that his wife's maiden name commenced with a W to write to tell me how rejoiced he is to hear of my success. A gentleman writes from "The Burning Plains of the Sahara" to say that he is always proud of the triumphs of a TIMORRY. (My daughter points out that this is clearly a forgery, since the Sahara mail isn't in till next week. But I can't go into that.) Then there is a very important letter from Birmingham, of which I will only say that WINKINS, who has backed many a Bill, may yet live to indorse a Programme. I may here add that there has been an attempt in some quarters to decry these Chronicles as absurd and imaginary. My Birmingham correspondent describes them as "an important picture of things as they actually are." He is right. I am as serious as a Prime Minister.

My wife is back—which reminds me that I received a post-card, which has had the effect usually produced by a bomb. Here is what was on it:—

AFTER THE POLL.

After the poll is over,
After the voting's done,
Mudford will be much duller,
No more election fun.
But ONE man will be more happy,
Not so disturbed in his soul (?),
WINKINS's wife is come back now—
After the Poll!

Of course, I should have destroyed the card at once—but I was out when it came, and MARIA read it first! What happened was a good

instance of the monstrous way in which one man's sin is another man's punishment. In this case (1) it was my wife who had persisted in going away, and (2) it was an unknown post-cardist who had written the insulting doggerel. Yet I paid the entire penalty.

The great puzzle—who is the seventh councillor?—is still unsolved. All that has happened so far is that Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT and Mrs. ARBLE MARCH are no longer on speaking terms. It has leaked out that Mrs. MARCH had more plumpers than Mrs. HAVITT, whereupon ructions—as JACKY, who has just come home for the Christmas holidays says. I think he's quite right.

Our Parish Council meets next Monday—on the 7th. With the New Year we commence our reign of beneficent activity. I need hardly say that it is certain that I am to be Chairman. My position on the poll suggests it, common decency demands it, moreover I expect it. I refuse to believe that I shall be disappointed.

A GLAD NEW YEAR.*A Reflecting Roundel.*

"A GLAD New Year!" Why, bless my heart, how fast
The time flies by! The year's no sooner here
Than it is gone and numbered with the past—
A Glad New Year!

For some the sun shines bright, the sky is clear,
No threatening clouds o'erhead exist to cast
A single shadow. Yet, ah me, how drear
The sad estate in which some lives are passed!
The day when none are sad may not be near,
But then—and not till then—there'll be at last
A Glad New Year!

UP-TO-DATE VERSION FOR MATURE VIRGINS AND PREMATURELY GRIZZLED WORKING MEN.—They whom the gods don't love, dye young!



THE PROBLEM PLAY.

New Woman (with the hat). "No! MY PRINCIPLE IS SIMPLY THIS—IF THERE'S A DEMAND FOR THESE PLAYS, IT MUST BE SUPPLIED!"
Woman not New (with the bonnet). "PRECISELY! JUST AS WITH THE BULL-FIGHTS IN SPAIN!"

[Scores.]

THE OLD FERRYMAN'S NEW FARE.

AIR—"Twickenham Ferry."

O-HOI-YE-HO! Ho-ye-ho! Who's for the ferry?
(The moon sails on high, and the snow's coming down.)
 A light gleams afar, and the church chimes are merry,
 Their message goes pealing o'er country and town.
 The ferryman's grey, and the ferryman's old;
 But the passenger's young, and the passenger's bold;
 And he's fresh as a pippin, and brown as a berry,
 He laughs at the night, and he heeds not the cold.
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho! "I'm for the ferry!"
(The moon rides on high, and the snow's coming down.)
 "Sure it's late that it is, but I care not a penny;
 I'll brave the rough river and winter's grim frown."
 He'd his hands in his pockets, and oh! he looked brave
 As the toughest old tar who e'er ventured the wave.
 With his cheeks like a rose, and his lips like a cherry,
 "Ah! sure, and you're welcome! Your presence all crave!"
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho! One flits slow from the ferry,
(The moon rides on high, and the snow's coming down.)
 With shadowy form, and with footfall unsteady;
 You'd think 'twas a ghost at the dawn-signal flown.
 The ferryman turns on the phantom a glance,
 But the eyes of the youngster there glitter and dance,
 And with youth like a star in the stern of the wherry
 There is but one watchword for Time,—tis "Advance!"
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho! Old is that ferry,
(The moon rides on high, and the snow's drifting down.)
 Still, older that steersman, though stalwart and steady,
 And many a journey and fare hath he known.
 For the Ferryman's Time, and his fares are the Years,
 And they greet him with smiles, and oft leave him in tears,
 And the youth who to-night takes his seat in that wherry,
 Knows not how 'tis freighted with hopes and with fears.
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!

O-hoi-ye-ho-Ho! 'NINETY-FIVE tries the ferry,
(The moon rides on high, and the snow silvers down.)
 There's a smile on his lips, and his laughter is merry;
 Right little he bodeth of Fortune's dark frown.
 But the Ferryman's old, and the Ferryman knows
 That River of Years, with its joys and its woes;
 But we'll wish the young fare a snug seat in Time's wherry,
 And sun on his way, though he starts 'midst the snows.
 O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho-Ho!!

THE WINTER ACADEMY OF 1995.

(An Elegant Extract from a Future Development.)

THE Committee this year has wisely been recruited from the Master Bill Posters' Guild; the old-fashioned method of "hanging" is abandoned, and advertisements are now "stuck" on the walls by the New "B" Gum Process (for which Sir J. MILLBOARD contributes a charming illustration No. 20,000). During a preliminary survey, we were astonished by the blatant excellence of the exhibition. "*A Bicycle Made for Five*," by Mr. LOWTHER R. CADE (No. 2006), is especially delicate and sudden; the tone is aluminium throughout, and although no children are represented as bodily on the machine, a Kinetograph inserted in the axle dexterously responds to a penny in the slot—when the youthful athletes are both seen and heard in the adjacent horse-pond. "*Gregory the Grateful*" (No. 612) fully sustains Dr. UTTERSON'S reputation for historical advertisement; by pressing a spring the Pope actually swallows the powder, and seems to like it. It is quite equal to this Master's "*Columbus in Wall Street*" of last year. Mr. G. MORLAND'S "*Carter's Pill-gathering in the Old Kent Road*" (No. 69) is too realistic for modern taste; the fine oaks in the background are absolutely hidden by placards; but Lord BOXALL'S "*While there is Life there is Soap*" (No. 15,000z) is truly impressionist; the life is full of soap, and the soap full of life. In "*Glycerine*" (unnumbered), by Miss TORSY TURVY (the Presidentess), we have a fine example of "*The Newer Symbolism*,"—a patent revolving motor displays its liquidity to equal advantage upside down.

Altogether the show is calculated to promote business—which is the true end of Art; it also opens out infinite possibilities for house-decoration.



THE NEW PASSENGER.

AN "OLD MASTER'S" GROWL.

Burlington House, January 1, 1895.

It's all very pretty to hang us up here,
And pretend that you worship our genius and paint;
You fancy it's "Cultchah" that rings in the year—
But it ain't!



You find us, you say, "a delight to the eye;"
You exclaim that "such painting you never did see!"
You "do" us—then scamper below with the cry—
"Cup o' tea!"

"Old Masters," indeed! It's "Young Students" with you—
To their show in your thousands you flock in the spring;
But of Me you exclaim, as you come in my view—
"What a thing!"

Just six months ago in these rooms you'd declare
It was "exquisite Art" that you saw; you forgot
That you'd said that of us. Bah! What do you care?
Not a jot!

Of course, there are some who are men of the day,
Who belong to the band of the talented few;
Right gladly we put forth our hand, as we say—
"How do do?"

For example, young RAPHAEL—my excellent friend—
And the later Italians and Germans as well,
They consider Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON no end
Of a swell

Then REYNOLDS declared, in the course of a chat,
The "Cherry Ripe" picture of MILLAIS to be
As good as "Penelope Boothby." What's that?
"So does he?"

VAN DE VELDE asserts he knows less of a wave,
It's colour and drawing, than MOORE at his best.—
But when of your COLES and your HUNTERS you rave,
I protest!

Talk of TITIAN and WATTS in a breath—which you may;
Young GILBERT and SWAN you may praise if you will;
But the thought of the annual summer display
Makes me ill!

Yet that's what the mass of the people enjoyed.
And the few who come here, both the great and the small,
Mostly come to be seen. What—you think I'm annoyed?
Not at all!

We expect it.—I said just as much to VANDYCK—
There's but one in a hundred that comes who'll desecry
The beauty of Art. It's the sham I dislike.
Well—good-bye!

HOW TO WRITE AN EXTRA NUMBER.

(An Up-to-date fragment for Yuletide.)

THE author was hard at work. He heeded not the snow that beat against the window, nor the wintry wind that whistled through the leafless trees. The fire burned brightly in the grate, and the shadows on the walls seemed to inspire him with seasonable tales.



He wrote for dear life, as his copy was late, and he knew that the printers were clamouring for more and more from his facile pen. Every now and again he glanced at a volume of drawings (there were many sketches in the book on his desk), and, pausing for a moment, seemed to be lost in thought. Then he would resume his labours with fresh energy. Very rarely he would murmur to

himself, and then his words would be few.

"Confusion!" he muttered on one such occasion; "how the Dickens (or should it be Thackeray?) am I to get in the Christmas waits?" He pondered for a moment, and then his eyes glistened with delight. "Eureka! I have it! They must appear in a dream. Yes, that will get over the difficulty, they must appear in a dream!"

And then he continued his writing. During the whole day he had been hard at work. His breakfast was scarcely touched. He waved away the servant girl who would have set before him his lunch. It was now close upon his customary dinner hour, but still he insisted upon isolation. Even the wife of his devotion did not dare to come near him. She knew that he would not speak to her, but only cast at her a glance. But such a glance! A terrible tirade compressed into a solitary look!

The short day waned and passed away. The evening quickly changed into night. There were cheery songs without, as it was Christmas Eve, when all men were thinking of wassail, and holly and mistletoe. Even the performers in the forthcoming pantomime were nearing the close of their last rehearsal, when they would go back to their homes to count the mince pies and glance for the last time at the cooking of the familiar plum pudding.

At length the writer was interrupted, and by his old familiar friend.

"I will not disturb you," said the caller, taking up a newspaper and commencing its perusal; "I know how busy you are, and will be silent as Cornhill on a Sunday."

The writer nodded and continued his work. His pen moved quicker and quicker until at length it stopped.

"Hurrah!" shouted the author. "At last my task is completed. I have brought in every cut and got through the necessary number of lines. Yes, my dear old comrade, I have done. The printer will be satisfied, and the publisher will cease to be alarmed. And now, my dear fellow, I can enjoy Christmas conscious of the fact that I have thoroughly earned a holiday."

"Ah!" observed the visitor glancing at the recently-written pages; "I see you have been writing something for Yuletide."

"Yuletide!" exclaimed the author. "Why, that was accomplished ages ago. No, my dear fellow, I have just finished a summer number timed to appear in August. I shan't think of touching the work of next year's Christmas until April!"



"YOU CAME TO TEA."

In spite of Fate invincible,
Of lack of wit, and lack of gold,
Of pictures that too cheaply sell,
Or pictures never sold,
Oh, yet, when I am old and grey,
If old and grey I live to be,
I shall recall one happy day,
The day you came to tea!

You came. Of course I am
aware
You did not, could not, come
alone.

You were between the million-
aire
And a stout chaperon.
My work they called to criticise,
But what they said I do not
know,
For gleams of laughter in your
eyes
That seemed to come and go.

The hurrying moments how I
rued!
There flashed a scheme into
my brain.

With unexpected tea, I would
My visitors detain.
The ever-willing household
slave

Into my service I impressed;
To her my tea, my gold I gave,
She vowed to do the rest.

That tea was strong, for all my
hoard,
Some half a pound, two
shilling tea,
Into the teapot had been
poured—
Only the milk—ah me!

**THE SHAKSPEARE LESSON.**

Holiday Tutor (quoting)—

"'LETTING I DARE NOT WAIT UPON I WOULD,
LIKE THE POOR CAT IN THE ADAGE.'"

Now, GEORGE, WHAT IS AN ADAGE?"

George. "A PLACE TO KEEP CATS IN!"

So pallid, comfortless a stream,
Into your cup I saw it glide.
For a true jug of country cream
I felt I would have died!

But with the cake I was con-
tent,
Its richness no one could
mistake,
For my whole store the slave
had spent
On a superior cake.
'Twas all in layers, almonded,
And crowned with white and
rosy ice:
"What a delightful cake!"
you said;
"But, please, a smaller
slice!"

I flushed and stammered. I
suspect
A pound I'd cut you un-
aware.
On what I did could I reflect
When you were sitting there?
That revel, ah, how soon 'twas
o'er!

How swiftly came the mo-
ment when [door,
After my guests I shut the
I mounted to my den.

Then down I sat beside the wall,
And, feeling doubtful and
amazed,

I strove your accent to recall
As at your chair I gazed.

I heard your soft laugh echo
through [to me,
The dingy room grown dear
Where now was silence; and
I knew

That you had been to tea!

THE POLITE GUIDE TO THE CIVIL SERVICE.

(By an Affable Philosopher and Courteous Guide.)

HOW TO RECEIVE A DEPUTATION.

It does not take very long to make yourself quite at home as Secretary of the Public Squander Department—the office I will suppose you to be filling. You will find everything ready to your hand.



All you will have to remember is this—the golden rule of the Service—that what was done last year, should be followed this, and arranged for next. Ministries may come and Cabinets may go, but the P. S. D. continues for ever. The policy of the office must never be disturbed. If it has been the custom (say) to put orange-trees in the open spaces under the control of the Department out to bloom in February, under no consideration whatever must the date be changed. It may be advanced (generally in the newspapers when there is nothing more interesting ripe for discussion) that July would be the better month. It may be declared that an orange-tree taken from a hot-house and thrust into the uncertain atmosphere of the Metropolis, and indeed the provinces, stands less chance of weathering that climate in the second month of the year than it would in the seventh. That may be very true, but what has been done by the Public Squander Department once should be repeated for ever. If an alteration has

to be made it must not be accomplished except "under-pressure." Questions must be asked in the House, returns moved for, and all the rest of it. So long as the alteration can be resisted, it is the duty of every member of the Department to stand shoulder to shoulder to oppose. You will find a case in point in the matter of your own pet grievance the condition of "Milestones." You will recollect (if you have a good memory) that "Milestones" were the steps of the stair-

case that led you from the hall of Parliament to the comfortable apartments reserved for the special use of the Secretary of the P. S. D.

"I do not think we need bother about those Milestones," you will say to the Chief Clerk after you have got accustomed to your messengers and have chosen your easiest of easy chairs; "I daresay there are many matters of more pressing importance."

The courteous official to whom you have made the suggestion will readily acquiesce, and then inform you that a deputation are anxious to see you upon the subject. And here you will find one of the disadvantages inseparably connected with making a question exclusively to your own. The moment you come into power you are expected to do something. It is of course unreasonable, but none the less for that unavoidable.

"I think you had better see them, Sir," the Chief Clerk will observe. "They know the ropes fairly well, and I do not think we shall get much peace until you have got rid of them. Of course, we have sent them travelling a bit, but they have got back to us at last."

"Sent them a—travelling?" you will query.

"Well, yes. We have referred them to this department, where they have been asked to apply to that. They have been passed on from office to office until they have come back to us. It is the rule of the game. And now I think the time has arrived when you should see them in person."

Of course, you have nothing to do but to take your subordinate's advice. It is one of the regulations of the Civil Service that the tail wags the dog. It stands to reason that a man who has grown grey in the Department is more likely to know the business of the bureau better than you who have just joined. So the spokesman of the deputation receives a polite communication informing him that you will be pleased to see him and his friends at such and such a date. Of course, you are furnished with the names of the friends in



advance, and your private secretary (your right-hand man) makes it his special business to post you up in all that is necessary about them. The day arrives, and with it the deputation. If the House is sitting, you can see the Members in your own room. It looks well if you can show your accosters how small a chamber you occupy, and how hard at work you have to be at all hours of the day and night. Failing a meeting in Parliament, you can receive them in the Department itself. In this case contrive, if possible, to see them in official uniform. Chat with them after you have been to a *levée*, or Cabinet, or something of that sort. It gives you a distinct advantage if you can overawe them with the glories of a well-feathered cocked-hat, and many yards (chiefly on the back of your coat) of gold lace.

You will have, of course, in attendance upon you several heads of departments. These gentlemen will say nothing, but will look wonders. If you are at loss for figures or facts, you will glance at them and make a bold statement. That daring declaration will, of course, be qualified with the announcement that it is made "to the best of your belief." You will turn your face towards the heads, and they will receive your mute appeal with sympathetic attention. They will not say anything, but will, I repeat, look wonders. They will not be comprehensible, but merely convincing.

Chairs will have been set for the members of the deputation. Some of your visitors will be personally known to you, and these you will greet with effusion. Remember that you must be nothing if not genial. Single out for special cordiality the spokesman. Not, of course, one of your parliamentary colleagues who is going to introduce your visitors to you, but the principal member of the deputation. If you have to contradict him in the course of the interview you will have the sympathy of his colleagues, and they will be glad to see one who has the pleasure of your acquaintance (why should he have it more than they?) soundly snubbed. After every one has got comfortably into their places, you will ask if the Press are to be present. If the reply is in the affirmative (as it most probably will be, as all deputations like to see themselves in print), continue your generalities, and say with a good-natured laugh, "that you must be on your guard." If the interview is not to be reported, then you require no further guide. You can say or do almost anything in reason. But assuming that the reporters are to be present (and here it may be observed that, if your private secretary knows his business, the gentlemen of the Press will to some extent be "selected"), you must be more careful.

You will listen to your parliamentary colleague's speech of introduction and the address of your friend the spokesman with many silent tokens of goodwill. When there is a trace of a compliment you will smile and bow, and if any figures are introduced you will ask to have them repeated, and make a note of them on a piece of paper. It does not matter what kind of paper you use, as the piece will subsequently disappear into the basket reserved for valueless documents.

You will ask several questions, and, when the spokesman has completed his harangue, you will look round to see if anyone desires to follow him. If there is any hesitation, commence your reply at once. But if anyone is ready, let him speak. It is far better that the eloquence of the deputation should come out (like the measles) rather than be suppressed. When your visitors have had their turn, then will come yours.

Of course the less you say the better. I do not mean in words, but in purport. If you have time you can chatter for an hour, but that chatter should be absolutely innocuous. Remember not to give yourself away. Mind, you are bound in office by nothing you have uttered out of it. Be genial. Indulge in small jokes. Let them be at your own expense. Complain that you are powerless. Explain that had you your way you would do all sorts of good things, but "that tyrant, the Chancellor of the Exchequer," interferes. It is not the fault of the Public Squander Department, but the crime of the Treasury. Wind up by assuring the members of the deputation of your personal sympathy, and assure them that you will take "an early opportunity of laying the representations they have made before your colleagues."

By following these directions you may be sure that you will gain golden opinions. You will be thanked with effusion for your courtesy, and your visitors will retire entirely satisfied with the reception that has been accorded to them.



"I SAY, TIBBINS, OLD MAN, IS IT TRUE THAT YOUR WIFE HAS BEEN ASKED TO RESIGN AT THE OMPHALE CLUB?"

"WELL, YES; YOU SEE THE COMMITTEE FOUND THAT SHE'D BEEN GUILTY OF UNGENTLEMANLY CONDUCT."

TO ALTHEA.—(Out of Town.)

If ever this message should find you,
I think that perhaps you will guess
Who sent it, in hopes to remind you
Of one who has not your address,
And who if he had dare not use it,
The chaperon's eye to offend.

ALTHEA, yet do not refuse it,
The humble good wish of a friend!

To give you a New Year's greeting,
Explain, what I cannot explain,
How your look, at our very last meet-
ing,
Is photographed firm on my brain.

Without you, I'm twenty years older;
And yet I'm glad you're away.
For each day it grows darker and
colder,
The sky is a smoky brown-grey.

ALTHEA—I am weary of winter
Without you! The fog's never clear.
My missive I send to the printer
To tell you how dull it is here.
I hope you are faring far better,
I trust, as I bid you adieu,
That you may divine that this letter
Is really intended for you!

"RICHARD HIMSELF AGAIN."

"RETURN again *Whittington*, Pantomime of London" were the words to the chimes that on or about Boxing Day must have been ringing in the ears of Mr. Ex-Sheriff HARRIS, Knight, and spectacle



"Listening to the Belles."

maker from morn to dawn. This is not the first time that our own DRUBIOLANUS has chosen the intermittent Lord Mayor (for did not *Dick* pass the chair thrice?) as the subject for his annual. That he has been wise in making the selection has been proved by the result. Sir



"Haul by the Sea."

AUGUSTUS (with the assistance of his literary colleagues, Messrs. H. HAMILTON and WALTER RALEIGH, and his chief of the staff, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS) has beaten his own record. Nothing better than the present show has been seen at Drury Lane within the recollection of the existing generation. And it is highly probable that the memory of man does not, anent times past, run to the contrary.

The ex-sheriff has begun a new lease of the old house, and seemingly has taken the success he has so long established on the premises as one of the fixtures. A most excellent commencement to a contract that should be highly satisfactory to both manager and public.

So much for pantomimic things in general, and now to turn to details in particular. The book of the words is decidedly a superior article. Hitherto when the Drury Lane Annual has contained a fault the mistake has been discovered in "the cackle." On former occasions it has been said (by the dyspeptic and consequently disappointed) that "the turns of the halls" have been too numerous. Those excellent comedians Messrs. DAN LENO and HERBERT CAMPBELL have sometimes been a little too much in evidence to suit every taste. In 1894-95 they have plenty to do, but only enough to satisfy the most fastidious. They are quite as amusing as usual, and when the curtain falls before "the transformation" people are rather inclined to ask for more than to say that they have had quite enough. This is the token of a good sign. Then the Brothers GRIFFITHS are particularly pleasing. That member of the brethren who plays the cat is at once comic and pathetic. He makes *Malkin* quite a loveable character. Then Miss ADA BLANCHE, as *Dick*, is altogether a hero of romance. She may sing the old songs of the halls, but she tempers

her comic vocalism with a touch of sentiment that makes the whole world kin after it has had its grin. Miss MARIE MONTROSE, too, is winsome, and so are Misses AGNES HEWITT, EVA WESTLAKE, and MADGE LUCAS. In fact, the opening is well played by "all concerned." It is a wonder that, after the first innings of the morning performance, they should have scored so heavily in the evening's representation. But score they do, and are likely to "continue the movement" until Easter.

The scenery must be seen. It baffles description. Who could paint the sun? Who could report the wonders of the solar system? A first impressionist would declare that the gorgeous production of colour, light, and form, could only be adequately suggested by the word "HARRIS." So the entire audience thought on Boxing Night. Let it be known that after the wonderful "Feast of Lanterns" Scene, Sir AUGUSTUS was called to the front three or four times, and might have "gone on" indefinitely so far as the house was concerned. Indeed, the enthusiasm showed no sign of diminution when the lessee had made his exit. Still the Gallery called for "HARRIS!" still the Stall expressed their opinion by the gentle tapping of well-gloved hands. Nay more, there were members of the superior classes who not only rapped out their applause, but roared with laughter. From first to last, thanks to a thoroughly appreciative (and yet discriminating) audience, the play went admirably.

So the bells will ring for *Whittington* for a long time to come. And where the belles are there will be found the beaux. To continue the association of ideas, the shot of Sir AUGUSTUS has ended in a hit. It does not take a prophet to predict that *Dick* will not only



"Cook and Gaze."

be the centre of numberless *matinées*, but the hero of at least a hundred nights. *Dick* will listen to his bells until Easter changes the music.

WHY! DOST THOU SING?

Why dost thou sing? Is it because thou deemest
We love to hear thy sorry quavers ring?
My poor deluded girl, thou fondly dreamest!
Why dost thou sing?

Why dost thou sing? I ask thy sad relations—
They shake their heads, and answer with a sigh.
They can explain thy wild hallucinations
No more than I.

Why dost thou sing? Why wilt thou never weary
Why wilt thou warble half a note too flat?
I can conceive no reasonable theory
To tell me that.

Why dost thou sing? O Lady, have we ever
In thought or action done thee any wrong?
Then wherefore should'st thou visit us for ever
With thy one song?

Why dost thou sing?—None offers a suggestion,
None dares to do so desperate a thing,
And Echo only answers to my question,
"Why dost thou sing?"

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

(By Mr. Punch's own Short Story-teller.)

INTRODUCTION.

Not many living men, and even fewer in the ages that are past, have—if I may use the word—sport-ed with greater assiduity and success than I have during a life which is even now little past its middle period. At one time on horseback, at another on the bounding and impulsive elephant; now bestriding the matchless dromedary on his native prairie, now posted on foot in a jungle crowded with golden pheasants in all the native splendour of their plumage; sometimes matching my solitary craft against a host of foxes on the swelling uplands of Leicestershire, sometimes facing the Caledonian boar or the sanguinary panther in their woodland lairs, dealing showers of leaden death from a hundred tubes, or tracking my fearful prey by the lonely light of a wax vesta and despatching it at midnight with my trusty bowie—wherever there were leagues to be walked, risks to be run, or fastnesses to be rushed there not only have I been the first, but (paradoxical as it may appear) there also have I succeeded and have never been successfully followed. My experiences are therefore unique, and it is in the hope that they may to some extent profit a younger generation, less injured, I fear, to hardship and danger than my own, that I now set pen to paper and recount some of the exploits that have made my name famous wherever sport is loved and true sportsmen are revered.

A less modest man might have said more, but one whose deeds speak for him in every quarter of the world may well be content to leave to punier men the ridiculous trumpeting braggadocio that too often makes so-called sportsmen the laughing stock of society. For myself, I can never forget the lesson I learned at an early age from my dear father, himself a shikari of no common order, though to be sure, as he himself would be the first to admit if he were alive, the exploits of the son (I had no brothers) have now thrust the parental performances into the background. Still, it was my father who first inculcated upon my infant mind the daring, the ignorance of fear, the contempt of danger, and the iron endurance which have since made me a household word. Heaven rest the old man! He sleeps his last sleep far away in the Desert of Golden Sand, with no head-stone to mark his resting-place, and neither the roaring of his old enemies the tigers, nor the bellowing of the countless alligators who infest the spot can rouse him any more. Alas! it was trustfulness that destroyed him. He was gored to death by a favourite rhinoceros that he had rescued at a tender age when its mother was killed, and had brought up to know and, as he thought, to love him. But I have always thought myself that the rhinoceros was a treacherous brute, and though I have often been asked to tame one, for presentation to this or that Emperor, I have consistently declined.

Marvellous, however, as my father was in his day for his exploits and his variegated bags of game, he was perhaps even more wonderful for the unswerving accuracy with which he was accustomed to relate his adventures. Far and wide over the steppes of Central Asia, the burning regions of equatorial Africa, the precipitous haunts of the American Grizzly, and the wild retreats of the ferocious Albanian pig—everywhere, in short, where he had set foot or drawn trigger, this peculiarity of his was known and appreciated, and many a respectful *sobriquet* did it earn for him from the savage tribes amongst whom he spent the best years of his life. In Kashmir he was known as *Peili Ton*, that is, the man who cannot lie; amongst the swarthy Zambesians the name of *Govan Bettir* (the Undeafened and Veracious Man) was a name to conjure with even when in their moments of warlike passion the tribesmen rushed madly through their primeval thickets, shouting their terrible war-cry, "*Itup ures Leeve*," that is, "Death to the white-faced robbers."



"He had indeed seen ten books."

But what I wished specially to relate about my poor father was the lesson of truthfulness which he inculcated upon me at an early age. He and I (I was then but a lad of twelve) had been hunting the ferocious Pilsener gemsbok through the wild Lagerland in which he makes his home. It happened one morning that we had parted company. To me was assigned the duty of beating through the Bier-Wald, the dense forest which stretches mile upon mile in unbroken gloom to the confines of the Boose-See. The Fates were propitious. Wherever I turned I saw a victim, and one after another I brought down with unerring aim twenty-four (as I thought) of these noble animals, whose horns are now worth a king's ransom, and might, even in those distant days, have rescued a minor German Prince from captivity. Hastening home with my booty loaded upon my back—I was a strong boy for my age, but of course nothing to what I have since become—I met my dear father just as I reached the door of the hut which served us for hunting quarters. Joyously I cast down my burden, and sprang to his side. But my father wore an expression of annoyance, and I soon discovered that the luck had been against him. He had indeed seen ten books, but for some reason his aim had lacked its accustomed deadliness, and he had come back empty-handed. I consoled with him in a boy's artless fashion, and proceeded to tell him how fortunate I had been.

"How many have you shot?" he asked me.

"Twenty-four," was my reply.

"Count them," said my father.

I did so, and you may judge of my astonishment when I found that twenty-six had fallen to my gun. I counted again and again. Yes, there were twenty-six of them. With one of my shots I must have brought down three. In the agitation of the moment I had overlooked this. I told my father that I had made a slight mistake, and endeavoured to explain how it had arisen. But my father was inexorable.

"A lie," he said, "is a lie. You said you had shot twenty-four, you have actually killed twenty-six. You must suffer."

Over the rest of the painful scene I draw a veil. The shrieks of my mother, who implored pardon for me on her bended knees, still seem to ring in my ears. Since that time I have always respected not only the strict truth, but also the leather thongs which are in use in the Lagerland for the droves of untameable cattle

that roam the prairies. This was my lesson, and I have never, never forgotten it.

TO AN OLD FLAME.—(TWENTY YEARS AFTER.)

A LITTLE girl, a charming tiny tot,
I well remember you with many a curl,
Although I recollect you said, "I'm not
A little girl."

We parted. Mid the worry and the whirl
Of life, again, alas! I saw you not.
I kept you in my memory as a pearl
Of winsome childhood. So imagine what
A shock it was this morning to unfurl

My morning paper, there to see you've got
A little girl!

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* announced last Friday that "a bevy of head-masters will appear in the pulpit of St. Paul's this month." How many go to a "bevy" we are not aware, though perhaps we might ascertain it from Sir DRURIOLANUS, who could inform us, after several crowded houses, how many go to see the "bevy," and how many combine to make up a "bevy," of ballet beauties in the pantomime; but putting it say at a dozen, the bevy of head-masters in their caps and gowns would find the pulpit of St. Paul's rather a tight fit. Pretty sight though, anyway.



Lindsey Sandhu. "New Year's Day Dream."

HARLEQUIN HARCOURT, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, AND THE FINANCIAL FAIRY PRINCE.—(See "New Year's Day Dream.")



A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY.

(Hounds going from Covert to Covert.)

Master Jack (to M.F.H.). "I SAY, YOU KNOW, AWFUL NUISANCE THE WAY THESE WOMEN FOLLOW A FELLOW OVER EVERYTHING! MAKES A MAN HAVE TO BE SO BEASTLY CAREFUL WHAT HE JUMPS, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

THE NEW YEAR'S DAY DREAM.

A Tennysonian Fragment from the Popular Pantomime of "Harlequin Harcourt, the Sleeping Beauty, and the Financial Fairy Prince."

"The Revenue Returns," says the *Daily News*, "for the expired three quarters of the financial year show that a sum of close upon £62,000,000 has been paid into the Exchequer. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S estimated revenue for the whole year was a little over £94,000,000. This is regarded as an indication of the revival of trade, and the promise of a substantial surplus for the next Budget."

THE ARRIVAL.

ALL blessed boons, though coming late,
To those who wait them issue forth,
For skill in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth.
He comes, great keeper of our tin,
He is no Tory *Hurlo-Thrumbo*!
A fairy Prince, with triple chin,
And heavy-footed as poor *Jumbo*!

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks,
Though he has heard of Sleeping Beauties.
He hath been dreaming many weeks
Of Income Tax, Stamps, and Death Duties.
He'd charmed the party with his talk
Of Graduation; now grey fear
Knocks at his ribs, his cheek's like chalk,
With thoughts of Revenue for the Year.

More close and close his footsteps wind,
The next year's Budget on his heart.
From Stamps and Liquor will he find
Big plums? Will rich taxpayers "part"?

Here's sleeping Trade! "Lor! what a lark!"
He thinks. "To wake her—were a spree!
A kiss may lift those lashes dark;
She can't resist a buss—from Me!"

THE REVIVAL.

A touch, a smack! A boxed ear.
There came the sound of a smart slap.
The Fairy Prince, with cry of fear,
His hand unto his cheek did clasp.
The Sleeping Beauty gave a gape,
A wide-mouthed yawn, a long-drawn stretch.

He rubbed his chins. "This is a jape!
I knew my style the girl would fetch!"

"In spite of all that WILSON says,*
I trust those Revenue Returns.
She does revive! Be mine the praise!
By Jove, though, how my left ear burns!
I told 'em that I'd do the trick
With my new fakement, the Death Duties.
Come, Miss, wake up! Revive, dear, quick!
You sleepest of Sleeping Beauties!"

At last sweet slumbering Trade awoke,
And on her couch her form upreared.
The Prince smiled, rubbed his chins, and spoke.
"Ah, WILSON'S prophecy is queered.
He swore that you would not revive,
In his Cassandra-like Review,
But don't sit yawning! Look alive!
Or men will swear I've humbugged you!"

"All right!" said sleepy Trade. "But still
My joints feel somewhat stiff or so.

* In a pessimistic editorial article, opening the new volume of the *Investor's Review*.

Say, have you passed that Irish Bill
You schemed—how long was it ago?"
The Chancellor subdued a curse,
Which scarce would serve for a reply,
But dallied with his well-filled purse,
And smiling, put the question by.

A TALL ORDER.

"The Emperor WILLIAM is to have the Grand Order of the Imperial Chrysanthemum (the Japanese Garter) to add to his collection, 'in recognition of the services rendered by German officers to Japanese officers in instructing them in military and naval science.'"—*Daily Chronicle*.]

OH, the Fatherland, the happy Fatherland,
With fresh happiness will hum,
When their Emperor shall the Order wear
Of the Jap Chry-san-the-mum!
He's "a daisy" now, as the world doth know;

But, oh, won't he be thrice happy,
When he sports the badge of the Golden
Of the cute and grateful Jappy? [Flower
If JOHN CHINAMAN in the little Jap
Has most surely caught a Tartar,
Jap learned to war 'neath the Teuton Star,
So will send him the Jap "Garter."
BULL has given him tips, and has built him
But the Jap don't badge J. B. [ships,
No! Peace and War, like most other things,
Are now "made in Ger-ma-ny"!

"SENTIMENT" FOR OLD-FASHIONED PLAYGOERS.—"May that confounded 'Woman with a Past,' who monopolises the Present, have no Future!"



A WINTER'S TALE.

Benevolent Person (recognising an old protégé). "ROGERS, I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU IN THIS CONDITION! I UNDERSTOOD YOU HAD TAKEN THE PLEDGE!"

Rogers. "YOU'RE QUI' RI', SIR. ONLY Y' SEE THE WATER'S FROZEN 'T THE MAIN DOWN OUR STREET!"

THAT PRECIOUS DONKEY!

An Episode in the Life of A. Briefless, Junior, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, in Three Parts.)

PART I.—The Coming into Possession of the Donkey.

"YES, SIR," said my excellent and admirable clerk, PORTINGTON, "he came here three times, about a month ago. We thought he was mad, so would not let him in. But the third time he left that parcel and that letter. You see, Sir, they are tied together, and as here was a bomb scare on at the time, we did not touch them. That's how it comes, Sir, that you have not had them earlier."

I must confess I was a little annoyed. I frequently absent myself from Pump-Handle Court for days and even weeks together, and then I expect my clerical (I use the adjective in its non-ecclesiastical sense) representative to forward my correspondence.

"It cannot be helped, PORTINGTON," I replied; "all I care for are the interests of my clients. If the visitor was one anxious to lay his case before me, I can only trust he has not suffered by my unpremeditated absence."

"I do not think he will have to complain of that, Sir. And as to his case, we don't know whether it is one; none of us like to touch the parcel, lest it should go off."

"You mean with a report—it must get reported," I suggested, with a smile. I allow myself a little frolicsome levity at Yuletide.

"Well, where is it?"

"In your room, Sir," and PORTINGTON led the way to my special apartment.

I found my chamber tenanted by a miscellaneous collection of articles. Truth to tell I do not use my rooms very frequently, and consequently it has become a sort of a proverb amongst my co-parceners in Pump-Handle Court, *à propos* of anything of a cumbersome character, "When in doubt, put it into BRIEFLESS'S cupboard." Not that I really occupy a cupboard; my room (I lay the emphasis

on the word) is far more commodious than the largest specimen of those receptacles. Consequently, I was not altogether surprised to find collected together a banjo-case, some curtain rods, a number of framed pictures, and a damaged bicycle. In the centre of the room was an oblong parcel, to which was tied an envelope, doubtless containing an enclosure.

With some slight trepidation—I had no wish to accompany Pump-Handle Court to the skies—I opened the letter. It ran as follows:—

"TO A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR, ESQ.—Dear and Honoured Sir,—I have long desired to show you some token of goodwill. I have frequently read your contributions to the leading legal paper of the day (I refer, of course, to the *London Charivari*), and have been filled with admiration at the clearness of your style and the depth of your knowledge of what may be termed the duplex action of the human heart. As I happen to be Emperor of CHINA I write anonymously. I have been ruined by law and the lawyers. You have never represented me or opposed me. For this I am very, very grateful, and beg you to accept the accompanying present. It is a — But hush, we are observed."

And at this point the document abruptly terminated. I read the letter to PORTINGTON, and asked his opinion upon it. He replied abruptly he "considered the writer a lunatic."

"Well, no, I do not think we can go quite so far as that," I observed. "You see, he seems to have some appreciation of my talents. He may be a trifle eccentric, but I fancy nothing worse."

Encouraged by this belief in the sanity of my semi-anonymous (I use the epithet advisedly, as I take it that the incidental claim to the throne of the Celestial Empire was not urged seriously) correspondent, I opened the package. The brown paper unwound and a picture was revealed to us. It had evidently been painted for many years. The frame (which, in PORTINGTON'S opinion, was the best portion of the structure) was distinctly old-fashioned. The gilding was tarnished and the woodwork out of repair.

"What is the subject?" I asked, after three or four minutes' close inspection.

"I think, Sir," replied my excellent and admirable clerk, "that it's something to do with a donkey."

PORTINGTON was right. On closer investigation the painting revealed itself to be the representation of a cottage in the snow, with some villagers drawing water from a half-frozen pond in the neighbourhood of a rather intelligent donkey, who was watching their proceedings with languid interest.

"Certainly it is a donkey," I exclaimed; "and, to my thinking, a very fine one."

"What shall we do with it, Sir?" asked PORTINGTON. "It's no good here; shall I give it to the dustman?" He would take it away if we asked him."

For a moment I thought my clerical (I use the adjective in its non-ecclesiastical sense) representative was indulging in jocularity. I found I was in error. PORTINGTON was absolutely serious.

"You evidently do not know the value of some of these old frames. Of course I shall take the picture with me to my private residence."

I carried out my intention. The canvas presentation of the donkey and accessories was carefully conveyed in a four-wheeler to Justinian Gardens, where I have rented for some years a very pleasant house. The lady who has honoured me by taking my name, and whom in my more playful humour I sportively term my "better seven-eighths," received me.

"I hope you have brought the music from the Stores," said the lady, after our first greetings. "I suppose that package came from Victoria Street?"

"No, my precious one," I replied; I sometimes use terms of endearment to the members of my domestic circle. "It is a picture given to me by a grateful client."

"Client!" she exclaimed; "and a grateful one! What a find! But why bring it here? Haven't we already more pictures than we want? Why at this moment there's half-a-dozen of extra plates from the Christmas numbers that you *would* have framed, waiting to be hung."

"But this, my love, is an oil-painting, with what I judge to be a very valuable old-fashioned frame."

By this time my present was revealed.

"Why, it's only the picture of a donkey!" exclaimed my better seven-eighths, with a laugh. "We really don't want that sort of thing in the hall or reception rooms."

"But it is really very fine!" I urged. "Look at the handling of that donkey's ears. And the frame, too, is simply magnificent."

"I don't so much mind the frame. We might take out the picture and put in 'The Arrival of the Boulogne Boat,' the Christmas supplement to the *Young Lady's Boudoir*, in its stead. And yet it is just as likely as not to spoil it. No, I think we had better put picture and frame in the box-room."

"But my dear," I remonstrated; "this may be a very valuable picture. The head of the donkey is quite remarkable and —"

"Now do we want portraits of donkeys about the house? The box-

room or the dust-hole is the proper place for them."

"I know you objected to my own likeness—you see the connection with the donkey, dear?" I sometimes make rather humorous remarks during the continuance of the festive season.

"Don't be silly! But this hideous thing should really go into the box-room." And so it went. Perhaps on a future occasion I may trace the further adventures of my grateful client's gift. In my poor judgment they are distinctly interesting and instructive.

A DREAM OF THE NEW WOMAN.

SHE dreamed the doom that Fate pronounces
Against the woman ceased to be,
She dreamed her brain weighed three more
ounces,
And was of finer quality.

Her iron nerves all fear derided,
She saw a mouse, but did not run.
With pockets she was well provided,
And she could fire a Maxim gun.

She had abjured each female folly,
Hygienic dress she always wore,
With stern, determined melancholy
The universe she pondered o'er.

Of man in all respects the equal,
At last her heart's desire was hers.
Only, like every other sequel,
Her sequel proved a touch perverse.

She sighed, "My mind with facts is loaded,
No golden vision it retains.
Even Nirvana is exploded,
And, save the Atom, nought remains!

"Each ray of light a mental prism
Must needs determine and arrest.
My life is one long syllogism,
Without a parenthetic jest.

"I who was wont to kneel revering,
In manly chivalry confide,
Am all alone my vessel steering—
And yet I am unsatisfied!

"The gingerbread has lost its gilding
That from afar appeared sublime.
I for eternity am building—
'Twas not amiss to build for time!

"The pilgrimage was long and painful,
Cheerless and cold the heights I win—
About me hangs a shadow baneful
Of the Eternal Feminine.

"Alas, I have not learned my lesson!
I feel a frantic, mad despair.
I'd like to put an evening dress on,
And many roses in my hair!

"My heart desires the old romances,
The fictions dear all facts above,
The flowers, the ices, and the dances,
The days of youth, the days of—Love.

"That giddy whirl, that senseless splendour,
Was dear, although I said it bored—
Agnosticism I'd surrender
Once, once again, to be adored.

"I wished my brain had three more ounces,
For them I bartered happiness;
That brain the new régime denounces,
I wish it had three ounces less!"

She woke. A subtle sense pervaded
Her mind of being someone great;
But very speedily it faded,
And she regained her normal state.

She said: "I'd beat them all at college
If I could have those ounces back;
Only—I should not like my knowledge
To make me cleverer than—JACK!"



MARK TAPLEY REDIVIVUS.

"CH-CH-K-K-KKKK-N-N-NICE S-S-S-SEASONABLE WEATHER THIS, MATE—K-K-KKK!"

ODYLLIC FORCE.

(Vide "Daily Graphic" *passim*.)

ODYLLIC Force! O mystic power divine!
O greater than magician's might!—of
course
You know the virtues of this gift of mine,
Odyllic Force!

I can command the vasty deep. I say
Unto the elemental storm—"Be still!"
It may be that the sea will not obey,
But what of that? Deny it if ye may,
Still I command; still, still by night and
day

Despite all scorn, I exercise my will
And on the troubled surface of the main
Fresh from my soul, fresh from its limpid
source,
I pour my subtle influence—I rain
Odyllic Force.

I say unto the weather—"Be thou fine!"
And straightway, if it be not foul, 'tis
fair.

Nay, at my word the very sun will shine
If it should haply chance no clouds are
there.

And should the temperature not fall below
The freezing point, until the twenty-first
Frost shall be all unknown, and ice and snow,
And plumbers; and the taps shall freely
flow.

Nor shall the leaden pipes presume to show
The shadow of a tendency to burst.
Nay, if the weather be not somewhat cold
It shall be warm. The budding gems of
gold,

Should they appear, we shortly may behold
Flashing amid the prickles of the gorse.
So for the good of man, and beast, and
flower

I diligently use my mystic power,
And ever exercise from hour to hour
Odyllic Force.

Thus do the elements obey my call.
Thus do I influence the Seasons' course
Thus do I exercise for great and small,
The king, the lord, the beggar, one and all,
Odyllic Force.



!!!!

Lily (from Devonshire, on a visit to her Scotch Cousin Margy in St. Andrews, N.B.). "WHAT A STRANGE THING FASHION IS, MARGY! FANCY A GAME LIKE GOLF REACHING UP AS FAR NORTH AS THIS!"

"WHO SAID—'ATROCITIES'?"

OR, "THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET."

"It was my fate, my fortune, about, I think, eighteen years ago to take an active part with regard to other outrages, which first came up in the shape of rumour, but were afterwards well verified, in Bulgaria. . . . Old as I am, my feelings have not been deadened in regard to matters of such a dreadful description."—*Mr. Gladstone's Birthday Speech at Hawarden, December 29, 1894, on the alleged Armenian Atrocities.*

RETIREMENT? Oh, rubbish! Tykes currish or cubbish

May curl up in kennels, or snug up in straw, But dogs of right mettle to rest will not settle, While sight's in the eye, and while snap's in the jaw.

A bed in a basket? Mere mongrels may ask it. A couch and a cushion? They're lap-dog delights.

But pluck and true breeding, such comforts unheeding, Desert laps and hearth-rugs for frolics and fights.

Retired! How rats chortle! Like "Rab" the immortal

This dog scorns dull rest, and is still "rough on rats."

As always delighting in "plenty o' fechtin'," He pricks up his ears at a whisper of s-s-seats!

Aslumber and dreaming? Oh, that is mere seeming,

Curled up tail to muzzle in cosiest sort. His hairs are a-bristle at whisper or whistle That gives the least promise of scrimmage or sport.

On rats he's still ruthless! They may think him toothless, Those red Turkish rodents who once felt his fangs.

Ah! eighteen years earlier his coat was much curlier,

Now white and whispy sparse-scattered it hangs.

But years though they roughen his hide, seem to toughen

The muscles and nerves of this rare sporting tyke.

The rattling old ratter is still game to scatter

A pitful of vermin, of what breed you like.

The Istamboul sort are his favourite sport, Rabid rodents who raven, red-fanged, in

foul hordes, Turco sewer-bred legions, who earth's fairest regions

Would ravage like TAMERLANE'S Tartar-swung swords.

Terrors untameable, horrors unnameable, Mark their maraudings and hang on their track.

Now in fresh numbers they swarm, whilst he slumbers

Who once was the plague of the pestilent pack.

But—Who said—Atrocities? Old animosities

Wake in his spirit and stir in his blood.

Eh? What? Retirement? Nay, not if requirement,

Or prospect of sport, move the old champion's mood.

His heart has not deadened; his old eyes have reddened

With love of the fray and the old righteous wrath.

The varmint old ratter his old foes would scatter.

"Auld Rab" once again will be on the war-path!

"BON JOUR, PHILIPPINE!"

"THEY grew in beauty side by side, They filled one home with glee"— Until that evening at dessert

You passed the nuts to me. Then came the "crack of doom," the twins

No sooner had you seen Than, "Oh, what fun!" you said,

"we'll have A Bon jour, PHILIPPINE!"

"They grew in beauty side by side, They filled one home with glee"—

Until they found respective graves Alas! in you and me.

And then to win a gift next morn We vowed with solemn mien,

Whoe'er should greet the other first With "Bon jour, PHILIPPINE!"

"Bon jour"—I dreamt of it all night, At dawn recalled it yet,

But clean forgot it whilst I shaved— At breakfast then we met.

I'd only time, I know, to think Maid sweeter ne'er was seen,

When you, with laughter-dancing eyes, Cried, "Bon jour, PHILIPPINE!"

And so you won a gift from me, And chose that I should write

These verses, which I've pondered o'er For many a sleepless night!

I'll never crack another nut, When you are there, I mean;

Yet may you greet me often—save With "Bon jour, PHILIPPINE!"

MOTTO FOR MODERN MANAGERS.—The proper study of (theatre-going) Mankind is—the *New Woman*.



“WHO SAID—‘ATROCITIES’?”

(After the Popular Engraving.)

“OLD AS I AM, MY FEELINGS HAVE NOT BEEN DEADENED IN REGARD TO MATTERS OF SUCH A DREADFUL DESCRIPTION.”—*Mr. Gladstone's Birthday Speech at Hawarden on the Armenian Atrocities, December 29.*

THE VESTRYMAN.

A COMIC SONG FOR SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.

(By an Elderly Victim of Bumbledom.)

["The London Vestries and Boards of Works have not exactly covered themselves with glory in their dealings with the recent snowfall. In very few neighbourhoods was any attempt made on Wednesday to remove the slush, and Nature having taking her course during the night, in the direction of a frost early yesterday morning, the streets in many places were absolutely impassable for wheeled traffic until a liberal layer of sand and gravel had been spread." — *Daily Chronicle*, January 4.]

AIR—"The Bogie Man."

COME, gather round me, rate-payers,
So full of fun and glee;
New Bumble's going to play the fool

To please the L. C. C.
They swear that he is able
Improvements for to plan;
I love to hear Progressives say,
"Hush! The New Vestryman!"

Chorus.

Slush! Slush!! Slush!!!
Where is the Vestryman?
Are broom and shovel ready?
What is his brand new plan?
Oh, Slush! Slush! Slush!—
The footways never ran
With a worse slithery slippery
slop,
'Neath the Old Vestryman.

When I sit down, impromptu,
All in a soft snow-pie;
Or slide a yard, then come down
hard,
I groan, and wonder whv.
I blow my blue numb fingers,
I watch a fast-stuck van;
Reform, I cry, seems all my eye.
Where is that Vestryman?

Chorus.

Slush! Slush!! Slush!!!
Why is this, Vestryman?
Is this the outcome shady
Of the Progressive plan?
Oh, Slush! Slush! Slush!—
No gravel, sand, or tan!
All slip and slop. I'd like to whop
That blessed Vestryman!!!

TRAVELS IN TAFFY-LAND; OR,
WALES BLOWING.

[The Flint Town Council has censured the L. & N. W. Railway for dismissing some of its servants for ignorance of the English language.]

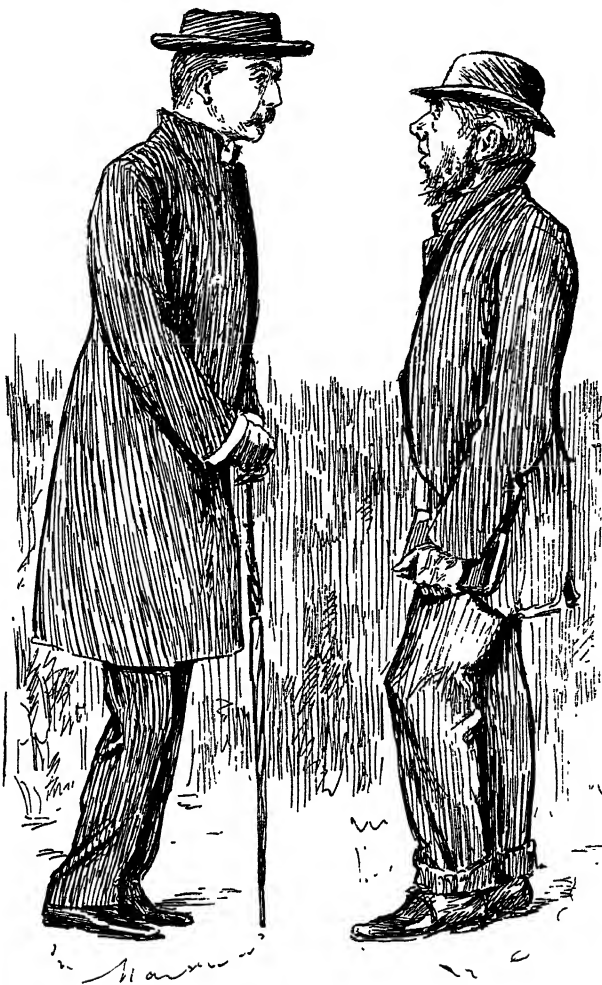
WOULD you tell me, Porter, if the next train is the one for Aberystwyth?

I am really very much obliged for your reply, but as I have not a Cymric dictionary at hand, I am totally unable even to guess at your meaning.

As the man points to the train which is now at the platform, and nods vigorously, I suppose he means me to get in. Still, the fact that it has "Llanrhydwyn" on it makes me a little doubtful whether I shall ever reach Aberystwyth if I enter it.

I am grateful for your attention, Guard, but it was a foot-warmer that I asked for, not the newspaper-boy.

As I have just been hurled down an em-



GRADATION.

Clerk (to Curate). "I'M TERRIBLE SORRY, ZUR, THAT YOU BE A-GWAINE TO LAWE US. WE 'VE CHANGED EVER SO MANY TIMES SINCE PASSEN GREEN DIED, AND ALWAYS FOR THE WUSS!"

bankment and find myself sitting much bruised in a shallow pond in a field close to the line, I really fancy that the Welsh-speaking signalman at the adjoining cabin has failed to understand the message wired to him in English from our last stopping station.

I should be glad, Stationmaster, if you would kindly have a telegram sent to my friends saying that I have only four ribs broken.

As you do not appear to understand what I say, and as I suppose there is nobody who knows English in this desolate Welsh valley where the sufferers from the accident are lying, perhaps you will kindly have us all sent back to Shrewsbury as soon as possible.

The man lying next to me, whose arm is hurt, says that the train was not going to Aberystwyth at all. So perhaps it is as well that circumstances have prevented my proceeding further in it.

We should undoubtedly have been much better off if this accident had happened to us in France or Germany, because then we should have been able to secure the services of the railway interpreter.

Thank Heaven! I am back at Chester, where the hotel people do talk English; and in future I shall vote steadily at elections against any party that does not make the total suppression of all so-called "national tongues" within the British Isles a part of its recognised programme.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. RUDOLF LEHMANN possesses some gifts which peculiarly qualify him to write the volume SMITH, ELDER & Co. publish, under the title *An Artist's Reminiscences*. He has passed the age of three-score and ten, and has throughout that period had many opportunities of seeing places, and, more precious, of meeting people. To the study of both he brings keen sight, a good memory, and a genuine, not too obtrusive, sense of humour. Born in Hamburg in 1819, he has sojourned in most of the capitals of Europe, permanently settling down to marriage and life in London. He seems to have known most of the notable personages of the middle and latter half of the century. His wide acquaintance with royalty (some of them mad) would be appalling if it were not mentioned with winning modesty. The volume abounds in good stories, my Baronite particularly delighting in one pertaining to the ceremony of prorogation of parliament by the QUEEN. Mr. LEHMANN was much struck with the spectacle of the old Duke of WELINGTON carrying the sword of state, Lord LANSDOWNE bearing the crown, and the Marquis of WINCHESTER with the cap of maintenance set on red velvet cushion. At Lady GRANVILLE's the same evening he asked Lord GRANVILLE what was the significance of the cap of maintenance. It was one of the few things Lord GRANVILLE did not know. "But," he said, "there is Lord WINCHESTER, who carried it this morning. I will go and ask him." The two peers conversed in a whisper, and Lord GRANVILLE, returning to his inquiring friend, said, "He does not know either." Mr. LEHMANN incidentally mentions that his brother HENRY's first success, at the Salon of 1835, was gained by a picture setting forth "*Le Départ du Jeune Tobie*." At that date TOBY had not even arrived to take his place on the volumes in his master's study, and, still less, was he M.P. for Barks. It only shows how prophetic is the soul of genius.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.]

NEW YEAR REFLECTION.

(By an Old-fashioned Fellow.)

"GOODWILL to man!" the dear old carol saith.

Ah me! Then why so much mean personal pother?

We're credulous of aught that means the scathe

Of a sad sister, or a stumbling brother. Men are like stout JOHN BUNYAN'S "Little Faith."

Save in believing evil of each other! There faith indeed is strong; but 'tis a rarity That such strange Faith is found combined with Charity!

MEM. BY A MUSER. — Many a spouting member of the "Independent Labour Party" is a "party" who wishes to be independent of labour. *Hardie* Norsemen, please note!

TO JULIA'S POCKET.

[The ideal lady's pocket, that shall at once be accessible to its owner and defy the footpad's art, has yet to be invented.—*Wears of Tautologus.*]

MY JULIA'S chaste and winsome cheer,
Her comely lip, her coral ear,
And eke her knickerbocker gear,—

These be the theme of rhyming folk,
Whereof the skill I here invoke
In malediction of her poke;

In that it passeth human wit
By sleight of hand withal to hit
Upon the pathless track of it.

Though JULIA'S self therein dispose
That napkin with the which she blows
For sorry rheum her Greekish nose,

Not if she search with heavy pain
Shall she by taking thought attain
To look upon the thing again;

To him alone of mortal clay
That picketh pokes beside the way
Their deeps are open as the day.

Whenas her alms she would disburse,
In vain she probeth for her purse,
Whereat the beggars shrewdly curse;

Even so their teeth do felons gnash
That lightly lift her ready cash,
Which he that stealeth stealeth trash.

Of times she doth full bravely hold
Her breezy reticule of gold
Within her digits' dainty fold;

As certain maids, I well believe,
Do wear th' affections on their sleeve
For any worthless wight to reave.

But though her purse not suffer rape,
Mischance is like in other shape
To put on her a saucy jape;—

If so my lady at the mart
For very joyance of her heart
Do purchase her a pasty-tart,

Let her not make essay to bring
So beauteous and frail a thing
Within her poke's encompassing;

Lest, sitting down with weary stress,
Unheeded of its buxomness,
She make a right unseemly mess!

Certes a man purblind may see
For these offences needs must be
Some comfortable remedy;

Whoso deviseth such an one,
I trow that his invention
Shall soothly pouch the peerless bun.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Perplexed.—You are entirely in error in supposing that the member for Otley, Yorks, has, in accepting a baronetcy, descended from a higher estate. You have been deceived by similarity of sound. The hon. member was not of the same rank as a statesman (who we observe has just repaired to his country seat at Pinley Park, where he will entertain His Serene Highness the Duc de SEIDLITZ-POUDRE) to whom Sir ROBERT PEELE used to allude in the House of Commons as "the noble Baron." In becoming Sir JOHN BARRAN, Bart., the member for Otley gains a distinct step in the social ladder.

Blind, Deaf, and Dumb.—We are pleased to be able to reassure you. The fact that you have not lately heard or read speeches by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is no evidence that the treble disability under which you unhappily



Gertrude. "MY DEAR JESSIE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT BICYCLE SUIT FOR?"

Jessie. "WHY, TO WEAR, OF COURSE."

Gertrude. "BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT A BICYCLE!"

Jessie. "NO; BUT I'VE GOT A SEWING MACHINE!"

labour is increasing. There is a well known case, cited in Littleton upon Coke, where a man was not able to see the Spanish fleet "because it is not yet in sight." For analogous reason you have not lately heard anything of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. He has not been speaking. The fact is, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD—to use a title by which he is locally known, and in which he most rejoices—was cut out for a rustic recluse. Circumstances have, unwillingly, dragged him into the front of politics, and he has done the duty that lies to his hand. When opportunity can be made he takes his leisure at his lodge in the New Forest, and meditates on the untimely fate of his pre-Plantagenet forbear WILLIAM RUFUS.

Nevertheless, we are not without suspicion that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT shares the peculiarity of CARLYLE, of whom you will remember his wife shrewdly remarked that "his love for silence is platonic." If you keep your ears open and your mouth shut, you may probably, before long, hear the familiar voice resounding from a public platform.

A Shakespearean Student.—We had not before heard of the incident. It is, however, quite possible, as you have been informed, that when the Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., heard of the defection of the Earl of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, who has joined the Liberal forces, the only remark he made was "Off with his head."

OVERHEARD FRAGMENT OF A DIALOGUE

Lord Illingworth. My dear GORING, I assure you that a well-tied tie is the first serious step in life.

Lord Goring. My dear ILLINGWORTH, five well-made button-holes a day are far more essential. They please women, and women rule society.

Lord Illingworth. I understood you considered women of no importance?

Lord Goring. My dear GEORGE, a man's life revolves on curves of intellect. It is on the hard lines of the emotions that a woman's life progresses. Both revolve in cycles of masterpieces. They should revolve on bi-cycles; built, if possible, for two. But I am keeping you?

Lord Illingworth. I wish you were. Nowadays it is only the poor who are kept at the expense of the rich.

Lord Goring. Yes. It is perfectly comic, the number of young men going about the world nowadays who adopt perfect profiles as a useful profession.

Lord Illingworth. Surely that must be the next world? How about the Chiltern Thousands?

Lord Goring. Don't. GEORGE. Have you seen WINDERMERE lately? Dear WINDERMERE! I should like to be exactly unlike WINDERMERE.

Lord Illingworth. Poor WINDERMERE! He spends his mornings in doing what is possible, and his evenings in saying what is probable. By the way, do you really understand all I say?

Lord Goring. Yes, when I don't listen attentively.

Lord Illingworth. Reach me the matches, like a good boy—thanks. Now—define these cigarettes—as tobacco.

Lord Goring. My dear GEORGE, they are atrocious. And they leave me unsatisfied.

Lord Illingworth. You are a promising disciple of mine. The only use of a disciple is that at the moment of one's triumph he stands behind one's chair and shouts that after all he is immortal.

Lord Goring. You are quite right. It is as well, too, to remember from time to time that nothing that is worth knowing can be learnt.

Lord Illingworth. Certainly, and ugliness is the root of all industry.

Lord Goring. GEORGE, your conversation is delightful, but your views are terribly unsound. You are always saying insincere things.

Lord Illingworth. If one tells the truth, one is sure sooner or later to be found out.

Lord Goring. Perhaps. The sky is like a hard hollow sapphire. It is too late to sleep. I shall go down to Covent Garden and look at the roses. Good-night, GEORGE! I have had such a pleasant evening!



"Full of good things!"

DEATH IN THE CUP.

"The social duty of paying calls, refreshed, as it necessarily is, by frequent cups of tepid tea, is apparently little better than a process of slow poisoning."—*Daily Graphic.*

Oh, here's a pretty state of things! Whenever you go calling, And take this deadly liquor and imbibe it without stint, You're certainly preparing a catastrophe appalling, Your mirth is as the little lamb's, unmindful of the mint.

And when your entertainer, who seems so sweetly placid And quite unlike a criminal, suggests "Another cup?" She might as well be offering a dose of prussic acid, And the Public Prosecutor ought to take the matter up!

"The cup that cheers"—that hackneyed phrase is frightfully in error, If seldom it "inebriates" (it *does*, the doctors plead), There lurks within its fatal draught a more efficient terror, 'Twill shortly make a funeral your one and only need!

So since a daily cup or two the thin end of the wedge is, And since this revelation of our danger has been made, We all will wear red ribbons and will sign the strictest pledges, And speedily inaugurate an "Anti-Tea" crusade.

A word to you, AMANDA mine. Unless your cruel kindness, Your efforts to consign me to an early grave, shall cease, And if you dare, presuming on my long-continued blindness, To offer me a cup of tea—I'll send for the police!



"A word to you, Amanda mine!"

THE TIME OF DAY.—Good, after NEWNES to find the style "Bart." The bestowal of the baronetcy quite a Tit-Bit for the Strand. But there is no truth in the report that the event will be followed by the establishment of a new morning paper to be called *The Dragon*, and edited by Sir GEORGE.

THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

IX.—OF COAL.

THE County Council has solved the great Mudford mystery by deciding in favour of Mrs. ARBLE MARCH, who is in the seventh heaven at being the Seventh Councillor. A wise Legislature had it in contemplation that possibly when the great measure came to be worked, it might not be found to act, however much you pulled the string, and it was accordingly left to the County Council to set on its legs any poor little Parish Council which might have been brought into the world without its full number of members. Thus it came about that Mrs. MARCH got elected. The actual circumstances of her election gave rise to some comment. She was proposed by the Primrose League Ruling Councillor of one adjoining parish, and seconded by the Knight Harbinger of another. Our County Council is a strongly Tory body, and she was easily elected. There was a great outcry against this, as an act of political partisanship. It was. But when it became known that Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT's friends and supporters were all avowed Radicals, popular indignation seemed suddenly to flicker out.

It may be, however, that the indignation only transferred itself to me, for I myself have got, in a most extraordinary and unexpected fashion, into a great hobble. It arose in this way. Having been elected on to the Parish Council at the top of the poll, and having, moreover, been subsequently the recipient of innumerable congratulations from my fellow-parishioners, I not unnaturally—so I still venture to think—desired in some way to show my appreciation of the kind



SYMPATHY WANTED—

For the Man whose Collar comes undone every time he tries to do up his Tie.

treatment I had received. I accordingly determined to make to every elector a present of coals, and to carry out that intention issued the following circular:—

To the Electors of Mudford.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—For your kindness in electing me at the top of the poll, I can find no terms sufficiently warm to express myself. In commemoration of the great occasion, and as a small thank-offering for my return, I beg your acceptance of the enclosed Coal Ticket, which will entitle you to 2 cwt. of coal from any of the village coal dealers.

Your obliged and obedient servant,

TIMOTHY WINKINS.

I sent this to every elector, high or low, rich or poor. I hardly imagined that the Squire would want coal, but he was a constituent of mine, and he had his ticket. What has been the result of my generosity? This. Whilst almost every coal-ticket has been used, I am denounced right and left in unmeasured terms as an unscrupulous briber. Miss PHILL BURTT (who, as might be expected, has been most kind and sympathetic about the whole thing), tells me that even the Squire said it was a very ingenious way of wishing myself Many Happy Returns to the Parish Council. A poor joke, I think, but an undeniably excellent sneer. BLACK BOB is, as might be expected, much more plain and direct in his denunciation. He says, that if I stand for re-election—in April, 1896!—this ought to be enough to unseat me. A pleasant prospect. I can do nothing. My boats, like my coal, are burnt.

What happened at the Parish Council meeting last night I must leave—till my next.

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

(By Mr. Punch's own Short Story-teller.)

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE island of Seringapatam is without exaggeration one of the fairest jewels in the imperial diadem of our world-wide possessions. Embosomed in the blue and sparkling wavelets of the Pacific Ocean, breathed upon by the spicy breezes that waft their intoxicating perfumes through endless groves of gigantic acacias, feathery fern trees, and gorgeously coloured Indian acanthoids; studded with the glittering domes of a profusion of jasper palaces beside which the trumpery splendours of Windsor or Versailles are but as dust, and guarded by the loyal devotion of an ancient warrior race noted not less for the supreme beauty of its women than for the matchless courage and endurance of its men, the Kingdom of Seringapatam offered during a period of more than one hundred years a stubborn resistance even to the arms of the all-conquering Britons. So great indeed, was the respect extorted from the victors by the vanquished that when, owing to the marvellous strategy of my old friend Major-General Sir BONAMY BATTLEHORN, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., the island was finally subdued, it was agreed that in all but their acknowledgment of a British Suzerainty and the payment of an annual tribute of fifteen hundred gold lakhs, the proud islanders were to maintain their independence and to continue those forms of government which long tradition had invested in their eyes with all the sanctity of a religion.

I had been present with my dear father at the great battle of the Dead Marshes by which the fortunes of the islanders were finally shattered. Never shall I forget the glow of exultant gratitude with which towards the end of the day gallant old Sir BONAMY came cantering towards me on his elephant. "Thank you, thank you a thousand times, my dear ORLANDO," said the glorious veteran as he approached me; "it was that last charge of yours at the head of your magnificent Thundershakers that has converted defeat into victory, and assured Westminster Abbey to the bones of BONAMY BATTLEHORN. All that is now necessary," he continued, rising in his stirrups and waving his sword, "is that you should complete the work that you have begun. Dost see that battery of fifty guns still served by the haughty remnants of the Seringapatamese bombardiers? Let them be captured, and nothing will stand between us and the Diamond City of the Ranees."

I needed no further incitement. Gathering round me the few Thundershakers who had escaped unscathed, I bade the standard-bearer unfurl the flag of the brigade. In another moment we were upon them. Cutting, slashing, piercing, parrying, trampling, crushing, we dashed into the midst of the foe. Far over the field of carnage sounded our war-cry, the famous "Higher up Bayswater!" which was to our horses as the prick of spur. In vain the doughty bombardiers belaboured us; in vain did they answer with the awful shout of "Benkeitibenk," which none hitherto had been able to withstand. The work was hot, but in less than three minutes the battery was ours, and the broken host of the Ranees was streaming in full flight down the slopes from which so lately they had dealt death amongst the English army. In another moment we had limbered up—two men to each gun, except the largest, which was assigned to me as the chief of the band—and helter skelter down the hill we went, and so, with shouting and with laughter, deposited our spoils at the feet of the British General.

I do not recount this incident in order to magnify my own exploits. My deeds themselves are my best record, those deeds which a factious majority in successive Parliaments has, to its everlasting shame, refused to recognise, but which not even the voice of malice, always busy in the task of depreciating genuine achievement, can rob of one particle of their brilliant and immortal lustre. But the fight is indissolubly connected with the stirring story which I have here set out to relate, and for this reason alone have I mentioned it. During the brief struggle round the guns I became

momentarily separated from the main body of my men. Seizing the opportunity, and noticing, too, that in the previous *mêlée* I had been unhorsed, two gigantic artillerymen made at me. My sword was broken, my revolver was empty! What was I to do? But little time for reflection was left to me. With savage shouts the two dusky Titans sprang upon me. I gave myself up for lost, shut my eyes, thought of my poor mother, saw in a flash my happy country home, the thatched roofs of the cottages, the grey old church, the babbling stream, the village school, the little shop where my infant mouth had first become acquainted with the succulent bull's-eye—in short, I went through all the symptoms that are understood to accompany the imminence of a violent death. Suddenly, however, the desire to live awoke once more. The smaller of my two foes had outstripped his companion. He was just about to seize me, when, lowering my head, which was encased in a spiked helmet, I bounded at him. Fair and full I caught him, and so terrific was the force engendered by my spring and the foeman's rush, that not the spike alone, but the helmet and the head too, pierced him through and through.



"Fair and full I caught him."

was through him that I gained the knowledge which prompted the adventure I am now about to relate.

(To be continued.)

A WORD ABOUT THE ST. HENRY JAMES'S THEATRE.

THERE is something in a name, especially when it happens to be the title of a play. At the St. James's, Mr. ALEXANDER's latest venture has been *Guy Domville*, by the American novelist HENRY JAMES, who if he knew as much about play-writing as he does about novel-writing would probably be in the first flight of dramatists; and he would not have chosen so hopeless a name for his hero and for his play as *Guy Domville*. For the anti-James jokers would delight in finding that *Guy* could be "guy'd," and to say as to "*Domville*" that "a first night audience 'vill dom' the play." For all that, if ALEXANDER be the sagacious commander in the dramatic field that he has hitherto shown himself, it is not likely that he should have been completely mistaken in accepting a play which a portion of the public has refused to accept. Of course, a manager cannot afford to keep a play going until the public come *en masse* to see it, and therefore, unless there is "a turn of the tide" (and such things have happened before now, and a condemned piece has had a long and prosperous career), Mr. ALEXANDER will himself be obliged to do to the play what those who ridicule and chaff it have already done, i.e. "take it off."

MRS. R. admits that she has always been very fond of sweets at dinner. What she is especially fond of is, she says, "a dish of *pommes d'Ananias*;" and she always adds, "But, my dear, why the French choose such awful names for such nice things is what I never can understand."



"QUITE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

Abdurrahman Khan (to himself). "I THINK THIS 'LL FETCH 'EM!"

[*"Should the Ameer happily accomplish the visit to this country on which he has set his heart, he may be assured of the warm welcome due to one who, since his accession to supreme power in Afghanistan, has been the steady friend of Great Britain."*—*Times*.]



A MOST ENTERTAINING OCCUPATION.

SMITHSON, HAVING RECENTLY BOUGHT A COUNTRY PLACE AND GONE IN FOR SPORT, HAS BEEN ADVISED BY A FRIEND TO DO HIS OWN EXERCISING DURING HARD WEATHER, "AS IT INSURES YOUR HORSES AGAINST THE NEGLIGENCE OF GROOMS, AND ALSO KEEPS YOU IN FORM."

[He tries it, and finds it—as above.]

THE DANDY AFGHAN KHAN.

(Cabulee Version of a popular Comic Song.)

AIR—"The Dandy Coloured Coon."

Ameer, dressing for a projected Visit, sings:—

Fools called me a mere "Nigger" when I felt Dame Fortune's frown;

Up and down—I have known;

But now the folks all say, "Why, you're fit to wear a crown."

Black or brown—you've won renown."

Now a lot of gossips they patter and spy.

Someone says, "He wants to have the Muscovite hard by."

"Muscovite!" said I,—"hard by!—you're mistaken!"

This Ameer wants to see no Muscovite.

Not at all!—not a bit!—

'Tain't for him at all the Afghan crown is meant!"

"Go on!"—say they,— "Who is it?"

Chorus.

"Why, it's AB-DUR-RAHMAN, son of AFZUL, son of DOST MOHAMMED, means to rule the fierce Afghan!"

Don't you know me?—Go on!—Well, you will, my good man, For I'm AB-DUR-RAHMAN the dandy Afghan Khan!"

Now a man like me is a terror to the tribes,

The Shinwaris,—the Ghilzais!

And ISHAK KHAN and others found me galling to their kibes, When revolts—they would raise.

They've been putting it about the Ameer is ill.

(Wouldn't they delight to administer a pill!)

"Ameer, you're ill—mortal ill!"—but I wasn't!

"You've palpitation," the quidnuncs state,

From your soles—to your scalp.

ISHAK at Samarcand makes your heart palpitate!"

"Go on!"—said I,— "nary palp!"

Chorus.—For I'm AB-DUR-RAHMAN, &c.

Now I've long had an ambition to far England for to go,
Don't you know,—that is so!

See Empress-Queen VICTORIA and Mister WALES also.

I'm asked to go—to that show!

The Empress-Queen to visit me doesn't care.

(And doubtless Afghan fashions might make VICTORIA stare.)

But there—I swear—I'll go!—and I'm going!

Men may say "It's the Shah that this show's about!"—

And another "You're an ass, Sir!"

'Taint the Shah-in-Shah at all—you're a long way out!"—

"Go on!"—he'll say,— "ain't it NASSER?"

Chorus.—No, it's AB-DUR-RAHMAN, &c.

So I'll dress the part as near as can be,

Please JOHN B.—don't you see!

My close-fitting lambswool and silver filagree,

Empress V.—might find "free."

Should the tribesmen twig this peculiar rig

They'd think their Ameer had turned Infidel Pig.

What a toff!—Well, I'll say—I'm here—to see the Empress!—

What is that "coon" all the comics sing about?

Mister BROWN—JOHN JAMES!

If as to me Mister BULL has a doubt,

Go on!—I'll say.—My names?

Chorus.

Why, they're AB-DUR-RAHMAN, son of AFZUL, son of DOST MAHOMMED, wearer of the Afghan Crown.

Don't you know me?—Go on!—Well, you will very soon,

For I'm AB-DUR-RAHMAN KHAN, the dandy Afghan coon!

"HALE FELLOW, WELL MET."—"PIERRE BLANC, the hale Savoyard of eighty-eight, took his usual place in the French Chamber," reports the *Times* correspondent last week, "and delivered one of his customary addresses."

What a charming party of three,
BISMARCK, BLANC, and Mr. G.,
Decidedly very much alive,
United ages Two Four Five!



COUNTER-IRRITATION.

A STUDY AT A WINTER SALE.

THAT PRECIOUS DONKEY!

(An Episode in the Life of A. Briefless, Junior, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, in Three Parts.)

PART II.—The Passing of the Picture.

It may be remembered that the gift of my grateful if eccentric client had been put in the box-room at Justinian Gardens. There the presentment of the donkey languidly watching jaded villagers reposed, amidst the possibly congenial surroundings of broken perambulators, superannuated folding-doors, and half-forgotten wide-awake hats. I rather regretted the fate of the picture, as it seemed to me that it might have served as a not invaluable advertisement. As a large proportion of the forensic world knows, I not infrequently during the Yuletide season entertain some of my friends at the Bar, and I should have been pleased to have been able to point to the canvas as a sort of testimonial. However, the painting had disappeared, and there was nothing more to be said about it.

I am reminded by this reference to my vacation entertainments, that it was at one of "these feasts of reason and flows of soul" (as my learned and distinguished friend APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., is kind enough to call them) that my fortunes underwent a change for the better. The inhabitants of Justinian Gardens are accustomed to do things very well. When there is a ball, the number of vehicles (always with one horse apiece, and sometimes with a pair) is quite considerable. On such occasions a stranger might imagine that the Gardens had the advantage of a chronic cab-stand. At 97 (which I think I may describe as our show-house) there is a butler, and there are few at Justinian Gardens who cannot boast of a "buttons." I do not secure the services of a man-retainer myself, and am consequently not quite in the fashion. However, when I entertain, I do my best to be worthy of the prestige of my neighbours, and put forth all my strength in making my house an object of interest. The walls of my modest dwelling-place are adorned with several mementoes of my not-altogether-common-place career. For instance, I have had my commission as a Lieutenant of Volunteers (I served for many years in the Bishop's Own, and was graciously permitted by Her Majesty to retire with my rank) glazed and

framed, and have treated the pasteboard distinctions I won at school in a similar fashion. When I purpose entertaining my friends at the Bar, I have these gratifying landmarks in my life's history polished up by an individual known in my household as "the handy man." This person (towards whom I entertain a friendly regard), for a certain sum an hour undertakes to do anything I require. I believe that he can paint a house, build a conservatory, cut down a forest, and reconstruct an aquarium with equal facility. But it is only right to say that I make this statement on the faith of his guarantor—the gentleman who was good enough to procure for me the advantage of his services—and cannot speak from personal knowledge. So far I have only had the opportunity of testing his capabilities in window-cleaning and the dusting of works of art. In performing these domestic duties he shows great energy, and even daring. He seems to delight in standing on window-ledges and the outer edges of flights of stairs. I have been given to understand that he glories in these displays of hardihood, as they remind him of the days and nights when he acted as a rather prominent member of the Fire Brigade.

"Mr. WILKINS," I said, on my departure for the Temple, "I shall esteem it a favour if you will be so good as to employ your leisure to-day in repainting the waterbutts, sweeping the kitchen chimney, putting glass in the conservatory, regilding the mirror in the study, and, if you have time, dusting my testimonial."

"Certainly, Sir," replied my valued acquaintance, and before I had closed the hall door, the sounds of the rumbling sticks told me that he had already commenced to remove the superfluous soot from the culinary smoke-hole.

I had rather an arduous day at Pump-Handle Court. I had quite an accumulation of circulars, and a consent brief that required very careful attention. The latter was not endorsed with my name, but I saw to it on behalf of a colleague. After I had spent some hours in the little frequented (during the vacation) realms of the Temple, I returned to Justinian Gardens, which I need scarcely tell an experienced cabman is in the neighbourhood of that continually rising locality—Earl's Court. The door was opened by Mr. WILKINS in person, who anticipated the turning of the proprietorial latch-key.

"I am sorry to say, Sir," said my trusted *employé*, "that I have had an accident. While I was dusting the military enlistment card—"

"You mean my commission?"

"I do, Sir. It came down with a run. You see, Sir, you have had him rather heavily framed. Unfortunately, Sir, when I passed the polish brush over him the nail did not hold, and it gave suddenly. The picture made a nasty mark on the wall, and smashed up when he got to the flooring. I would have reframed him, but all the shops close early on a Thursday, and I can get no glass."

"Well, what have you done?" I asked, in a tone of some annoyance, for I pride myself on my commission, and am proud of showing it to my friends.

"Well, Sir, I went up to the box-room to see if I could find anything that would do, and have looked up an affair that I think will meet with your approval."

By this time I had reached the place where the wall was damaged. The spot was covered by a picture.

"I did my best, Sir. I washed the canvas with soap and water, and put the polishing brush over the frame. Of course the subject ain't worth much, but for a stop-gap it isn't bad. Now is it?"

I then found that Mr. WILKINS had hidden the faulty hall paper with the picture that had been presented to me by the gentleman who had raised a claim to the throne of the Celestial Empire. Secretly pleased that I could now have an opportunity of referring to the gratitude of my client to my learned and distinguished friend, APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., who had promised to dine with me that evening, I readily accepted the apologies of the penitent WILKINS.

"I will put it alright to-morrow, Sir," said my distressed *employé*. "I will get some glass, fix up your enlistment card, and have it done before I rebuild the pantry and whitewash the ceiling of the bath-room."

Satisfied with the promise I thought no more of the *contretemps* until after dinner, when my attention was directed to it by APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., who had made himself vastly agreeable after the ladies had retired and left us to discuss the chestnuts and the port.

"Hullo, BRIEFLESS," he exclaimed; "where did you get that Old Boots?"

I told my story of the grateful client, and young BANDS, who I fancy is thinking of reading in my chambers, regarded me (I venture to believe) with increased respect.

"Bless me, you have a treasure!" continued APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., who seemed wrapt in admiration. "That is a genuine Old Boots. You can always tell him from Young Boots by the manipulation of his animal's ears. Look at those, Sir! Splendid! Why, who could

paint a donkey like that? By Jove, BRIEFLESS, you are in luck! You ought to make a fortune out of it at CHRISTIES!"

"Why, is it very valuable?" I asked. "I am not much of an art connoisseur, and I frankly confess I know very little of Old Shoes."

"Old Boots, Sir!" cried APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C. "Why I thought all the world knew Old Boots! One of the grandest painters of the eighteenth century! He got that particular delicacy of touch which you can trace in that donkey's ears by never commencing to paint his animals until he was recovering from *delirium tremens*. Why, Sir, that animal is simply superb. Look at his mane, Sir! Why, it is simply marvellous!"

I did look at the donkey's ears and mane, and, with the assistance of young BANDS, went into an ecstasy. The ears of the animal were certainly magnificent.

I must admit I was excited during the rest of that eventful evening. I determined to keep the secret of my good fortune to myself. I thought I would surprise the lady who does me the honour to bear my name, by telling her that I had become a rich man after I had cashed the cheque I was sure to receive. All the following day I made plans for the spending of my fortune. I would have a box in the Highlands, a *pied-à-terre* in Paris, and a pyramid in Egypt. I would present my Inn with a massive gold snuff-box, and PORTINGTON should have a silver-mounted meerschbaum. If my age did not bar my progress, I would seek service in the Militia—as a lieutenant-colonel. There was no limit to my ambition.

When I returned, Mr. WILKINS (who is thoroughly conscientious), having finished the rebuilding of the pantry and the whitewashing of the bath-room, had departed. He does not waste his time, and only charges me for the hours he actually expends in honest labour. I hurried to the spot where my Old Boots was temporarily resting before removal to the far-famed auction-rooms in King Street, St. James's. I turned pale.

"Why, what is this?" I asked, trembling with emotion.

"Your commission, dear," said my better seven-eighths. "It looks better than the picture, although I must say the donkey improves on acquaintance. It really was very well painted. I am quite sorry Mr. WILKINS has taken it away."

"WILKINS taken it away?" I gasped out.

"Yes. He said that you didn't seem to care for it, so he went off to try and sell it."

"Why!" I exclaimed, and my voice, through my deep emotion, dropped almost to a whisper, "it is an Old Boots!"

"An Old Boots!" cried my better seven-eighths, becoming as excited as myself. "Why, our fortunes are made! An Old Boots! Oh, why didn't you tell me! An Old Boots! Fancy having an Old Boots!"

"But we haven't," I returned, almost in tears. "The handy-man has gone off with it! What are we to do without our Old Boots!"

"We will get it back!" returned my better and more important fraction, with determination.

Whether we did recover our lost treasure, or fail in the attempt, must, owing to the exigencies of space (so I am given to understand), form the subject of another and concluding contribution. The chase after our Old Boots was not without adventures of a distinctly exciting character.

MY PETTY JAYNE!*

AIR—"My Pretty Jane."

MY JAYNE, my JAYNE, my Bishop JAYNE,

O never, never more be sly,

You'll meet, you'll meet with no green even in

This correspondent's eye.

"Charge, CHESTER, charge." Do what you

th-i-n-k

Your di-o-cese will stand,

But do not, do not stain with i-n-k

Your Gothenburgian hand.

So JAYNE, my JAYNE, my petty JAYNE,

O never, never more be sly,

You'll meet, you'll meet with no green even in

This correspondent's eye.

* See recent letters and article in *Times* within the last fortnight.



BONNIE W. G.

A SONG OF THE SNOWY SOUTH.

"We were caught in a snowdrift" was Mr. GLADSTONE's explanation. "In Scotland they would have cleared it away in no time, but here they are not accustomed to deal with snow;" and, with upright bearing, and carrying a travelling rug which he refused to give up to a servant, he marched out of the station with a springy gait."—*Central News Telegram from Cannes.*



AIR—"Bonnie Dundee."

To our own G. O. M. 'twas the doctor who spoke;
"You'd better get out of our frost, fog, and smoke."

You are now eighty-five, though a wonder you be;
So follow the sun, bonnie W. G.!

Come flit from cold Hawarden, and fly off to Cannes,

The sunny South calls you, our own Grand Old Man!
Take the first train *de luxe*, and be off, fair and free,

To RENDEL and roses, dear W. G.!

The G. O. M.'s off to the southward—to meet
Not sunshine, but train-stopping snow-drift and sleet

Yet he "pops up" at Cannes as alert as can be,
After five hours long snow-block, our W. G.

Then fill up the cup to our CRICHTON at Cannes.

NESTOR wasn't a patch on our own Grand Old Man;

May he come back as bonnie as bonnie can be,

For we've not seen the last of our W. G.!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is noteworthy how in recent years, in the matter of fiction, the star of Empire shineth in the North. After WALTER SCOTT estab-

lished the sovereignty of Scotland in the world of British fiction, there was a long pause. In our generation WILLIAM BLACK came to the front. Later, we have had STEVENSON, BARRIE, and CROCKETT. Now here is IAN MACLAREN with his cluster of gem-like stories gathered *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON). My Baronite tells me that of the collection Mr. GLADSTONE likes best "A Doctor of the Old School." Where all is good it is difficult to establish supremacy. But for simple pathos and for the skill of drawing with a few touches living figures of flesh and blood, this sketch is certainly hard to beat. Yet "A Lad of Pairts" runs it close. A very beautiful book, full of human nature in its simplest form and most pathetic circumstances.

Says the Baron, "What I who have read Mr. BRAM STOKER's latest romance could tell you about *The Watter's Mou'* would make your mou' watter with longing desire to devour it. It is excellent: first because it is short; secondly, because the excitement is kept up from first page to last; and thirdly, because it is admirably written throughout; the scenic descriptive portion being as entrancing as the dramatic. It is brought out in the Acme Series in charge of A CONSTABLE, and its full price is only one shilling."

A good short story is to be found in *A Clear Case of the Supernatural*, by REGINALD LUCAS, only as it is by no means "a clear case," it might have been appropriately entitled, *Fluke or Spook*.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



"TO ROME FOR SIXTEEN GUINEAS."—The travellers, it is announced, will be "lectured by the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and Mr. OSCAR BROWNING." What a delightful prospect for a pleasant trip! Fancy being lectured all the way as to what to eat, drink, and avoid, on comportment and deportment, on smoking, on registration of baggage, on economy, etc., etc., by a Bishop and one of the OSCARS. O what a time they will have of it!

MOST APPROPRIATE.—"Gunner J. C. ROCKETT promoted to rank of Chief Gunner in the Queen's Navy." Of course, quite right to send up a Rockett. Only got to present him with a house at Gunnersbury and the thing is complete.



A COMPLIMENT.

Proud Mother (to irritable Old Gentleman, whose beard her little Boy is pulling out by the roots). "LITTLE DARLING! IT'S NOT OFTEN HE TAKES SO KINDLY TO STRANGERS!"

"A DIVIDED DUTY."

["What we fail to perceive, at least to any adequate extent, in the pleadings of the spokesman of the Lancashire Cotton Trade, is a recognition of the paramount importance, even from a commercial point of view, of the Imperial interests that depend on the just and liberal government of India."—*The Times*.]

AIR—"Green Grow the Rushes, O!"

MR. JOHN BULL sings:—

DING-dong the lasses go! My patience it quite passes, O!
My brain it turns, though with ROB BURNS, I dearly love the lasses, O!

There's right and wrong on either hand; that's clear to all but asses, O!

So hold your whist, drop each your fist, and to me list, fair lasses, O!

Lancashire lass, I like you well. You're buxom, brave, and bonny, O!

But do not slight your sense of right in hasty greed of money, O!

When North v. South "clemmed" many a mouth, what patient, patriot spirit, O!
Lancashire showed! All England glowed. That spirit you inherit, O!

But in your wrath you've missed the path of fair and patriot dealing, O!

Nay, do not pout. You'll wake, no doubt, to right Imperial feeling, O!

The Empire's wide and can't be tied by shackles greed-begotten, O!
My *only* duty now, my beauty, 's *not*—to sell your cotton, O!

Of bulk and bale your sale won't fail—if you keep up the quality, O!
And do not trust to "devil's-dust"—which mars our merchant-polity, O!

Some rascal-muffs, with loaded stuffs, have spoiled the Eastern market, O!

Miss INDIA there will tell you where, and when she whispers, hark it, O!

But with good goods you'll hold your own, despite that import duty, O!

But you can't have *all* your own way, my bold—but angry—beauty, O!

Miss INDIA there needs constant care; she has not *your* resources, O!
You raise your voice against my choice 'twixt two unwelcome courses, O!

But I—though loth—considering *both* on my responsibility, O!
Have done my best, and for my pains from both meet incivility, O!

I've tried to bear the balance fair, 'twixt countries, trades, and classes, O!

And lo! my lot is anger hot from *both* you bickering lasses, O!

Miss INDIA's eyes, at the Excise, excitedly are flashing, O!
My dusky dear, 'tis hard to steer 'twixt interests wildly clashing, O!

I love ye both, and I were loth to make—or see—ye quarrel, O!

But—a divided duty's mine, and that's my homily's moral, O!

And so, my dears, abate your fears, and likewise stint your shindy, O!
The Lass of Lancashire should shake hands with the Lass from "Indy," O!

I'll do my best for East and West. Brim high three bumper glasses, O!

And let's drink health, and love, and wealth to both my bonny lasses, O!

A Colourable Correction.

"BORED to blues by a Blue-Book"? I fear you are not Up to date in your choice of a tint, my dear fellow.

The type of sheer boredom, and dullness, and rot,

Is not now the Blue of old days, but the Yellow.

As Blue-Stockings now half the sex might be mustered,

The New Woman doubtless wears hose hued like custard.

NEXT BEST THING TO THE PERSIAN LOCOMOTIVE CARPET OF EASTERN FABLE.—The "Travelling Rug" of Western fact.



“A DIVIDED DUTY.”

MR. BULL. “NOW, GIRLS, STOP THIS! REMEMBER I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU BOTH.”



THE COUNTER-CHECK QUARRELSOME.

Mr. Æolus Delasparre. "I WILL ASK YOU TO FAVOUR ME, MADAM, BY REFRAINING FROM LAUGHING AT ME ON THE STAGE DURING MY THIRD ACT." *Miss Jones (sweetly).* "OH, BUT I ASSURE YOU YOU'RE MISTAKEN, MR. DELASPARRÉ; I NEVER LAUGH AT YOU ON THE STAGE—I WAIT TILL I GET HOME!"

THAT WEDDING PRESENT.

London.—JONES is going to be married. Of course, I must give him something. But what? A biscuit box? Commonplace. Good idea to look for something more interesting and unusual during my holiday. Just off to North Italy. Will keep my eyes open along the way.

Paris.—Walk in the Rue de la Paix and Boulevards. Everything labelled "*Article Anglais*." Must really get him something made abroad. Give up looking in Paris. Shall find something farther on.

Lucerne.—No good to take Swiss wood carving. Can't carry home a huge sideboard. All the smaller things can be bought in London.

Milan.—The very place. There is an exhibition here. Shall probably see something beautiful. Italy, cradle of the arts, and all that sort of thing. Besides, so nice to say to JONES, "My dear fellow, here's a little trifle; got it in Milan, you know. It's modern, but then the Italians are always so artistic." To exhibition. Why, there are pictures here! Of course, just suit me. Hurry to picture gallery. Several rooms. Enter eagerly. After a short time, totter feebly out, and ask the official at the door where I can obtain a little brandy. He, evidently alarmed by my horror-stricken face and staggering movements, asks civilly if I am ill. Would I like a chair? Should he fetch a doctor? Thank him, and say it is nothing serious. I have only been looking at a few modern Italian pictures. Crawl to the refreshment bar, and am revived with cognac. Then inspect the rest of the exhibition. Am the only visitor, which is not surprising, for there is nothing to see but bottles! An exhibition of bottles! They are said to be full of wine, but I do not see how that makes them more beautiful. Absurd to buy JONES some bottles. And equally absurd to buy him some Italian wine when he can get good French wine in England. Besides, can't carry bottles in my Gladstone bag. Therefore, give up Milan.

Venice.—The chief manufactures here are lace and glass. Now JONES never wears any lace, except in his boots, and never wears any

glass, not even in his eye. So what good would these be to him? See one or two palaces to be sold. But can't take them home. So give up Venice.

Bologna.—More useless local productions! Here they make sausages and soap. JONES is not a starving scarecrow for want of sausages, nor a SIMON STYLITES for want of soap. Must therefore give up Bologna. This wedding present begins to weigh me down. At each new place it obtrudes itself between me and all the beautiful things I look at. Must really get something in Florence.

Florence.—Great Scott! It's worse here. A life-size marble statue, or a mosaic table weighing nearly a ton. Have serious thoughts of buying, at a great reduction, an extra large statue, hitherto unsaleable on account of its size, and then telling JONES that his wedding present is waiting for him here, if he will come and fetch it. The dealer asks 2,000 lire. I understand shopping in Italy. Early one morning offer him 50. He at once comes down to 1,000. I go up to 100. Discuss for one hour, haggle for another hour, dispute angrily for a third. Then go off to *déjeuner*. Closing prices—dealer 725, myself 250. Back again after interval for refreshment. Begin quietly. Opening prices—dealer 720, myself 251. Discussion, haggling, dispute as before. Indignant marchings out by me, frantic pursuits by the dealer. Final prices—dealer 403, myself 396. Each of us, hoarse and exhausted, refuses to yield another centesimo. So do not buy statue for JONES, and give up Florence. Genoa is the last chance.

Genoa.—Velvet? What's the good of velvet to JONES? Besides it is fabulously dear, something like attar of roses at so much a drop. Must give up even Genoa.

London.—Back again. Have bought a biscuit box and sent it to JONES. Since then have met JONES's cousin, and SMITH, and JONES's brother-in-law, and Mrs. ROBINSON, and a few other mutual friends. We disagree in many things, but in one we seem to be unanimous. We have all given him biscuit boxes!



A RULING PASSION.

Mr. Meenister MacGlucky (of the Free Kirk, after having given way more than usual to an expression "a wee thing strong"—despairingly). "OH! AYE! AH, W-E-EL! I'LL HAE TA GIE 'T UP!"

Mr. Elder MacNab. "WHA-AT, MAN, GIE UP GOWF!"

Mr. Meenister MacGlucky. "NAE, NAE! GIE UP THE MEENISTRY!"

A PSALM OF (HOLIDAY) LIFE.

What the heart of the Small Boy said to the Dyspeptic Pessimist.

TELL me not, in Christmas Numbers,
Yule is a dyspeptic dream,
A tradition that but cumbers
What smugs call "the social scheme."

Yule is jolly, Yule is earnest!
A sick-bed is not its goal;
Prig who rich plum-pudding spurnest,
Thou art destitute of soul.

Not mere "sapping," which means sorrow,
Is youth's destined end or way:
But—to think that each to-morrow
Brings us nearer Christmas Day!

Terms are long, and Vacs. are fleeting,
And our "tums," though big and brave,
Know that there's an end to eating
When at lessons we must slave.

Oh, the railway's welcome rattle!
Oh, the feeling of fresh life!
Oh, the Christmas Show of Cattle!
Oh, the fun of fork and knife!

Blow the Future! it's unpleasant;
Put the Past clean out of head.
What I like's the (Christmas) Present.
No mere ghost, as DICKENS said.

All his jolly books remind us
Christmas is a glorious time.
Don't let bilious bogies blind us
To its larks, which are sublime.

Only wish there was another
Coming—in a month—again!
Stodge is bad for boys? Oh, bother!
I can stand it, right as rain!

Let us, then, be up and doing,
(With a knife and fork and plate,)
All our tips at tuck-shops blueing,
Learn to stodge, ere 'tis too late!

THE CHRONICLES OF A RURAL PARISH.

X.—THE CHAIR.

As soon as we had agreed to allow the Parish Meeting Chairman to preside, BLACK BOB jumped up and proposed that Mrs. LETHAM HAVITT should be elected to the chair. She was a lady whose excellences he need not dilate on. She had excellent business habits, and, with all respect to Mrs. MARCH, she had as much right to a seat on the Council as that lady. Then a miracle happened. Mrs. MARCH not only did not resent this reference, but actually seconded Mrs. HAVITT. It was essential, she said, that women should be represented as fully as possible, and she should, without hesitation, embrace this opportunity of securing a woman colleague. This made the situation serious, not to say hopeless. After she had sat down, there was an ominous pause. At length I rose and proposed myself. In impressive tones I pointed out that the hand of the electors had pointed in no uncertain way to myself, and that since no one else had proposed my election, at the risk of being misunderstood once more, I had, on public grounds, to do it myself. After another painful pause the

Parson seconded my nomination. Then the voting. Mrs. HAVITT's name was put first. She got 4 votes—Mrs. MARCH, BLACK BOB, and his two comrades. I got 3—the Squire, the Parson, and myself. And so I was foiled again—by the Eternal Feminine.

And so our Parish Council is at last complete, and ready for action, a corporate body in the eyes of the law. Possibly, in these pages I may from time to time be permitted to relate how Mudford progresses under our rule. Possibly, I may not. But in any case I ought to add that, being beaten by Mrs. HAVITT has not—well, improved the domestic atmosphere. Wifely devotion seems to be out of fashion in these *fin de siècle* days.

DUTCH ENTERPRISE.

THE question of alien immigration as affecting the British Labour Market is one that occasionally occupies the attention of the Legislature. The subjoined advertisement cut from the *Daily News* suggests something even worse:—

HOLLAND.—THE FIRST NETHERLAND STEAM MUSTARD AND SPICE MILLS, visiting the whole country, wishes to represent a first English house in articles of daily consumption. It is bad enough to have foreign labourers competing with our people. But if they are going to send over, bodily, their mills and other labour shops, JOHN BULL will be obliged to put his foot down and kick somebody.

SEASONABLE (?) GREETING FOR A CHINA-MAN.—A Jappy New Year to you!

VIVE LE TAILLEUR DU ROI.

["Le duc d'Orléans a voulu donner une leçon aux mauvais patriotes; il habite Londres, il charge un tailleur parisien du soin de garnir sa garde-robe."—*French Press*.]

ALONG the boulevard's busy curb
That bristles bravely with *étrennes*,
A thing has threatened to disturb
The careless *vie parisienne*;
It isn't spies or journalist black-mailers,
It is the question of monarchic tailors.

For lo! from *perfidé Albion*
Has lately come a ducal note
With patterns for a *pantalon*
And therewithal a *redingote*:
(Observe, in passing, that the royal *billet*
Says nothing of the corresponding *gilet*).

Now while in matters of the gown
The *monde* of Paris sets the mode,
Their gay *flâneurs* that paint the town
Long since affect a foreign code,
Developing in fact a steady passion
For dressing in the latest London fashion.

With any perfect patriot
How bitterly it stirs the bile,
This craze for being clothed in what
Is thought to be the English style:
It makes the language of his heated brain
Occasionally verge on the profane.

And now the Exile, armed with red
Hot coals of living anthracite,
Projects them on his country's head,
And more in pity than in spite

FANCY PORTRAIT.



THE REHEARSAL; OR, PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

"Lord H-LSB-RY will be the principal guest at a smoking 'At Home,' Jan. 25th, at the W-STM-NST-R P-L-CE Hotel."—*Daily Paper*.

Bids France that hunted him and his
like rabbits
Henceforth to execute his daily habits.
Some fancy, romping at results,
The constitution's overthrow,
A view unworthy of adults,
According to the *Figaro*:
It makes a democrat extremely nettled.
To hear the thing is practically
settled.

Of course there may be something in
That strange omission of the vest,
Yet were it little short of sin
To lay this unction to the breast;
A person isn't worth a paltry *filet*
Who stakes the Third Republic on a
gilet.

There lacks, you see, a final law
To guide in France the statesman's
The casual ignited straw [game;
Will set the camel's hump a flame;
A *redingote* may raise enough *éclat*
To bring about a pretty *coup d'état*.

A GENTLE HINT TO THE JUBILANT JAP.

THERE is a Jappy land
Far, far away,
Where Art they understand;
None more than they.
Now in fair battle's ring [WING,
They've pummelled poor PING—
All men their praises sing
Who've won the day.

Bright in that Jappy land
Beams every eye.
But, though their pluck be grand,
Bar-bar-i-ty
Their choicest gifts will mar,
Blood stains their rising star,
Foul slaughter is not war.
Fie, Jappy, fie!

A CABINET SECRET.

(Fragment for the Historian of the Future.)

[After the Cabinet several of the Ministers present took luncheon with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—*Daily Paper*.]

THERE had been an exciting meeting of the Members of the Ministry. The gathering had taken place at noon, and after several angry altercations it had been adjourned. But the objector-in-chief had admirably kept his temper. He came of a gallant and illustrious race, and blood is thicker than water.

"I must not forget the teachings of my Uncle DICK," he had murmured, as it was suggested that two of his favourite projects should be slaughtered, like the infant Princes in the Tower.

Then, when there was an inclination on the part of his colleagues to quarrel amongst themselves, he cleverly fanned the fire, and increased the incipient strife.

"It was the mode adopted by my maiden Aunt, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and it succeeded in her time. Why should the passing of three or four centuries make any difference? After all, human nature is—in fact—human nature!"

And so the dull minutes passed away. The time came for luncheon. Then he smiled a smile full of mystic hospitality.

"It will put the bloodhounds of the Press off the scent if I ask them to luncheon with me. It is sure to be reported in the papers, and who will imagine that I would willingly entertain a possible opponent to the coming Budget? Moreover, revenge is sweet; not that I would take it! not that I would take it!"

And then he entreated several of his colleagues to "crush a cup with him," using a phraseology that had found favour in the mouths of the Crusaders.

"And ROSEY, will not you come?" The question was asked with much cordiality. THE PREMIER did not reply. He merely smiled, and the smile seemed to be a sufficient answer.

Shortly afterwards (as subsequently reported in the newspapers) the noble Earl took luncheon at his own home.

"I wonder what wine he has given them?" And he smiled again.



"BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO—PANTOMIME!"

SANTA CLAUS, the afternoon pantomime at the Lyceum, is even better than MR. OSCAR BARRETT's *Cinderella* of last year. There is plenty of splendour in the fairy piece, considered merely as a "spectacle," enough, indeed, to make a "pair of spectacles," and to cause much speculation as to how they manage to stow away all the scenery, properties, and costumes at five o'clock every afternoon, in order to make room for *King Arthur*, who, on the temporary abdication of *Santa Claus* (a part admirably acted and declaimed by MR. WILLIAM RIGOLD), reigns at the Lyceum from eight till eleven. But besides the dazzling brilliancy of fairy pantomime, there is in it not only real fun which delights the youngsters, for whom the entertainment is primarily intended, but also a touch of dramatic pathos, as shown in the death of the devoted dog *Tatters*, a dog who has his day and dies, whose cruel fate excites the compassion of old and young alike. All are rejoiced when they find out that clever MR. CHARLES LAURI, of whom it can be complimentarily said that "he is a perfect beast," is restored to life, and that the Heavenly Twins are happily revived.

As the two toy soldiers Messrs. HARRY and FRED KITCHEN—the front and back kitchen—are first-rate. But where all are so good it is impossible, within the limits of a paragraph, to particularise. Messrs BARRETT and LENNARD are to be congratulated, and, as *Hamlet* says, "The Pantomime's the thing," and, as Shakspearian readers will remember, *Hamlet's* father went to *matinées*,—wasn't it "his custom always of an afternoon"?—only there's no sleeping here, but every-one very wide awake, and all "going home to tea" thoroughly satisfied with *Santa Claus*. Who says *Le Roi Pantomime est mort*, when the Lyceum is crowded for *matinées*, and, outside the doors of Old Drury, daily and nightly appear the placards, "House Full"?

A "TIT BIT."—When they speak of some one of the Baby Baronets, i.e. the recently created Baronets, they don't say he is among the Old 'uns; but "He is among the New'nes."

"A PENNY PLAIN—BUT OSCAR COLOURED."

(An Entertainment Antagonistic to Amusement.)

SCENE—*Anywhere. Characters distributed about the Stage in more or less admired confusion.*

Anybody. So we are living in a penny romance. And this is Society.

Charles his Friend. Society is everything but sociable.

Somebody. But why should the PRIME MINISTER be threatened by a professional black-mailer?

Charles his Friend. In matters of this kind the PREMIER is the *dernier*.

Someone Else. But surely the same sort of thing has been done by SARDOU in *Dora*?

Charles his Friend. Why not? A dramatist has only one virtue, he never invents a drama.

A Casual Visitor. Then we have only to regard the Adelphi as a model, and take the Wildest license with the dialogue.

Charles his Friend. Quite so. After all, a paradox is merely a platitude.

A Caller. But do great men do these things?

Charles his Friend. The great do all things because they are little.

A Lady. Surely a wife should look up to her husband?

Charles his Friend. So she does—unless she wears high heels.

A Person. And a wife, if she found her husband in



INDUCTION.

"IS THIS THE NEW BABY, DADDY?"—"YES, DEAR."
 "WHY, HE'S GOT NO TEETH!"—"NO, DEAR."
 "AND HE'S GOT NO HAIR!"—"NO, DEAR."
 "OH, DADDY, IT MUST BE AN OLD BABY!"

trouble, would surely cleave to him?

Charles his Friend. So she would, if she only knew where to find him.

Another Person. That reminds me that a play, to be successful, must have the plot of a shilling shocker—much diluted.

Charles his Friend. A shocker shocks no one save its—publisher.

A New Comer. Then the blackmailer was defeated in the end—as bad people invariably are when vice is at a discount and virtue at a premium.

Charles his Friend. Virtue never is at a premium, save when it is mistaken for vice.

A blasé Man of the World. And yet, in spite of all this, I have had a pleasant evening.

Charles his Friend. So has an author when he is laughing in his sleeve and confuses black with white.

Someone. But does the author never know the difference?

Charles his Friend. What does it matter? If he thinks himself right, everybody will know that he is wrong!

The Audience. All this is very clever because it is unintelligible.

The Author. So I believe. Only I stand upon my irresponsibility. But is anyone satisfied with anything in a playhouse?

Charles his Friend. Only with the fall of the curtain!
 [Scene closes in upon nothing in particular.]

THE REAL NEW WOMAN.

I own there are heights that she cannot attain.

She is not at home with a gun.
 In pastimes where one living creature is slain
 She cannot perceive any fun;
 And never a poor feathered songster has died
 Her hat or her bonnet to grace;
 And after the hounds it were torture to ride,
 Lest Reynard should lose in the race.

And much she ignores that New Women should learn,

And still she refuses to smoke:
 One wine from another she cannot discern,
 But she's splendid at seeing a joke.
 Her love and her friendship no labour can fret,
 No jealousy seems to alarm.

In truth, not a mortal could ever forget
 Her humour, her kindness, her charm.

Though dozens of friends of her fealty boast,
 Her desk with epistles is packed,
 Her very own relatives love her the most—
 A somewhat remarkable fact!
 With bores and with fools she ungrudgingly bears,

And though it may end in her loss,
 With cabmen she never can wrangle for fares,
 Or haggle a counter across.

Her eyes, that are loyal and fearless and kind,
 At wrong or injustice will flame,

But they never seem anxious a failure to find,
 They never are hasty to blame;
 And well she is loved by the best and the worst,
 For sympathy, courage, and truth,
 For friendship unfailing they love her, the first;
 The last, for her infinite ruth.

Oh, what if she never should do or should dare
 In regions by Woman untrod?
 Yet, when her step passes, men turn from despair,
 And trust in the world and in God.
 Oh, what if no "record" she cares to eclipse,
 Nor manners nor morals defies?
 But pain she would face with a smile on her lips,
 And death with a light in her eyes!

"THE GHIZEH MUSEUM."—A question has been asked in the *Times* as to why the name of Professor PETRIE has been omitted from the Commission for the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. The answer, whether satisfactory or not, is that considering the overwhelming learning on this special subject of the distinguished Professor it is probable that the energies of the other members would be "Petrie-fied."

MOTTO FOR HORRID COLD WEATHER.—
 "Red 's the Best."

MRS. BLOOMER.

["The news of the death of Mrs. BLOOMER, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, revives many memories of a distant past"—*Daily Graphic*.]

So Mrs. BLOOMER's gone! but let her name
 Once more appear in *Mr. Punch's* pages.
 'Twas long ago, almost the Middle Ages,
 That LEECH's pencil advertised her fame!

Her costume was unlovely—let it fade
 For ever from the ken of human vision!
 Though nowadays 'twould scarce provoke
 derision,
 If worn by pretty girls and tailor-made.

For by the lady-cyclist, as she plies
 Her pedal, neatly clad in knickerbockers,
 See Mrs. BLOOMER, first of Grundy-shockers,
 Now vindicated in Dame Fashion's eyes!

But, not in dress alone a pioneer,
 She edited the temp'rance *Water Bucket*.
 And many a blow 'gainst drink with pluck
 hit;
 Then let us o'er her passing shed a tear!

AT THE EMPIRE.—The celebrated *chanteuse* Mlle. MEALY is engaged. We've not yet heard her, but of course this lady's songs should be of a very delicate nature, as she herself must be "Mesley-mouthed."

THE COMYNS AND THE GOIN'S OF ARTHUR.

It was a pleasant sight, on the *première* of *King Arthur*, to see Mr. COMYNS CARR, poet, *littérateur*, art-critic, theatrical manager, orator, journalist, dramatist, and not a few other things beside, gravely bowing his acknowledgments as "the Arthur of the piece" at the Lyceum. Beshrew me, and by my halidome, he hath done his work with so deft and cunning a hand as to puzzle not a little those who have their GOETHE, their TENNYSON, and some of the most favourite plays of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE at their fingers' ends, and who are also more or less acquainted with Wagnerian trifolgies.

We all know "KETTLE began it." Well, WAGNER begins this, in the Prologue, with spirits and water, i.e., mere spirits getting along swimmingly in a kind of Niebelungen lake- and-cavern scene. Not until the curtain rose was any sort of attention paid to the music, which might have therefore been the composition of NOAKES or STOKES, instead of having been exquisitely written by King ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Enter King Arthur Irving and Merlin ("Charles his friend"), suggestive of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, to see Wagnerian water-witches in *The Colleen Bawn's* cave, Wagnerian water-witches, disturbed by the approach of gentlemen, swim away to regain, presumably, their bathing-machines. Then Charles-his friend Merlin undertakes the part of a kind of half-converted *Mephistopheles*, and shows the *Faust-King-Arthur* a "living picture" of *Guinevere* as *Marguerite* in a vision. After this up comes a hand out of the water, bearing a magnificently jewelled scabbard, in which, of course, is that blade of the very first water, "*Excalibur*."

Arthur accepts the sword with thanks, observing that "if necessary he will use it to make any cuts the piece may require." More chorus of water-sprites, and end of prologue. Merlin, or a spirit, ought to have sung "*Voici le sabre*." This chance was lost.

The next scene is at Camelot, when in come a lot of knights in armour, and the story begins in real earnest. Here is ELLEN TERRY, sweet and majestic as the Burne-Jonesian Queen *Guinevere*, and here, too, is FORBES-ROBERTSON as *Lancelot*, a part which he plays and looks to perfection. The order has been given "All wigs abandon ye who enter here," that is as far as the male principals are concerned; so they all "keep their hair on," and thus HENRY IRVING in armour looks more like the "Knight of the Woeful Countenance," or a moustachioless *Don Quixote*, than the glorious Chairman of the Goodly Round Table Company.

Sir *Lancelot* is compelled by "circumstances over which he has no control" to remain behind at court, all through the selfishness of *King Arthur* (so unlike him, too, for once!), who fancies the Round Table will be a trifle dull when all his "blooming companions have faded and gone," and so the unfortunate young knight has to say to the Queen, as Mr. CHEVALIER's Coster sings to his "lidy-love," "I'm bound to keep on lovin' yer! d'yer'ear?" and he is watched

by *Macbeth-Mordred* (Mr. FRANK COOPER) and his bewitching mother *Lady Macbeth-Morgan-le-Fay* (Miss GENEVIEVE WARD).

In Act Two, while *Ellen-Guinevere* and girls are out a-maying in one of the most lovely of "As You Like it" woodland scenes (with a fool in the forest, too) ever beheld on any stage, *Lady Macbeth-Morgan* and *Macbeth-Mordred* overhear the love-making of *Guinny* and *Lancy*; and in Act Three these "two clever ones," as poor *Affery* was wont to style *Flintwick* and *Mrs. Clennam*, reveal the truth to *Arthur-Othello*, who has taken from the hand of the suicided *Ophelia-Elaine* (Miss LENA ASHWELL) a note, which assists him in discovering the wickedness of sly *Sir Lancy* and the giddy *Guinny*. *Sir Lancy* cries, "Strike on!" and *King Henry Irving Arthur* is just "on strike" when he exclaims "I cannot kill thee," and *Excalibur*, a notably sharp blade on occasion, fails him now. *Lancy* is banished; and takes it very quietly, going out like a lamb. *King Arthur* and all the knights go off to the wars, leaving *Guinevere* in charge of *Sir Macbeth-Mordred* and *Mrs. Morgan-le-Fay*, female professor of necromancy, table-turning-medium, "parties attended," &c.

In Act last *Guinevere* is imprisoned in a tower, and is made love to by that awfully Bad Knight, *Sir Mordred*, who seizes this chance of playing *Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert* to *Guinny's Rebecca*, only that there is no window from which she can threaten to throw herself: and so the wicked wooing comes to a rather tame conclusion.

In the last scene *Macbeth-Mordred* and *Lady Morgan-Macbeth* are now King and Queen, and poor *Rebecca-Guinny* is going to be burnt *à la Juive*, when the herald's challenge is answered by a very Black Knight, who keeps himself awfully dark, and who does not say, "I am RICHARD CŒUR DE LION," but lifting his steel nose-protector (most useful except when the Knight has a bad cold), reveals "The King!" Then comes the fight—and ah, would that here one of the swords could have been poisoned, and that *Mordred*, after slaying *Arthur*, should himself have been stabbed to death by his own weapon, while at the same time *Mrs. Morgan-le-Fay* might have shouted, "See the Queen drinks to *Arthur*," and then she could have drained a poisoned cup, and so obtained her "*coup de grâce*."

But no! COMYNS CARR would have none of this. The wicked flourish. Someone said that *Sir Lancelot* was killed "without," but

C-m-n-s C-rr (rising to the occasion out of the mystic mere). "Up I come with my little plot!"

I don't believe it. My private opinion is that the sly dog *Lancy* sneaked out quietly, waited for *Guinevere*, and then they both went off together, to Boulogne, or Monte Carlo maybe; that *Morgan-le-Fay* took to walking in her sleep and washing out little sanguinary spots on her hand; and that *Mordred* got an engagement in the provinces to play *Iago*; while all that the audience know of *King Arthur* is that he went off with three Queens of the Night (perhaps signifying that he ventured on a water-party with only three sovereigns in a barge, perhaps "the craft of *Merlin*" mentioned by TENNYSON, to some place down the river, where he was said to be interred, and at whose grave kept guard the well-known "Waterbury Watch." However all this is but surmise. One thing is certain—that *King Arthur* is still alive, very much alive, and, like Lord ARTHUR of *Pantomime Rehearsal* fame, "going strong," at the Lyceum, for very many Arthurian nights to come. *Le Roi Arthur est mort! Vive le Roi Arthur!*

Bravo, COMYNS! Well may he say to HENRY IRVING, "Eh, mon, what's your WULLIE SHAKESPEARE noo?"





THE SWORD EXCALIBUR.

(Scene from "King Arthur" up to date.)

Sir Bedivere M-r-i-y (timidly, but politely). "SHALL I THROW THE SWORD INTO THE MERE?"
King Arthur (Sir W. F. H-ro-ur-i—disdainfully). "THROW THE SWORD INTO THE MERE!" WHY, I HAVEN'T LOST THE SCABBARD YET, STOOPID!"



SOMETHING LIKE A CHARACTER.

Huntsman (on being introduced to future Wife of M. F. H.). "PROUD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MISS! KNOWN THE CAPTING, MISS, FOR NIGH ON TEN SEASONS, AND NEVER SAW 'IM TURN 'IS 'EAD FROM HANYTHING AS WAS JUMPABLE! KNOWS A 'OSS AND KNOWS A 'OUND! CAN RIDE ONE AND 'UNT T'OTHER; AND IF THAT AIN'T AS MUCH AS CAN BE LOOKED FOR IN A 'USBAND, MISS, WHY, I 'LL BE JIGGERED!"

THE SWORD EXCALIBUR.

*A Very Topsy-turvi'd Arthurian Legend
Up-to-Date.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Arthur (<i>for this occasion</i>)	Sir W. H-RO-URT.
The Bold Sir Bedivere . . .	Mr. J-HN M-RI-Y.
Sir Gawain (<i>just to oblige</i>) . .	L-rd R-S-B-RY.
Mordred	Mr. JN. R-DM-ND.
Sir Lancelot	Mr. G—.

THEN, ere that last weird battle 'gainst the Lords,

There came on ARTHUR, sleeping, in his chair,

At Malwood—musing, by his own fireside,
After much totting up of Trade Returns,
And Navy Estimates—a whisper blown
Along a wandering wind, and in his ear
Went shrilling, "Hollow! hollow! Forfar
Brigg!"

Our small majority shall pass away
Farewell! There is thine Hampshire rest
for thee,

But I am blown about a wandering wind,
And 'Follow! follow! follow!' day and
night,

The fighting factions of our army cry
To me—their 'Leader!' And I cannot face
Five ways at once, and it's a beastly bore!
And if I could, how can I get a Bill
Passed by the Lords?"

And ARTHUR woke, and called.
"Who spake? A dream! O light upon the
wind,"

Thine, GAWAIN, was the voice—are these poor
Thine? Or doth that same army, growing wild,
Mourn, wishing it had gone along with Me?"

This heard the bold Sir BEDIVERE, and spake:
"O me, my Chief! to pass whatever Bill,
Upstairs, seems hopeless. Tory glamour
clings

To all high places like a darkening cloud
For ever. Is it your intent to 'pass'
(In Tennysonian sense), since your Bills
won't?"

And ARTHUR said: "Sir BEDIVERE, blue
funk

Sits ill upon a knight. GAWAIN is light—
No one at least can say the same of me!"
(BEDIVERE murmured, "No, by—Behemoth!")

"I hear the steps of MORDRED in the West,
And with him many of the people by rights,
And thine, whom thou hast served, un-
grateful grown,

The idiots!—splitting up their ranks—and
ours!

But 'pass,' in Tennysonian sense? No fear!
I shall arise and smash 'em as of old!"

Then to King ARTHUR spoke Sir BEDIVERE:

"Far other is this battle, our great test,
Whereto we move, than when great LANCE-
LOT

(Now far cavorting in the snow at Cannes)
Thrust his great rival from St. Stephen's seats,
And shook him thro' the North. Ill doom is
ours

To war against our rivals, and each other.
The chief who fights old followers fights
himself,

And they, old friends who loved us once, the
stroke

We strike at them is a back-stroke to us.
Nay, even the stroke of your Excalibur

Hath scarcely its old swashing force. Men say
It shall not strike again,—men whisper so!

That she, the Lady of the Hibernian Lake,
Awaiteth its return. Ah! you unsheath it!

Say, must I take it—take Excalibur,
And fling it far into the middle mere,
Mark what occurs, and lightly bring you
word?"

Then spake King ARTHUR to Sir BEDIVERE:—

"O sombre Little-faith, miscalled the Bold!
Not if I know it! 'Tis a beauteous blade—

Broad, and bejewelled, and but lately gript
By my long-waiting hand. I have it now,

And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a craven donkey I shall be!

What good should follow this, if this were
done?

What harm undone? By George! Sir BEDI-
VERE,

'Twixt frivolling GAWAIN and too doleful you,
I have a pretty pair of knightly pals,—

Nay, I mean palfr'y'd knights!—to back me up.
Is this the loyalty of the Table Round?

Were MORDRED a worse traitor? or e'en he,
The Midland Knight, who pushes for my

place
As he did for Sir LANCELOT's? Oh, get out!

What should my dauntless Derby henchmen
say

Should I, on Wednesday, show the feather
And say I'd chucked the sword Excalibur

Away, unchallenged, in a fit of funk?
I lose the sword? *I've not yet lost the*

scabbard!
Nay, I shall flash it flaming in their sight,

And brandish it, and promise swashing
blows

Of the keen blade, as oft-times heretofore.
I'll outshine TENNYSON, out-hero IRVING!

Trust me 'tis not yet time for that weird arm,
'Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,'

To emerge from out the misty middle-mere,
And snatch from Me the Sword Excalibur!"

[Freezes on to it.

CERTAIN.—Mr. KATO, the new Japanese
Minister to Great Britain, is expected to be a

success. On hearing his arguments, the ob-
servation that will spring to Lord ROSEBERRY's

lips will be, "KATO, thou reasonest well."



A FRIENDLY WARNING.

First Tramp. "I WADNA ADVISE YE TAE GANG UP THERE!"
Second Tramp. "WHAT WYE? IS THERE A MUCKLE DOUG?"
First Tramp. "NO; BUT THERE'S A DANGER O' WARK!"

THAT PRECIOUS DONKEY!

(An Episode in the Life of A. Briefless, Junior, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, in Three Parts.)

PART III.—The Apotheosis of the Picture.

THOSE who have done me the distinguished honour of reading the story of my find of a genuine VON BÖÖTZ (in my agitation last week I referred erroneously to the great master as Old Boots) will remember that I had got to the point where the picture I now so deeply prized had been removed by the handy-man to be sold, no doubt, at a crushing sacrifice. When put to it (as all my friends know) I am a man of an iron will and a steel determination. There is no sacrifice I will not make to carry a fixed plan into execution. It was this iron will and steel determination that enabled me (somewhat late in life) to conquer the apparently adamant intention of the Examiners at Lincoln's Inn and get called to the Bar. At this crisis in my life's history the reserve forces of my nature came to my assistance, and inspired me to hurry without a moment's delay to the dwelling-place of WILKINS.

Before discovering that the VON BÖÖTZ had been removed I had assumed (as it is my wont after returning from Pump-Handle Court) my slippers. Without waiting to amend my costume, without lingering to recover my umbrella (now reclining in its stand, seemingly exchanging confidences with my walking-stick), I started for Panorama Place, Nine Sisters Road, Rixton Rise. The lady who has honoured me by accepting my name had furnished me with this address—the abode of the unconsciously-fugitive WILKINS. Without a moment's hesitation I hailed and entered a four-wheeler.

"Panorama Place, Nine Sisters Road, Rixton Rise," I said in the tone of the late Duke of WELLINGTON ordering the advance of the Guards at Waterloo.

The cabman shook his head, then seemingly pondered, then looked at me. "Is it near the 'Green Compasses'?" he asked, after a pause of intense thought.

I have always considered Mr. WILKINS a model of sobriety. But then I have only known him in the hours devoted to duty, to the sweeping of kitchen chimneys, to the re-building of wash-houses, to the re-papering of studies, to the removal of grand pianos from basement to attic, and other little domestic offices. In his moments of relaxation he may be a genial *viveur*, and in this character was more likely than not to live in close proximity to the no doubt hospitable tavern to which the driver had referred. So I answered my Jehu that I thought it exceedingly possible that Mr. WILKINS did dwell near the "Green Compasses." We started, and after a drive for which I was charged (and in my opinion rightly charged) five-and-sixpence, arrived safely at Panorama Place, Nine Sisters Road, Rixton Rise.

The shadow of anxiety that had followed me through what I may be permitted to term my hackney peregrinations had passed away. I had feared that when I had successfully tracked out Mr. WILKINS to his suburban nest I should find him flown. But no, the eagle had not lost the child, the handy man was still the possessor of my pictorial treasure. At least so I presumed, as he smiled when I put to him the all-important question, "Where is my VON BÖÖTZ?"

"This is what I have done with him, Sir," said my house-renovator, leading me gently into what I take must have been his study. The apartment was furnished with two spades, a saw, two hammers, a pot of glue, a model of a fire-engine, a couple of stools, and a sideboard.

"Look at this little lot, Sir," cried Mr. WILKINS, whipping off a cloth, and exposing to view two earthenware flower-vases, and a small model (in chalk) of an easily illuminated (there was a receptacle in the interior large enough to contain a taper) cathedral.

"What are these?" I demanded, in a voice more or less suggestive of thunder.

"That's what he gave me for the picture, and, asking your pardon, Sir, I think I have done well with him. It was one of those Italian image-men, who took a fancy to it. He offered at first only those vases. Then he sprang to a statuette of GARIBALDI. But, after a deal of discussion, I got him to chuck in Westminster Abbey, Sir, which, as you see, can be lighted up magnificent."

For a moment I was struck speechless with sorrow and indignation. No doubt the foreign hawker, having received an art education in Italy (the renowned dwelling-place of the Muses), had recognised the value of my picture, and had—. I paused in my train of thought, and jumped from despair to joy. There, resting on a newly-renovated perambulator, was my Old Master. I almost wept as I recognised my nearly lost VON BÖÖTZ.

"But there it is!" I hoarsely whispered, pointing to the picture.

"The canvas, yes Sir—the Italian chap only wanted the frame. He called the donkey lot rubbish."

Again my iron will and steel determination came to the front. To secure the canvas, charter another four-wheeler, and deposit myself and my prize within the cab's depths was the work of not more than five-and-twenty minutes. I drove as hurriedly as the congested traffic would permit to the house of a well-known connoisseur. I sent up my card, and was immediately admitted. The celebrated critic was a perfect stranger to me.

"This must serve as an introduction," I said, and exposed my VON BÖÖTZ to view. The connoisseur inspected the canvas, the leaden sky, and the villagers with languid interest. At last his gaze fell upon the presentment of the donkey. His eyes sparkled, his cheeks flushed with excitement; and although he was evidently attempting to master his emotion, he almost shouted "Magnificent!"

"Are not the ears splendid?" I asked.

"Splendid? Glorious! Immortal!"

"Have you seen anything to equal the mane?"

"Never! Emphatically, never!"

And then the art connoisseur shook me by both hands. Then we once more inspected the donkey's ears, and in our delight nearly rose and floated from the floor in a sort of medieval saint-like ecstasy.

"You see it has one fault," my conscience made me say; "it has no signature."

"A proof that it is a genuine VON BÖÖTZ. The grand old forger never signed anything except copies. As you know, he was scarcely ever sober, and in his drunken moods used to write his name on any kind of canvas at the rate of a tumbler of port a signature."

"And it is only right to add," I continued, in my character of Devil's Advocate, and using a piece of information I had picked up from APPLEBLOSSOM, Q.C., "that it is not in the least like a print which is supposed to be a contemporaneous engraving."

"The best possible proof that it is an original. Old VON BÖÖTZ—glorious old scoundrel—never painted anything that was really reproduced. He preferred to betray his public by signing the works of subordinates. That's the reason why he is so scarce. Oh, those ears!"

And the art connoisseur and I returned to our medieval saint-like ecstasy. I am almost certain that, carried away by our enthusiasm, we floated from the carpet. After a while I thought it time to return



PAST AND PRESENT.

Serious and much-Married Man. "MY DEAR FRIEND, I WAS ASTONISHED TO HEAR OF YOUR DINING AT MADAME TROISÉTOILES! —A 'WOMAN WITH A PAST,' YOU KNOW!"

The Friend (Bachelor "unattached"). "WELL, YOU SEE, OLD MAN, SHE'S GOT A FIRST-RATE CHEF, SO IT ISN'T HER 'PAST,' BUT HER 'RE-PAST' THAT I CARE ABOUT."

to what the Philistine (by the way, all things considered, a very reasonable fellow) would call "business." I suggested that it was for sale.

"No, my dear Sir," corrected the critic; "not for sale. The Von Böörz must be mine. You will not be so cruel as to deny me. I am the master of tens of thousands—nay, I might say without exaggeration—hundreds of thousands. If you will leave yourself in my hands, I think you will find that I am a man of honour."

He sat down at a desk which I now noticed was made of ebony and decorated with old gold and diamonds, and other precious stones. He drew a cheque. Then he rose to give it to me. But as he passed the picture it once more attracted his attention. He resumed his medieval saint-like ecstasy for a second, and then returned to his desk.

"I must be honest," he murmured as he filled in the figures of another cheque. Then he turned to me. "You must pardon me for giving you the purchase-money in two drafts; but my first cheque exhausted my account at one bank, and I had to draw upon my balance at another to supply the necessary residue."

I nearly fainted when I read the amounts.

"Not a word," said the art connoisseur as he shook me by the hand. "Although you have, I confess, half my fortune, I am richer than I was when I met you. The Von Böörz—my Von Böörz—is simply of priceless value."

And so the picture that had been sent to the box-room and narrowly escaped the uncultured clutch of the Italian image-man, had raised me from comparative poverty to superlative affluence. I paid in the cheques at my bankers, and a murmur went up from the clerks, and the manager waylaid me at the door to press my hand. Then I drove to my favourite stores and purchased a trifle in diamonds to present to my wife. Fortunately, I had my cheque-book with me, or otherwise my deposit account would have been overdrawn by a thousand.

"To-morrow," I said to my better (from a spiritual, not a financial

point of view) seven-eights, "we will acquire the nine-hundred-ton yacht, the best part of Norway, and the Palace at Venice. The latter will cost a few more thousands than I care to spend. But I suppose the foreign dukedom that comes with it in itself is almost worth the five figures. To-morrow I must see if I cannot secure that Colonelcy of Yeomanry. Then, if you like dear, we will take the six centre boxes in the grand tier at Covent Garden for the season, and—"

"Oh, I am so happy!" almost wept the partner of my joys and sorrows; "and to think that we should have sent the mine of all this prosperity into the box-room!"

"Yes dear," I replied. "It was you, dear, who always wanted to be free of it."

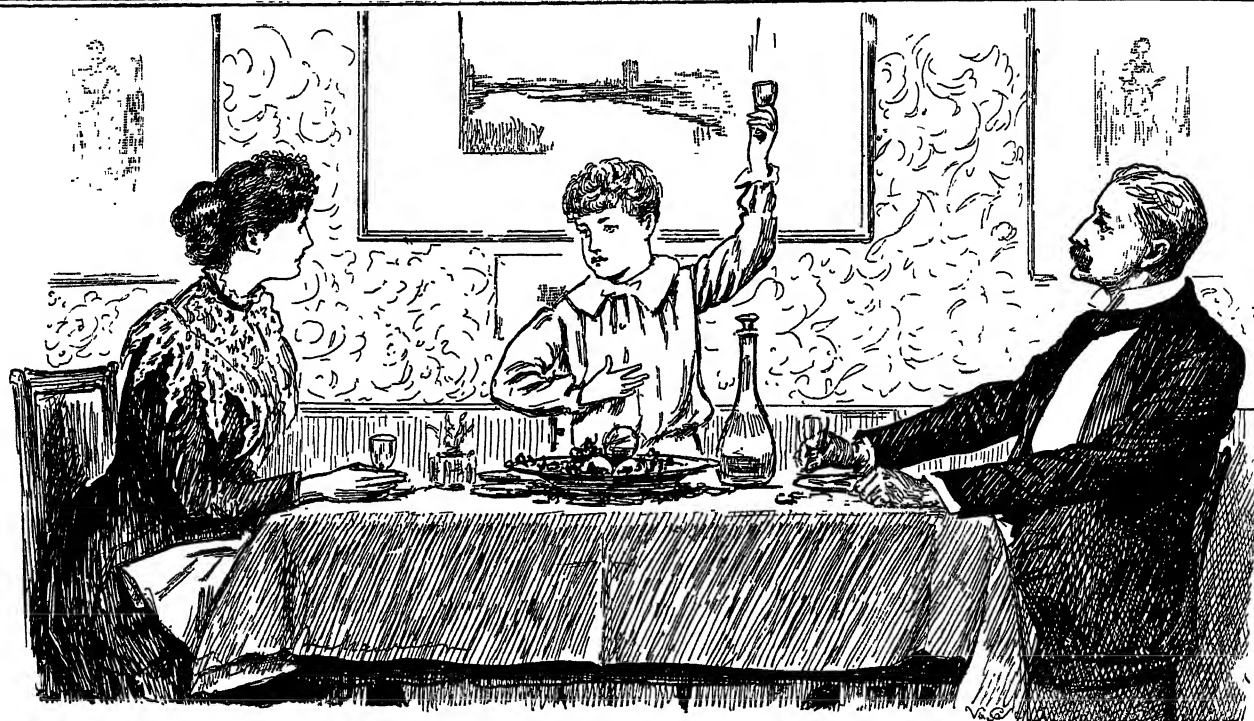
"I told you, sweet one," was the triumphant response, "to get rid of it, and are you not now pleased that you took my advice?"

And I admitted I was.

IN PRAISE OF PENTONVILLE.

["The healthiest place in England is Pentonville Prison."—*Daily Graphic.*]

Is it sadye ye're falin' an' pale, me bhoy, Loike a sprat that has swallered a whale, me bhoy? The best thing Oi know Is a sixer or so On skilly an' wather in jail, me bhoy. Ye're free from all koinds o' temptations, lad, Ye can't overate on thim rations, lad, There's so much a-head O' skilly an' bread Accordin' to jail regulations, lad.	They trate ye wid fatherly care, me bhoy, They tell ye o' what to beware, me bhoy, They tache ye to be Teetotal, ye see, For 'tis nothin' but wather is there, me bhoy. [me lad, So, whin ye're beginnin' to fale, That ye've dhrunk enough whisky an' ale, me lad, The best of all ways To lengthen your days Is to spind a few wakes in the jail, me lad!
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A TOAST.

Mamma. "TO-DAY'S OUR WEDDING-DAY, TOMMY. YOU SHOULD STAND UP AND DRINK ALL OUR HEALTHS."
Tommy (rising to the occasion). "CERTAINLY. FATHER—MOTHER—AND"—(pointing to himself)—"THE RESULT!"

THE UNTAMED SHREW; OR, WANTED A PETRUCHIO.

(A Shakespearian Foreshadowing of the Situation in France.)

PROPHETIC SWAN! To picture in advance
 The future's pageantry of personage
 And scene was thine unique prerogative;
 So easily thy creations take the mould
 Of aftertimes and characters unborn.
 Paris to-day seems Padua, thy fair shrew,
 The tricky termagant, "curst Katharine,"
 The Paduan *Xantippe*, prickly, perverse,
 Yet fascinating vixen, dous to-day
 A Gallie guise, and fumes in French, and
 flounces
 In skirts à la République.

What said Gremio?

"Your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you."

And who may hold the fair Lutetian shrew?
 No man, "I wis," is "half-way to her heart
 But if he were, doubt not her care should be
 To comb his noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
 And paint his face, and use him like a fool."
 Here's Katharine—but where's Petruchio?

"What! shall I be appointed hours, as
 though, belike
 I knew not what to take, and what to
 leave, ha!"

There speaks the sweet-faced shrew, and
 takes to-day
 What she will leave to-morrow. Yet she
 shines

In the description of *Hortensio*.

"With wealth enough, and young, and
 beauteous;

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman;

Her only fault (and that is faults enough)

Is, that she is intolerably curst,
 And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all
 measure,

That, were my state far worsen than it is,

I would not wed her for a mine of gold."

And yet there be good fellows in the world,

'An a man could but haply light on them,
 Would take the veriest vixen "with all
 faults."

And many a one hath said, or seemed to say,
 "For I will board her, though she chide
 as loud

As thunder, when the clouds in autumn
 crack."

But with what issue? Like *Hortensio*,
 His head is broken by the vixen's lute,
 Ere he hath time to teach her government
 Of frets or stops, or skilful fingering.
 How many, with *Hortensio*, might say,
 When asked if he could break her to the
 lute,—

"Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
 I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
 And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
 When with a most impatient devilish spirit.
 'Frets, call you these?' quoth she: 'I'll
 fume with them:'"

And with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made
 way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
 While she did call me, rascal fiddler,
 And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile
 terms,

As she had studied to misuse me so.

Her masters have not learned true mastery,
 And he, her latest would-be teacher, turns
 Too prompt and pusillanimous a back
 Upon his wilful pupil, beaten off
 Quicker than buffeted *Hortensio*

In poor, poltroonish, post-deserting flight;
 Leaving the lute whose harmonies his hand
 Should have bowed hers to, broken and
 unstrung,

In the shrew's angry and outrageous grasp:
 See how the Gallio *Katharine* in her fume,
 Flouting all mastery, flouncing uncontrolled
 In furious anger, flings the shattered lute,
 Unstrung, aside, as did the Paduan shrew,
 Spurning all government—till *Petruchio*
 came!

"Come, come you wasp; 't' faith you are too
 angry!" [friends.]

So, in *Petruchio's* words, say France's
 Whilst foes and half-allies look doubtful on,
 From the chill Eastward or more genial North,
 Wondering what stable faith, in love or hate,
 May rest upon such shifting shrewishness.

Where waits *Petruchio*, and will he come
 In purple velvet, or in soldier steel,
 Or simple, civic, hero-covering cloth,
 To tame this *Katharine* of the Phrygian cap,
 And smiling, in the mocking calm of power,
 Say of the shrew, like him of Padua:—

"Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lion's roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with
 winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
 clang?"

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
 That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush! tush! fear boys with bugbears.—
 I fear none "

THE UNVEILING OF ISIS.

THERE was a Vice-President, JUDGE,
 Who proved a big fraud à la *Sludge*:

But good Mrs. BESANT
 Sighed "Let's keep things pleasant!"
 And *Punch*, à la *Burchell*, cried "Fudge!"
 "My dear ANNIE BESANT—or is it
 BESANT?—

Theosophy's trick, superstition and cant."

To lift Isis's veil was a difficult task,

But BLAYATSKY'S fox-nose

Is not hard to expose,

For that vulgar Isis wore only—a mask!

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE CURTAIN-LECTURED.
 —"The rest is silence!"



THE UNTAMED SHREW; OR, WANTED A PETRUCHIO.

"HER ONLY FAULT (AND THAT IS FAULTS ENOUGH)
IS, THAT SHE IS INTOLERABLY CURST,
AND SHREWD, AND FROWARD."—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act I., Scene 2.

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TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONTINUED.)

SHORTLY after the great victory of the Dead Marshes, the British Army, under the command of Sir BONAMY BATTLEHORN, took possession of Balmuggur, the capital of the country, known far and wide as the Diamond City of the Rancee. There was a faint show of resistance, but after I had defeated in single combat six picked mollahs of the Royal Guard, the disheartened garrison laid down its arms, and the place surrendered at discretion. We had brought HADJU THAR MEEBHOY with us, although, in his perforated condition, it was a matter of some difficulty to transport him. Still it would have been barbarous to leave him behind to the tender mercies of the neighbouring peasantry, and we resolved to attempt his conveyance to Balmuggur. Fortunately we succeeded beyond our most sanguine hopes. I was able to render him some slight services on the march, and, after the city had fallen, I paid him daily visits, during which I conceived a sincere and lasting friendship for the gallant fellow whose only fault, after all, had been the notion that he could defeat one who has never yet given way an inch before the hottest attack even of overwhelming numbers. It was quite touching to see his swarthy face brighten into a smile when I entered the room. He looked forward eagerly to my daily visit, and often told me that the simple tales of my courage and daring with which I entertained him were of more use to him than all the ointments and bandages and medicines with which dear old TOBY O'GRADY used to treat his wound. On his side the MEEBHOY, too, was confidential. Many an hour have I spent with him listening to his stories of court plot and palace intrigue in Balmuggur, dark episodes of passion and crime and sudden death.

One morning I was sitting as usual by the MEEBHOY's bedside. I had just related to him my adventure with the Lord Mayor of Dublin, whom, as readers of contemporary journals will remember, I had been compelled to chastise for the unpardonable affront of calling me by my Christian name at a public meeting, by kicking him bodily from end to end of the Rotunda, breaking three chandeliers as he spun through the air, and imprinting the shape of his back on the opposite wall, where it may still be observed by the curious. This adventure, and the story of my subsequent escape from the dungeons of the Dublin Mansion House, have rarely failed to extort applause from those to whom I have narrated them. But on this occasion the MEEBHOY was silent and *distrain*. He lay for some time drumming in an absent-minded way with his fingers on the front aluminium door of his wound (the famous operation had by this time been successfully performed), and made no comment whatever on the tale I had related to him. Then suddenly he turned, looked me full in the face, and addressed me. "Harkye, Sirrah," he observed, "your story has interested me strangely; but there is that in my mind which demands an exit. Methinks that they who hold governance here mistake me strangely. Because I am all but corpsed, they think they can neglect this JOHNNY. The Rancee has but once sent a stable-helper to inquire after me. Grammercy, but such treatment is scurvy, and I mean to show the old witch that HADJU THAR knows what's what, and, by Jingo, he's going to have it all the time. That's so." I have forgotten, I think, to mention that my friend had learnt his English in Seringapatam from such examples as he could lay his hands on in that remote island, and the result was a certain patchiness of style, which did not, however, by any means, interfere with the vigour and fluency of his diction.

"Do you suppose," I said, "that this slight is intentional? Really, I cannot believe that the Rancee would willingly neglect so gallant and devoted a servant."

"That shows me you little know the Queen of the Diamond City. Why, blow me tight, she's as artful as a cartload of monkeys, and in

profundity of design and daring of execution, she'd give a man-eating tiger two stone and a handsome beating over any course you care to name. But I am resolved to be avenged. Never shall it be said that the descendant of a thousand kings had the comether put on him by a cinder-faced old omadhaun like that. See here now," he continued, drawing me closer to him, while he glanced furtively round and sank his voice to a whisper, "it's yourself I'm talking to. Hast heard of the Pink Hippopotamus?"

"What!" I replied; "the sacred animal of the Seringapatamese the dweller in the inaccessible mountain fastness of Jam Tirnova, the deathless guardian of the royal race of this island?"

"The same," he answered calmly; "no mortal foot, save those of his priests, has ever yet approached him. The perils are manifold, the attempt is well nigh desperate, but you're not the game chicken I take you for if you don't accomplish his capture and discomfit the haughty Rancee. Crikey, but I'd like to hear the old gal squeal when they tell her her bloomin' hippo's got took. Blime if I wouldn't."

"But how shall I set about it, what steps ought I to take?"

"Is it steps you mane? What in thunder is the man wanting? Here, boy, take these papers. I have set down in them clearly how the matter may best be undertaken. Peruse them and learn them well. If you have resource, courage and prudence, within a week the prize shall be yours, and the insult offered to me shall be expiated."

With that he pressed a bundle of papers into my hand, and bade me leave him.

As I left the tent I heard a suffling of feet. I darted in the direction in which I thought they had gone, and there sure enough, running as if he wanted to break a hundred yards record, I perceived the Rancee's Chamberlain. I set off after him, nothing loth to give an example of my speed. Besides, if the old fellow had overheard us our doom was sealed; it was necessary to capture and silence him. In ten strides I was close up to him. In another moment I was near enough to seize him. I stretched out my hand to do so, when suddenly he gave two short yells, turned round in a swift pirouette, and, before I had realised what had happened, landed me a tremendous kick full on the chest. The force of the blow was terrible, and only my iron bones could have withstood it. Seeing that I still advanced he made at me again. This time, however, I was too quick for him. I seized him by his upflitted ankle, and, regardless of his appeal for mercy, whirled him

three times round my head and flung him from me. His shoe remained in my hand, but beyond that no trace of the miserable Chamberlain has ever been discovered. He simply vanished from human knowledge as completely as though his body had been resolved into its elements. It is true that Professor SPOOKS of the University of Caffraria declared that a new meteor had on that very day appeared in South Africa travelling eastwards. His discovery was scoffed at by the scientific, but for my own part I have sometimes thought that, with a telescope of sufficient power, the learned Professor might have been able to establish an identity between his supposed comet and the lost Chamberlain of the Rancee.

Having thus dispatched my foe, I returned to my own quarters to study the papers of the MEEBHOY.

As I entered my room a terrible sight met my eyes.

(To be continued.)

The Great Trott-ing Match.

[ALBERT TROTT, in the latest representative cricket match between Mr. STODDART's Eleven and All Australia, scored two "not out" innings of 38 and 72, and took eight wickets for 43 runs.]

GIFFEN's boys were this time, we may say without banter, Eleven too many for stout "STODDART's Lot"; We oft read of matches as "won in a canter,"

But this one was won, it would seem, by A. TROTT!



"I perceived the Rancee's Chamberlain."



AN APPLIED PROVERB.

Cabby. "'ERE, I SAY! ONLY A BOB? WOT'S THIS?"

Footman. "WHY, YOU 'AVEN'T DROVE THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE SQUARE!"

Cabby. "THAT MAY BE. BUT IF 'A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE,' SHE'S EQUAL TO THREE MILES, AND OUGHT TO PAY MORE THAN DOUBLE FARE!"

LETTER TO A DÉBUTANTE.

DEAREST GLADYS,—I have been compiling a sort of dictionary for you, with a view to your second season. I send you a few selections from it—with notes of advice.

Art. A subject of discussion; mild at tea-time, often heated after dinner. [*Note.*—Do not take sides. Mention that WHISTLER has a picture in the Luxembourg, or say—with a smile or not, as the occasion may suggest—that Sir FREDERIC is the President of the Academy.]

Altruism. Boring some people about other people. [*Note.*—Never encourage VIEWS. They take up too much valuable time.]

Beauty. An expensive luxury.

Boy. If "dear," any effective man under forty. If "horrid," about twelve, and to be propitiated with nuts, knives and ships. [*Note.*—Do not offend him.]

Blasphemy. Any discussion on religion. [*Note.*—Look shocked, but not bored.]

Coquetry. A manner sometimes assumed by elderly ladies and very young gentlemen.

Cynicism. Truthfulness.

Duty. Referred to by relations who wish to be disagreeable. [*Note.*—Change the subject.]

Divorce. The occasional result of friendship. [*Note.*—But you must not know anything about it. Read only the leading articles.]

Eccentricity. Talent.

Etiquette. Provincialism.

Flirtation. Once a favourite amusement, now dying out; but still surviving at Clapham tennis-parties and Kensington subscription balls.

Foreigners. Often decorative; generally dangerous.

Friendship. The mutual dislike of people on intimate terms. Or, a euphuism for love.

Failure. An entertainment to which one has not been invited.

Goodness. The conduct of one's mother.

Hygiene. Never bothering about one's health.

Idiocy. The opinions of those who differ from one.

Justice. Enthusiastic praise of oneself.

Kleptomania. Stealing things one doesn't want.

Love. A subject not without interest.

Moonlight. Depends on the other person.

Marriage. The avowed and justifiable object in life of young girls. The avowed and justifiable terror of bachelors.

Nature. It has gone out of fashion, except in novels you must not say you have read.

Obviousness. To be guarded against.

Philosophy. An innocent amusement.

Palmistry. Only if he is really very nice.

Quarrel. A proof of love, or of detestation.

Quixotism. Defending the absent-minded.

Romance. Friendship in London. [*Note.*—Do not be so absurdly credulous as to believe there is no such thing as Platonic affection. It is extremely prevalent; in fact, there is hardly anything else.]

Sincerity. Rudeness.

Toleration. Culture. [*Note.*—You may as well begin to be tolerant at once, and save trouble. It is sure to come in time.]

Ugliness. Rather fashionable.

Untidiness. The picturesque way in which the other girl does her hair

Vanity. Self-knowledge.

Wilfulness. A desire to give pleasure to others.

Youth. Appreciated in middle-age.

Zoological Gardens. Of course not. Nobody goes there now. Besides, you never know whom you may meet.

There, GLADYS, dear! Write soon, and let me know when you are coming back to London. Sleeves are larger than ever, and chinchilla— But I daresay you have heard.

Ever your affectionate friend,

MARJORIE.

"MY OLD DUTCH!"—See Exhibition of Old Masters' Works, Burlington House.

A RENCONTRE.

(For investigation by the Psychological Society.)

THE way was long, the train was slow,
As local trains are wont to go,
A feeble ray of glimmering light
Strove vainly with the darkling night,
And scarce enabled me to see
The features of my *vis-à-vis*.
Pale was his brow: no paler grow
The snowdrops lurking in the snow;
Hollow his cheeks, and sunk his eyes
That gazed on me in mournful wise.
So strange a man I ne'er had seen,
So wan a look, so weird a mien,
And, as I eyed him, I confess
A feeling of uncanniness
Crept slowly over me and stole
Into the marrow of my soul.
Awhile we sped, nor spake a word;
Nought but the droning wheels
Was heard;
But as we journeyed on together,
By tentative degrees we fell
From observations on the weather
To talk of other things as well.
"I had a few hours off," said he;
"So I just ran across to see
The last inventions—I refer
To Kensington Museum, Sir.
You know it? What a grand display!
A splendid exhibition, eh?
I never saw so fine a show
Of coffins anywhere, you know!
And there is one that's simply sweet,
With handles, knobs, and plate
complete!"
"A coffin!"—Cold a shudder ran
A down me as I eyed the man.



AT LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.

Jones. "DO YOU USE GAS?"

Village Operator. "YES, SIR. BUT I MUCH PREFER DAYLIGHT!"

"Aye, to be sure. What else?" he said.

"The one that's just been patented. Why, my good Sir, I will engage it is the marvel of the age; For, mark you, they no longer use your clumsy, antiquated screws, But just a simple catch and pin That may be managed *from within!*"

He ceased, for we had reached a station

That chanced to be his destination. "My home!" he murmured, with a sigh.

"Home—home! Sweet home!—Good-night!—Good-bye!"

"Good-night!" I answered; and my heart

Leaped when I saw his form depart. But as we slowly glided past The spot where I had seen him last, Upon the station lamps, methought,

The letters of a name I caught. I looked again.—My hair uprose, The very soul within me froze, For lo! upon the lamps was seen The curdling legend—KENSAL GREEN!

SUGGESTIONS TO THE NIAGARA REAL ICE SKATING HALL MANAGER.—The floor is perfect for skating, but, as there are many who do not skate, why not have a "sliding roof"? and visitors to the latter not to be charged full price, but admitted on a sliding scale. Nice to see Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, who, as conductor of the band, cuts a very pretty figure. Dangerous, though, to the real ice, to have "Sol" so close to it; that is, if there could be "melting moments."

THE LAUREATE SOCIETY.

THE annual general meeting of the Amalgamated British Society for the Supply of Laureates to the public was held yesterday. There was a numerous attendance of authors and reviewers with a sprinkling of publishers. Mr. GRANT ALLEN was moved to the chair. The Chairman in presenting the report of the Directors regretted that he was unable to congratulate the Society on having accomplished the primary object of its existence, the filling up of the vacant laureateship. He himself, he said, had done his best. He had discovered a new sun in the firmament of poetry at least once a month, and had never hesitated to publish the name of his selection in one of the reviews. He was still willing to take seven to four about Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON and Mr. FRANCIS THOMPSON, Mr. WILLIAM WATSON barred. The balance-sheet of the Society did not show a very flourishing state of affairs. As assets they could enter fifteen sonnets, twelve irregularly rhymed odes (one by Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE), twenty-four volumes of a strictly limited edition issued from the Bodley Head, four tons of the Yellow Book, and an unpublished selection of manuscript poems written by a victim to *delirium tremens* whose name he was not at liberty to mention. On the other side, however, they had to face the fact that their expenses had been heavy. It was becoming more and more costly and difficult to feed the public on geniuses, and he was inclined to advise the discontinuance of this branch of the Society's operations.

At this point some commotion was caused by Mr. LE GALLIENNE and Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH, who rose simultaneously to protest against the Chairman's remarks. Mr. LE GALLIENNE was so far carried away by his agitation as to hurl a pamphlet at Mr. GRANT ALLEN's head. In the uproar which ensued, Mr. LE GALLIENNE could be heard ejaculating "beautiful phrases," "richly-coloured musical sentences," "ideal and transcendental," "nothing finer since LAMB," "all for eighteence," and "a genius who sleeps below the wood-pigeons." The pamphlet thus discharged proved to be by a Mr. JOHN EGLINTON, and Mr. LE GALLIENNE was removed in the custody of a police-inspector, who was described by Mr. WAUGH as a Philistine.

When calm had been restored, Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN asked where

he came in. He had never allowed a birth, a wedding, or a death, in the upper circles of Royalty to pass unsung; and though he had been a constant subscriber to the Society it didn't seem to have done him any good. Besides, he had discovered Ireland last year. Mr. LEWIS MORRIS and Mr. ERIC MACKAY made similar complaints. The latter offered to write patriotic poems with plenty of rhymes in them against any other living man. Would the meeting allow him to recite—?

At this point the Chairman interposed, and said that the Directors had decided against recitations—a statement which provoked loud murmurs of dissatisfaction. Eventually, Mr. LE GALLIENNE (who had returned, disguised in proof-sheets), proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. JOHN DAVIDSON, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. GRANT ALLEN, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. FRANCIS THOMPSON, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. JOHN LANE, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. LE GALLIENNE. All these having been unanimously passed, the meeting broke up.

QUEER QUERIES.—WAR OF WORDS.—*à propos* of Mr. PLOWDEN's decision in the "Flannelette case," can that worthy magistrate have foreseen some of its effects? For instance, wanting to buy a sideboard, I went to a furniture-dealer's, and saw one, apparently made of the best mahogany, which took my fancy greatly. I casually asked of what wood it was composed and was astonished to have the answer given me, "Mahoganette," by the shop-walker. So I walked out of the shop. When I *want* painted deal I can inquire for that article. Again, I have noticed during the last few days a great falling-off in my butter (though not in its price). On my remonstrating, the seller frankly admitted that the article was "butterette," not butter. "What does 'ette' mean?" I asked him. He said it meant "little," adding, with a wink, that I should find "precious little butter, too." And this was the case. What are we coming to?—INDIGNANT.

"OYSTER BARS."—The prohibitive price of natives and the typhoid scare.



ANIMAL SPIRITS.

No. I.—FOOTBALL. "THE ZAMBESI SCORCHERS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE anonymous author of "*Spot*," an *Autobiography* (HOULSTON AND SONS, Paternoster Square), whoever he may be, has a remarkable insight into dog-nature, so far, that is, as one who is not a dog, but a mere lover of dogs, can judge. *Spot* tells his own story in a straightforward, honest, doggy style, which must commend him at once to the hearts of his readers. His reflections, from the canine point of view, are admirably just. He never cared for flowers. "How vapid," he says, "is the scent of a rose, for instance, compared with that of an old seasoned bone." The force of the remark must be appreciated by anyone who has watched a dog exhuming with furtive labour a bone he had buried a week before. A firm foe to cats, he yet makes an exception in favour of his house-cat, as all civilised cat-destroying dogs do. The bull-dog's greeting to him is, in itself, a revelation of character. "Cheer up, youngster! Any good smells hereabouts?" says that redoubtable animal; whereupon they saunter together round by the back of the house, "passing few smells of any importance until we arrived at the ashpit." But I cannot here quote at greater length from his wise remarks. I can honestly advise all lovers of dogs (boys especially) to read this wholesome, pleasant, clever little book.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT.—France has "come to the Faure." That's good to begin with. From a Republican to a "Bourgeois" Ministry is not much of a step, but still it is a step, Faure-wards, or rather upwards, as a conscientious, self-respecting Bourgeois can never be an anarchist. LOUIS PHILIPPE was a "bourgeois king," and, after him, France "went Nap" and returned to Imperialism. But where's the Imperialist ruler now? Is the latest betting Faure to one on the Republic?

BLACK MAGIC.

We'd done the latest picture-shows,
Had honoured some with our approval,
Expressed a cultured scorn for those
That merited a prompt removal.
And then, to pass the time away,
Disliking melodramas tragic,
We chanced to go—oh, hapless day!
To see some "feats of modern magic."

I don't deny the tricks were good,
Nor could you easily see through them,
And few of those who "understood
Exactly how they're done," could do them.
But when the wizard said he'd try
To pass a watch to any distance,
And find it in the audience—why
Did I afford him my assistance?

I thought to spoil the trick he'd planned,
Nor did I even feel embittered
When made before the crowd to stand,
Although my fair companions tittered,
But then the scoundrel in their view
Remarked, "Is this your usual habit?"
And from my pocket calmly drew
The watch—suspended from a rabbit!

The foolish people laughed and cheered,
And as I fled in hasty fashion,
My cousins even gaily jeered
Instead of showing me compassion!
I'd grant them almost any boon,
But though they ask it, never that form
Will grace, as on this afternoon,
A vulgar necromancer's platform!

RUMOUR.—As ruler of the domain where stands our great theatre and our opera house, Sir DRUMHOLANUS, it is reported, is to receive the special distinction of K.C.G., which, in his case, is the Knight of Covent Garden. *Bene meruit.*

VIEWING A HARE.

(And the Prospect of a Good Run.)

THE Dramatic Arthurs Society is having a nice time of it just now with ARTHUR PINERO, ARTHUR JONES, ARTHUR LAW, ARTHUR ROBERTS, *King Arthur*, at the Lyceum, and ARTHUR A BECKETT at the Garrick Theatre, where *Faded Flowers*, revived, are once again blooming. It is a pretty piece, well played by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER—*encore un Arthur*—and Mrs. BOURCHIER, known to the public as Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH. A little TERRY boy, aged nine, is in it, and MR. BUIST does his very Buist, or best. The occasion of the revival was the resuscitation of *A Pair of Spectacles*, in which Mr. JOHN HARE is better than ever; and, indeed, he has made it one of his very best eccentric comedy parts. Again Mr. GROVES delights us with his hardwareish impersonation of "the man from Sheffield," a very happy thought on the part of the author-adaptor, Mr. GRUNDY.

The occasion of the revival, too, was also noteworthy as being the *début* of another of the TERRY family, the *ingénue* of the comedy being played by Miss MABEL TERRY LEWIS, who certainly inherits no small share of the TERRY Talent. Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, too, is excellent in a marvelously made-up small character part; and BERTIE HARE—the heir of HARE—is very good as the youngster. Mr. HARE has fitted on this "pair of spectacles" just in time; not to have done so would have been shortsighted policy; and through them no doubt he sees his way to a long and highly satisfactory run. These two revivals Mr. HARE may consider not as "a pair of specs," but as "a couple of certainties."

PETER PROSIT.

WHY IS THE MODERN FICTIONIST LIKE A DOG-FANCIER?—Because he is so fond of short tails.

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

(By Mr. Punch's own Short Story-teller.)

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONTINUED.)

On the opposite side of the room, with his brave old back against the wall, stood my dear father, his arms tightly bound to his sides, and a cummerbund tied firmly over that mouth which had never, save in moments of thoughtless, but pardonable anger, spoken any but words of kindness to his son. In front of him was crouched a huge man-eating tiger—I recognised his hominivorous propensities at



once by the peculiar striping of his left shoulder, an infallible sign to a sportsman's eye—licking his chops in joyous anticipation of the unresisting feast which Providence had thus thrown in his way. I could see the great red tongue darting out now on one side of his mouth, now on the other, while his immense tail lashed the floor in dazzling curves. This spectacle would have been sufficient to shake the nerves of an ordinarily courageous man—but this was not all. On one side of the gigantic cat lay coiled an immense python, of the deadliest kind, and on the other one of the tallest and most powerful elephants I have ever seen was squatting on its haunches, blinking at my poor father with its wicked little eyes. I knew at once what had happened. My father's only weakness was a fondness amounting to mania for conjuring tricks of all kinds. The latest mail had brought us some English papers containing descriptions of the Cabinet Trick of the DAVENPORT Brothers, who were at that time (this may help to fix the date, a point on which I have never cared to trouble myself) astounding all London by their dexterity in untying themselves from ropes lashed securely round them. As soon as he had read the accounts my father determined that he would practise the trick, and for a week past he had spent hours in our little room with coils of rope wound round every part of his body in the effort, which had hitherto proved vain, to release himself. Every day the heroic old fellow, still panting from his intolerable exertions, had murmured "I am all but undone," but never—if the expression may be pardoned—had he been so near his utter undoing as he was at this awful moment. Of course I knew what had happened. The dastardly Chamberlain, whose discomfiture I have already narrated, must have got wind of my father's daily practice, and, taking advantage of his state of bondage, must have introduced into our room its present horrible occupants. The room was not a large one, and the stairs leading to it were steep, and I have never yet been able to explain to myself satisfactorily by what masterpiece of diabolical ingenuity the scoundrel was able to carry out his stratagem.

However, this was no moment for discovering explanations. The situation required instant action. Fortunately, my father's eyes were unbanded, and for the space of half-an-hour, as it afterwards turned out, he had been able to control his zoological invaders by the mere magnetism of his unwavering glance. One wink, however, was bound to prove fatal, and I saw from the beads of perspiration standing upon the old man's rugged forehead that he must be very near the limit of his power of keeping both eyes open. If a drop of perspiration should happen to roll into one of his eyes there could be, I knew, but one end to the business.

As good luck would have it, the animals had not noticed my entrance. I immediately decided what to do. Addressing my father silently in the deaf and dumb language, of which I am a master, I adjured him to stand firm for another moment or two. I could see from the expression of trustful thankfulness, which stealing over his face, robbed it of every vestige of anxiety, that he had understood my appeal. Then creeping cautiously to a cupboard, I opened it without the slightest noise and found, as I expected, a small coil of rope and a dish of Sallûns, a very tasty kind of native cake. Taking two of these, I tied one to each end of the rope, and threw it deftly so that one cake dropped under the elephant's trunk, while the other, by a stroke of good fortune, fell right into the wide open jaws of the python. The slack, as I intended, alighted gently in a running noose round the tiger's throat. What I anticipated happened. The snake, without troubling itself to discover whence the gift had come, swallowed the Sallûn with which fate had so unexpectedly provided it. In doing so it pulled the dainty at the other end slightly away from the mammoth, who, seeing it moving from him, lost no time in seizing it with his trunk and placing it, as is the wont of these animals, in his mouth. The rope was immediately pulled taut, and began to choke the tiger. His roars were awful but unavailing. Neither elephant nor python would release his hold, and in just seventy-four seconds—I took the time by my stop-watch—the beautiful striped brute was a corpse. This, however, was not all. So hard did the two living beasts struggle in their fearful tug of war that the tiger's head gradually became detached from his body and rolled away to my im-

moveable father's feet. What would be the result of the contest? The agony of watching was frightful. In my suspense I tried to breathe a prayer, but at the time all I could remember was the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, which I repeated twice over without a single mistake. Meanwhile, the two combatants, as the Sallûns went further and further down their throats and into their stomachs, approached closer and closer to one another. At last only a yard, then a foot, then six inches, then an inch separated them, until at last—Great heaven! my hair, even as I write, stands on end with unutterable horror—I saw the python open its enormous jaws to their fullest extent and swallow, yes, literally swallow the trunk, the tusks, and the vast head of the elephant. Slowly the immense pachyderm disappeared. I heard his great bones crack and shiver as inch after inch of him was remorselessly engulfed until, after three minutes and fourteen seconds, all that visibly remained of him was a little tail, which for a space wagged feebly out of the snake's mouth. Then this, too, was still. Another gulp and it was gone, and all was over.

To dispatch the python in its distended condition was the work of a moment. I at once released the old man who had been the delighted spectator of my successful cunning. His joy, as may be imagined, was great, but his pride in his son was even greater than his joy. I exacted from him a promise (which, I regret to say, he broke only a few days afterwards) never again to practise the Cabinet Trick. Then, having rung the bell and ordered my servant to carry away the remains of the three beasts, I proceeded to make my preparations for starting without delay in quest of the Pink Hippopotamus.

(To be continued.)

A REVISED CODE.

["The Ladies' Football Club have been defeated—we make haste to add by the weather. They are said to have shown of late a disinclination, with which it is easy to sympathise, to practice in the cold, to say nothing of the mud. . . . A wit has suggested that football matches should be settled "by arbitration."—*Daily Graphic*.]

RULES OF THE L. F. C.

1. ONLY the Association game shall be permitted, with the following modifications.
2. Matches shall under no circumstances be played between the months of September and May.
3. The sides shall consist of any number of young ladies (not "new"), good-looking, and well-dressed, to be captained by a good hostess.
4. These are not to run, walk, or scuffle about with, after, or away from, any ball whatever, nor to tumble about under any pretence, nor to perform any evolution which may be calculated to disarrange their toilet.
5. The play shall be conducted by the umpires, who are to be of the male sex.



6. There shall be eleven umpires on each side.
7. In all cases where possible, the match shall be settled without resorting to brute force, or needless waste of time and breath, by appealing immediately before "kick-off" to the arbitration of the referee.
8. The referee shall be the most intelligent and elderly foreign count whose services are obtainable, or, failing that, the least athletic cabinet minister or archbishop in the neighbourhood.
9. The goals shall consist of two large marquees, in which the respective captains, assisted by the other lady-members, shall preside over afternoon tea and ices.
10. In the event of the ball travelling anywhere near the goals, or in any way endangering the tea-things, the referee shall at once stop all further play.
11. It shall be permissible, and, indeed, recommended, that any, or all, the umpires shall leave the football alone at any stage of the game, and attend to the lady-players, and no umpire shall be ruled "off-side" for so doing.
12. No cry of "hands" or other invidious comment shall be raised when any umpire is caught asking any lady-player for her hand, or else what would be the blessed good of the club's existence?
13. As many "corners" as possible shall be allowed. These are to be in shady parts of the field or in the marquees, and are to be used solely for flirtation.
14. A "free kick" shall be given to any umpire who fools about after the ball, when he ought to be in the marquee.
15. If there be insufficient space, the game may be omitted entirely, and tea given in the nearest and best-laid-out private gardens, where there are shrubberies and summer-houses; or the match may be converted, in the event of doubtful weather, into a dance.
16. No match shall be declared "off" after the banns have been read,



THE INTERESTING INVALID.

Dr. Lobster (to Nurse Crab), "CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM! EXPECT HE'S SHAMMING!"

Lady Sainsbury



ONE TOO MANY ALL ROUND.

Sportsman (showing his horses to friend who has ridden over to see him). "NOW THAT'S THE CLEVEREST LITTLE BEGGAR I EVER HAD IN MY LIFE—OBLIGED TO SELL HER THOUGH—GOT TOO MANY." (Insinuatingly.) "BY THE WAY, SHE WOULD CARRY YOU!"
Friend. "BY JOVE! WHY THAT'S THE MARE CRASHER SOLD TO BOLTER—HAD TOO MANY, I REMEMBER—ODD, AIN'T IT? BOLTER MUST HA' HAD TOO MANY AND SOLD HER TO YOU!"

THE INTERESTING INVALID.

An Alice-in-Wonderlandish Sea-Dream.

[“An inquiry into the circumstances under which the cultivation and storage of oysters and other shell-fish around our coast are carried out, which it is stated Mr. BYRON is about to institute, will serve a useful purpose, especially in the case of ‘other shell-fish.’”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

’TWAS the voice of the Lobster, I heard him declare,

“Doctors frighten our Dandies, and that isn’t fair. ‘Inquiry on Shell-fish’? Oh! blow Mr. BYRON! You will soon be all right if you take *my* advice!”

“Well, I hope so, I’m sure,” said the Walrus to the Carpenter.

“Or else what is to become of our pleasant little picnics on the sea-shore?” said the Carpenter to the Walrus.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were hovering round the bed
They wept like anything to see
Each Oyster hang his head

“If they go on like this,” they cried,
“They’ll very soon be dead!”

“Drat ‘em!” grumbled Nurse Crab.
“They’ve been taking a *drain* too much, I feel *sewer*.”

“You’re another, *Mrs. Gamp*,” murmured a Native, lifting his head limply from his brown-sand bolster, and dropping it back again with a disconsolate dab.

“If you make bad puns to ‘em in their present low state I won’t answer for the consequences,” said Dr. Lobster, pulling Nurse Crab’s shelly apron in professional remonstrance.

Nurse Crab squared her claws like Amazonian elbows, and rolled her protuberant eyes scornfully.

“Feel their pulses,” suggested the Carpenter.

“They haven’t got any,” snapped Dr. Lobster. “Besides my claws are not suited for pulse-feeling.”

“Make ‘em put their tongues out,” hinted the Walrus.

“Tongues?” sneered Dr. Lobster, derisively. “Don’t you know that, like CHARLES READE’S nigger, oysters are ‘darned anomalies,’—

‘Because they have beards without any chin,
And get out of bed to be tucked in.’”

“Old riddles are more painful than bad puns,” protested the bed-ridden bivalve.

“Tucked in, indeed. Well, I shall never get out of bed again, that’s one thing,” he continued, with a spitefully triumphant look at the Walrus and the Carpenter.

“Oh, *don’t* say that!” said the Carpenter, tearfully.

The Artful Oyster looked at him,
But no word more he said;
The Artful Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his fevered head;
As who should say “‘Tis not for you,
I’ll leave the oyster-bed.”

“Silence in the sick-room, or I’ll turn you all out of it,” snapped Dr. Lobster, making his claws click like infuriated castanets in the Walrus’s ears.

As a duck in a thunderstorm, quite thunder-struck,
Each sixpenny bivalve looks “down on his luck.”
Fancy six bob a dozen! You *ought* to be nice,
You dear little darlings, *most* dear—at the price

What *have* you been doing to make yourself sick
Like a lot of slum-dwellers? Come, answer me quick!

“Spect they’re shamming,” said Nurse Crab, crabbily.

“I’d like to poison the lot of you!” muttered the irascible invalid.

“Just what you’ve been trying to do, you murderous mossels!” retorted Nurse Crab.

“Mussels? No! Come now! we’re not as bad as *they* are,” protested the better-class bivalve, indignantly. “Mussels, indeed! Mussels are low things, cheap and nasty shams, sold by costers at a penny a plateful, and eaten by the ravenous rabble with black pepper and *their* fingers! Eugh!” The superior mollusk’s soul-shaking, upper-class, high-toned shudder shook it into a sharp attack of syncope, from which it was with difficulty that Dr. Lobster’s ministrations rallied it.

“Call yourself a *nurse*?” said the Doctor to Mrs. Crab. “You ought to be ashamed of yourself. How would *you* like to be compared to a whelk or a wrinkle? You and your mossels! Consider the gentleman’s feelings!”

“I *didn’t* say *mussels*—I said *mossels*,” muttered Nurse Crab, sullenly.

“Well, well,” quoth the Lobster. “You take my advice,
And I fancy we’ll do without HUXLEY or BYRON.

Mere mossels or mackerel, lower-class grub,
That flounder in baskets, or flop in a tub,
At six for a shilling, or tuppence a pound,
May go sick if they like, but we *must* bring you round!”

[And Mr. PUNCH hopes they will.]

LITTLE MOPSEMAN.

(The very newest Dramatic Allegory from Norway.)

PERSONS.

ALFRED FRÜYSECK (*Man of Letters*).Mrs. SPRETA FRÜYSECK (*his wife*).Little MOPSEMAN (*their Püedeldachs, six years and nine months old*).MOPSA BROVIK (*a little less than kin to ALFRED*).

Sanitary Engineer BLOCHDRÄHN.

The VARMIN-T-BLOK.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The word "blök," like the analogous Norwegian "gëyser," implies merely an individual—not necessarily a shady one. Cf. ELEN and CHEVALIER, *passim*.

THE FIRST ACT.

A richly-upholstered garden-room, full of art-pots and other furniture. Mrs. SPRETA FRÜYSECK stands beside the table, unpacking the traditional bag. Shortly after, Miss MOPSA BROVIK enters by the door; she carries a pink parasol and a rather portly portfolio with a patent lock.

Mopsa (*as she enters*). Good morning, my dear SPRETA! (*Sees the bag*). Why, you are unpacking a travelling-bag on the drawing-room table! Then ALFRED has actually come home? [*Takes off her things*.

Spreta (*turns and nods with a teasing smile*). As if you didn't know! When you have never been down in these parts all the time he has been away! (*Unpacking a flannel vest and a respirator*). Yes. He turned up last night, quite unexpectedly.

Mopsa. Then it was that that drew me out here! I felt I must. My poor dear mother, KALA,—she that was a Miss FOSLI, you know,—was like that. She always felt she must. It's heredity. Surely you can understand that?

Spreta (*takes out a bottle of cough mixture, and closes the bag with a snap*). I am not quite a fool, my dear. But really, when you have such a firm admirer in Mr. BLOCHDRÄHN—!

Mopsa. He is such a mere bachelor. I never could feel really attracted to any unmarried man. All that seems to me so utterly unmaidenly. (*Changing the subject*). How is dear ALFRED?

Spreta. Dear ALFRED is tired, but perfectly transfigured by his trip. He has never once been away from me all these years. Only think!

Mopsa. That would account for it certainly. And I really think he deserved some little outing. (*With an outburst of joy*). Why, I shouldn't wonder if he has positively finished his great big book while he has been away!

Spreta (*with a half smile*). Shouldn't you? I should. But he has not mentioned it—perhaps he was too tired. And he has been trying to teach that miserable Little MOPSEMAN tricks ever since he came back. I never did care about dogs myself, and really ALFRED is so perfectly absurd about him. Oh, here he is.

ALFRED FRÜYSECK enters, followed by Little MOPSEMAN on his hind legs. ALFRED is a weedy, thin-haired man of about thirty-five (or thirty-six) with tinted spectacles and limp side-whiskers. MOPSEMAN wears a military tunic and a shako very much over one eye, and is shouldering a small toy musket. He is bandy-legged, with a broad black snout and beautiful intelligent eyes. His tail is drooping and has lost all its hair.

Alfred (*beaming*). Just see what really wonderful progress Little MOPSEMAN has made already with his drill. Why, my dearest MOPSA! (*Goes up and kisses her with marked pleasure*). You have come here the very morning after my return? Fancy that.

Mopsa (*gazes fixedly at him*). I couldn't keep away. You are

looking quite splendid! And how have you got on with your wonderful large book, ALFRED? I felt so sure it would go so easily when once you had got away from dear SPRETA.

Alfred (*shrugging his shoulders*). It did—wonderfully easily. The truth is my thick fat book on *Canine Idiosyncrasy*—h'm—has gone—entirely out of my head. I have been trying thinking for a change. It's easier than writing.

Spreta. Yes, ALFRED, I can understand that. And then, when you had never really got farther than the title—!

Alfred (*smiling at her*). No farther than that. Somehow, none of the FRÜYSECKS ever do. My family is a thing apart. And now I have determined to devote my whole time to Little MOPSEMAN. I am going to foster all the noble germs in him, create a conscious happiness in his mind. (*With enthusiasm*). That is my true vocation.

Spreta. You shouldn't have dressed the poor dog up like that. It does make him look so utterly ridiculous!

Alfred (*speaking lower and seriously*). Only in the eyes of the Philistines who couldn't see any pathos in poor Mrs. SOLNESS and her nine dolls. The truly reverent have no sense whatever of the ridiculous. Still, it would certainly be better in future to keep Little

MOPSEMAN indoors, because if the dogs in the streets saw him in those clothes—(*clenching his hands*)—and after he has had that unfortunate accident to his tail, too!

Spreta. ALFRED, I won't have you bringing up that again! There's someone knocking. Come in.

The Varmint-Blok (*enters softly and noiselessly*). He is a slouching, sinister figure, in a fur cap and a flowered comforter. He has a large green gingham in one hand, and in the other a bag which writhes unpleasantly. Humbly beg pardon, your worships, but you don't happen to feel in the humour to see how this little wounded warrior here (*points to MOPSEMAN*) would polish off the lovely little ratikins, do you?

Alfred (*with suppressed indignation*). We most certainly do not. He is intended for higher things. Get out, you have frightened him under the sofa.

The Varm.-B. He'll come round right enough. . . . There, didn't I tell you! See how he sniffs at my legs. It's wonderful what a fancy dawg do seem to take to me—follow me anywhere, they will. (*With a chuckling laugh*). Seems as if they'd got to.

Spreta. There is certainly no accounting—And what becomes of them when they do?

The Varm.-B. (*with glittering eyes*). Oh, they're safe enough, the sweet little creatures, lady. I'm very kind to 'em. And if I could only induce you to let your lovely poodlekin tackle a dozen rats, which 'ud be a holiday to a game little sportin' dawg like him—Not this mornin'? then here's a loving good-day to you all, and thank ye kindly for nothing.

[He backs out cringingly, as SPRETA retires to the verandah, fanning herself elegantly with her pocket-handkerchief; MOPSEMAN slips out after him, unnoticed by all. ALFRED sees MOPSA's portfolio.

Alfred (*to MOPSA*). And have you positively lugged this thing all the way out here. Wasn't it heavy?

Mopsa (*nods*). It had to be. It contains all the letters written to my poor dear Mother—by Master-builder SOLNESS, you know. My Mother had such a rich, beautiful past. I thought, ALFRED, we might look them through together quietly some evening, when SPRETA is out of the way.

Alfred (*uneasily, to himself*). Oh, my good gracious! (*Aloud*). It would certainly have to be some evening when—But on the whole, perhaps, I—I really almost think we had better—It isn't as if you were really my second cousin!

Spreta (*re-entering from verandah*). Has that horrible person with the rats gone? He has given me almost a kind of turn.



"He backs out cringingly. . . . Mopsman slips out after him."

Alfred. He is a sort of itinerant Trope, I suppose. Talking of turns, did I tell you that I, too, have experienced a kind of inward revolution away up there among the peaks? . . . I have.

Spretta. Oh, heavens! ALFRED, was it the cookery at those high mountain hotels?

Alfred (soothingly, patting her head). Not altogether—be very sure of that. But it is rather a long story. I should recommend you to sit down. (They sit down expectantly.) I will try to tell you. (Gazing straight before him.) When I look back into the vague mists that enshroud my earliest infancy, I seem almost to—

Spretta (slaps him). Oh, for goodness' sake, ALFRED, do skip the introduction!

Alfred (disappointed). It was the most interesting part! But the long and the short of it is that I have resolved to renounce writing my wonderful work on *Canine Idiosyncrasy*! I am going to act it out instead—on Little MOPSÄMAN. (With shining eyes.) I intend to perfect the rich possibilities that lie hidden in that rather unprepossessing poodle. There!

Spretta (holding aloof from him). And is that all?

Alfred. H'm, yes, that's all. But you never did properly appreciate poor Little MOPSÄMAN!

Mopsa (pressing his hand). She never did, ALFRED. But I do. And we will teach him the loveliest new tricks together. (Fixes her eyes on him.) Just you and I.

Spretta. ALFRED, I won't have the dog taught any tomfoolery. You shall not divide yourself up like that. Do you hear?

Sanitary Engineer Blochdrähn (enters by door). Aha, so you've got your husband thoroughly in hand, as usual, eh, Mrs. FRÜYSECK? (To the others.) I bring glorious news. I have just been called in to see to the Schoolhouse drains again! I only laid them last Autumn; but there seems to be a leakage somewhere. Quite a big piece of new work, really!

Mopsa. And you are beaming with joy over that?

San. Eng. Bloch. I am indeed. And afterwards I have several important drains to disconnect at the great new hotel in Christiania, and the most tremendous scientific safeguards to grapple with and overthrow. What a glorious thing it is to be a plumber and make a little extra work for oneself in the world! Miss MOPSÄ, can I persuade you to take a little turn in the garden? Do! [Offers his arm.]

Mopsa (takes it). Oh, I don't mind—provided you don't talk either shop or sentiment.

Spretta (looks after them). What a pity it is that MOPSÄ can't take more to that Mr. BLOCHDRÄHN, isn't it, ALFRED?

Alfred (wriggles). Oh—er—I don't know. For then we should see so much less of her.

Spretta (vehemently). Oh, come! So much the better! (Clutching him round the neck.) I want you all to myself, ALFRED. I

love you so much I could throttle you. I've good mind to, as it is!

Alfred (choking). You are. My loyal, proud, true-hearted SPRETTA, d-don't! [Gently releases himself.]

Spretta. You have ceased to care for me. Don't deny it, ALFRED! [Bursts into convulsive weeping.]

Alfred. I will frankly admit that, like most married Norwegians, I am—h'm—subject to the Law of Change.

Spretta (with increasing excitement). I saw that so plainly last night. I sent out for some champagne, ALFRED, expressly for you. And you didn't drink a drop of it! [Looks bitterly at him.]

Alfred. I knew the brand. (With a gesture of repulsion.) Gooseberry, my dear, gooseberry!

Spretta. You never even kissed me, either. But you can kiss MOPSÄ! ALFRED, if you imagine I am the kind of person to play gooseberry—

Alfred. Need dramatic dialogue descend to these sordid details? Really this is verging on a mere vulgar row! And when you know, too, how I have always regarded MOPSÄ almost as a sort of sister!

Spretta. I know that sort of sister, ALFRED. She comes from Norway! But I am none of your fish-blooded Mrs. SOLNESSES, or half-witted BEATA ROSMERS, and I'm not going to stand it! I decline to share you with anything or anybody—whether it's a thick fat book that never gets even begun, or a designing minx that helps you in your precious "vocation" or a gorging little mongrel, with his evil red and green eyes, that I'm often tempted to wish at the bottom of the fiord! [Confused cries and barks are heard outside.]

Alfred (shocked). SPRETTA! When I am going to bring all his desires into harmony with his digestion! How unkind of you! (Looks out for a moment.) What in the world are all the dogs barking at down there?

San. Eng. Bloch. (re-entering with MOPSÄ, by glass door). Only some organ-grinder's monkey. They have just frightened it into the fiord. Such fun!

Alfred (in an agony of dread). Can it be our Little—? But he is burying bones in the back garden. And he is not a monkey, either. And if he were, monkeys can all swim. . . . What are they saying now? . . . Hush!

San. Eng. Bloch. (leans over verandah railings). They say, "He is still shouldering the little musket!"

Alfred (almost paralysed). The little—it is MOPSÄMAN! I taught him to do it so thoroughly! (With outstretched arms.) He cannot shoulder a musket and swim too! (Glancing darkly at SPRETTA.) Woman, you have your wish! Henceforth my life will be one long rankle of remorse! [Sinks down in the armchair.]

Mopsa (with an affectionate expression in her eyes). Not alone, ALFRED! We will rankle together—just you and I.

Alfred (rises, half distracted). Oh, my gracious goodness! [He rushes down into the garden]

THE BATTLE OF EVESHAM.

WHO WON IT?

DEAR SIR,—The answer to this question is simplicity itself—my League did it. We got the Labourers Allotments and we gained our



quid pro quo (this phrase has kindly been supplied by a distinguished patron of ours) in votes. All efforts to prove that IMPRY's the friend, not LONG, were in vain. But the credit that it was not so is ours.—THE SECRETARY OF THE TRULY RURAL LABOURERS' LEAGUE.

DEAR SIR,—From careful inquiries made in London, I'm convinced that the principles underlying our League resulted in Colonel LONG's return. Englishmen are, after all, sportsmen; and Worcestershire is an integral portion of England. If more proof is wanted, I need only mention that only one day before the polling we received an application from Evesham for the formation of a local branch.

THE SEC. OF THE SPORTIVE LEAGUE.

DEAR SIR,—We did the trick. We had five canvassers per man in the division, and during

the contest we paid 53,219 visits, leaving 2,159,549 leaflets. We've learnt our tactics from organ-grinders who are paid to go into the next street. Rather than keep us with them, the electors promise us their votes. Next please! THE SECRETARY OF THE IRISH ULSTERICAL BRIGADE.

DEAR SIR,—I believe some were foolish enough to imagine that South Worcestershire men were going to abandon their COLLINGS to follow Home Rule. But, as I knew, it could not be, and it was not. The agricultural labourer knows his friend when he sees him; and Colonel LONG is M.P. to-day because of the unceasing efforts of the Labourers' Friend, J-SSE C-LL-NES.

DEAR SIR,—It is very good of you to ask me my opinion. I think that the Evesham contest ended in the way it did because of (a) the Register, (b) the Floods, (c) the Out Voters, and (d) the Independent Labour Party. The connection with the last named may not be obvious. In point of fact, it isn't. But, as a true Liberal, I feel bound to allege it.

THE MAN WHO DID NOT GET IN.

DEAR SIR,—I gladly find time to answer the question,—“How did I win Evesham?” I won it because, whilst my opponent got only 3,585 votes, I polled 4,760. As 3,585 is, even to the naked eye, distinctly less than 4,760, I was declared elected. In my humble judgment—though I freely admit that I am an interested party—the Returning Officer took the only course that was open to him.

THE MAN WHO DID GET IN.

DERBY AND JOAN.

MODERN MIDLAND VERSION.

(As Sung by Sir W-ll-am H-re-urt.)

DERBY, dear, I am old and grey,
Fifteen years since our wedding day!
Shadow and shine for every one,

As the years roll on.

DERBY, dear, 'tis in vain they try
To chill your heart, or to lure your eye.

Ah! dear, we stick, now as then,

The tenderest wife to the best of men.

Always the same, DERBY my own.

Always the same to your old Wife JOAN!

DERBY, dear, but I did feel riled

When the Party on PRIMROSE smiled

Until men whispered, the young Scotch
Has he greatly scored? [Lord,

DERBY, dear, I to Malwood went,

My ain fireside, with a heart content.

Ah! dear! though the Cause look queer,

I feel so much better when you I'm near.

Always the same, DERBY my own,

Always the same to your old Wife, JOAN!

Hand-in-hand we still go to-day,

Hand-in-hand, spite what JOE can say.

There comes a chance for every one,

As the years roll on.

Hand-in-hand, though the *Times* may sneer.
(Once to its columns my pen was dear.)

Ah! dear! I'm sure of you, [blue.

Though Scots go wrong, or the Welsh look

Always the same, DERBY my own,

Always the same to your old Wife, JOAN!

Always the same to devoted JOAN!



A HOME TRUTH.

Host (sotto voce). "IS THIS THE BEST CLARET, MARY?"

Mary (audibly). "IT'S THE BEST YOU'VE GOT, SIR!"

"MEAT! MEAT!"

"We do not profess to assault every fortress and monopoly at the same moment. If we did we should get well thrashed for our pains. We take them one by one. . . . It must be left to those who have the responsibility of determining what is to be done, when it is to be done, and how it is to be done."—*Sir William Harcourt at Derby.*

Much-worried Cat's-meat Merchant loquitur:—

CONFOUND the cats and 'drat the dogs!
Sc-a-a-t, Mungo! Down, *Grimalkin!*
Ye jest can't be all sarved at onst, an' so
'taint no use talkin'.
I've lots o' stuff, ah! quite enough to give
ye all yer dinners,
If ye'll but kindly bide yer time, ye scurry-
funging sinners!
But not a mite! It's bark, yelp, bite; it's
flurry, scurry, worry.
Carn't use my knife upon my life! *Where's*
yer infarnal 'urry?
At the big lump ye'd like to jump, each one
o' ye, full gobble.
If ye don't stop I'll shut up shop, and leave
ye in a 'obble!

No time, I'm sure to slice and skewer. Ye're
greedy, fierce, and narrer.
Each wants fust glut, *and* the best cut.
Who'd keep a cat's-meat barrer?
Bah! cat or dog, they're all agog, a-squabble
and a-quiver
For the best paunch, fust cut of haunch, or
slice of shin or liver.
Ye greedy brutes, beware my boots! Your
yelping and your yow-ing,
You scrub-haired pup, won't hurry me up;
nor yet your shrill mol-rowing,
You wild Welsh cat. What are you at, you
lurcher? Think you Labour
Will benefit when you have bit or worried
every neighbour?

Bless my old bones! your snarling tones, my
angry Irish tarrier,
Between you and the grub you'd grab will
only raise a barrier.
Your quarrelsome temper is your cuss, if you
could only know it.
You snap all round like some mad 'ound.
Bite *your own tail*—ah! *g*, it!
All cut-and-dog arter the prog, all savage,
snappy, yappy,
Upset the lot, and then I 'ope you'll all be
bloomin' 'appy!

Yah! bust the pack o' ye, I says. Your
shindy gives me dizziness.
I'm arf inclined to chuck my "round," or
else retire from bizziness.
It's aggravacious, that it is, arter such long
years sarving ye,
Picking ye out the chicest lumps, the primest
slices carving ye,
To be a-chivvied like this here! Here's lot
o' fust-rate wittles,
And with your chance of a blow-out you're
jest a-playing skittles.
Won't even give me time to carve, much less
a chance to skewer.
More 'aste less speed! You will not find a
maxim wot's much truer,
For dog, or cat. JACK, SANDY, PAT, or TAFFY
—whose first turn it is
To-day by rights—your spitfire fights may
go on for eternities,
And bring no good, nor yet no food. *Wait*,
and ye'll all 'ave suthink,
But if you will *not* take your turns, you'll
none o' you get nothink!

"ABBEX THOUGHT!"—"The Quest of the
Holy Grail." These pictures are being ex-
hibited just at the right time, when the
Arthurian legend is attracting at the Lyceum.
Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEX has been five years at
work upon this most striking series. Their

beauties are many: their faults very few, and
when these are pointed out to the Anglo-
American artist, he gaily replies, "What's
the odds as long as I'm Abbey!" Which is
true; as none but himself can be his parallel.

A WILDE "IDEAL HUSBAND."

MR. OSCAR WILDE's *Ideal Husband*, at the
Haymarket, is an interesting play up to the
end of the Third Act; and if this climax had
been contrived more artistically, and less con-
ventionally, the situation at the fall of the
curtain in this act would have been a very
powerful one. As it is it is frittered away in
conventional dialogue, and the Fourth Act is
decidedly weak. It is throughout excellently
played by Miss JULIA NELSON and Mr. WAT-
TER in the two principal characters. Mr. HAW-
TREY's performance, in spite of his curious
habit of raising his voice to such a pitch as to
suggest his playing to the cab-rank outside,
is admirable. There are here and there sharp
bits of dialogue in it, though scarcely a line
in the lighter vein that rises above farcical
comedy.

Mr. BISHOP's *Earl of Caversham* is a
thoroughly natural piece of acting, and
Mr. BROOKFIELD's *Phipps*, the Butler, a bit
of character so perfectly rendered that, like
Sam Weller's Valentine, it makes you "wish
as there was more in it." Miss FANNY BROUGH,
having plenty to say, but not much worth
listening to, does her best with a poor part.
Miss MAUDE MILLET is nice, and Miss FLO-
RENCE WEST as unsympathetic as her part
was intended to be. That when *Sir Robert*
Chiltern proposed to retire from Parlia-
mentary life no one suggested to him that
he should take "the Chiltern Hundreds" is
evidently an oversight of the author's, which
no doubt he now deeply regrets. The play,
though in sharp dialogue not up to Mr.
WILDE's high spirits-and-water mark, is an
unmistakable success.



“MEAT! MEAT!”

H-B-U-R-T. “NOW LOOK 'ERE—YOU JUST WAIT YOUR TURNS—OR YOU'LL NONE OF YOU GET NOTHINK!”

COY CLIENTS.

In the new Commercial Court. A thin sprinkling of Juniors, one or two Q.C.'s. Ushers, and the usual contingent of people from the street who are glad of shelter and a seat, and who do not even pretend to take any interest in the proceedings.



The Judge. Odd, that the mercantile community does not even now seem attracted to this Court. You are

sure, Mr. REDBAGGE, that the inducements which we offer to litigants are widely known? Mr. Redbagge, Q.C. The officer of the Court tells me, m'lud, that he has sent round circulars to every mercantile establishment in the City.

The Judge. Our scale of commissions is surely generous enough! By the new Rules of Court which I have made, a bonus of £500 is offered to any merchant who swears, on affidavit, that he was about to resort to arbitration but decided to come here instead. Then I think the plan of giving his head clerk one year's rent of his dwelling and a free fortnight at Yarmouth for himself and his family, as a reward for influencing his principal to resort to us, was rather adroit—eh, Mr. REDBAGGE?

Mr. Redbagge, Q.C. Excellent! And the boxes of chocolate to his door-keeper, and free tickets to the music-halls for other subordinate members of his establishment, ought to have brought a plethora of business to this court.

The Judge. Quite so. Not to mention the fact that we pay counsel's and solicitor's fees out of public funds, instead of looking to the litigants themselves to provide them. If that isn't cheap justice, I should be glad to know what is.

Mr. Redbagge (*deferentially*). And the mercantile classes must surely be aware that no Judge on the Bench has a greater knowledge of the law than your ludship.

The Judge (*ignoring the flattery*). Unfortunately the mercantile classes seem also to have a knowledge of the law, and not to like what they know of it. So they resort to the ruinous—I repeat, the thoroughly ruinous—practice of arbitration.

Mr. Redbagge. It is really a serious state of things, m'lud—for us, not for your ludship. "Those who live to plead, must plead to live"—and it's a little difficult to plead when—(*breaking down*)—there are no clients.

The Judge (*soothingly*). We must think of some other plan of attracting them, I suppose. How would it be if, instead of troubling them to come here, the Court offered to go to their offices and sit there? Or perhaps a few baronetries scattered about among them might have the desired effect. Well (*rising*) as there are no cases on our list, and no prospect of any, the Court is forced to adjourn! [*Does so.*]

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

ON THE ICE.

WHEN the sun was shining brightly,
When the world was gleaming whitely,
And Jack Frost held Nature tightly

In a vice,
It was joy supreme, though fleeting,
Fair AMANDA to be greeting,
When the country side was meeting
On the ice!

Happy he whom smile the Fates on,
Whom they shower tête-à-têtes on,
How I used to whip her skates on
In a trice!

And, as off we'd skim cross-handed,
Leaving all my rivals stranded,
I was glad, to be quite candid,
On the ice!

How we gave evasive answers,
When they praised our skill as dancers,
And to skate a set of lancers

Would entice;
How we thought them crude and "crocky"
Loving pairs to try and jockey
Into wild delights of hockey
On the ice!

To the figure-skating shilling
Snug inclosure we were willing
To subscribe—'twas cheap but thrilling

At the price:
Yet the busy scandal-riggers
With sarcastic little sniggers
Talked of people "cutting figures"
On the ice!



All my heart, as I would hold her
Little hands in mine, a-smoulder—
'Twas a fact I nearly told her

Once or twice:
But, each time, what put a stopper
On my declaration proper
Was a sweet and timely cropper
On the ice!

Then the thaw came. Oh, the bother!
Oh, the words we had to smother!
Ne'er again we'll find each other
Half so nice:

Now AMANDA's always seizing
Opportunities of teasing;
Oh, she wasn't half so "freezing"
On the ice!

MRS. R. wants to know where that old quotation comes from, so applicable now—

"And Freedom shrieked when PADREWSKI played!"

Of course Freedom went into the free seats (if any) and shrieked with delight.

ROBERT ON COUNTY COUNSELLERS.

ME and BROWN, and sum two or three of our most intimet friends, has had a most liberal offer made to us, rite in the werry art of Sent Pancras, to go out a canvassing for the County Counsellors when the elections begins shortly.

I need scarcely say as they havent made much effect upon me, as I knows em too well from what I hear about em at our own Gildall and the Manshun House, but the terrens is suttently werry liberal, both in refreshments and in promisses, but they all depends upon their suckcess, and from what I hears that aint likely to be werry great. Of course in the grand old City that wont be nothink, but ewen in Sent Pancras I hears as it wont be anythink werry grate. I've bin up to their own Gildall at Charing Cross again, but they does make sitch dredful long speeches that they quite tires me out, and they are all about such dredful tiresome subjees that I soon gits weary on em.

I was told down at Gildall that one of our most poplar aldermen had quite made up his mind to try and turn out the Prime Minister, Lord ROSEBERRY, I think his name is, from representing a County Council, but there must have been sum mistake sum where, for Prime Ministers aint exactly the sort of gents as is ginerally selected to represent her most gracious Majesty the QUEEN, as I spose as the PRIME MINISTER does, and to be a County Counsellor as well. No, no, them sort of things dont exady go together. Our Gildall peepel dont seem werry much alarmed about the fuss has has been made about their Unyfeocation, as I think they calls it, which is supposed to mean that they are all to be turned out of Gildall, and all London to be created into one great body of Common Counsellmen! And what is to become of all our numerous Aldermen and Deppertys, and settera, not none of us knows a bit! But of course that's all nothink but mere nonsense, that helps to keep our reel gentlemen in good humer. They dont seem in werry bad sperrits, for sum of the most importentest of em all had a grand meeting on Tuesday last, and laid the werry fust stone of a butiful new Manshun, werry close to Gildall, which I am told is to cost about thirty-five thowsand pounds, and will take a hole year to bild, so that didn't look as if they were quite fritened out of their wits; and just to show the principle gents among em as there wasn't not nothink to fear, the nobel Gent as took the chair inwited amost a hundred of em to dine with him in the most scrumpsheous way possible, and drunk their helths all round! There was only just about harf a dozen of County Counsellors present, and they was just about as quiet as they ginerally is when reel gents is with em.

BROWN tells me as how as he hears that the Prince of WALES is most strongly oposed to the Old City being interfered with, and that amost all the great House of Lords agrees with him, so there aint much fear of much being done, after all.

ROBERT.

AN APPROPRIATE QUOTATION TO BE PLACED ON THE URN OF THE ASHES OF ONE CREMATED.—"Well done!"

FROM THE QUEER AND YELLOW BOOK.

I.—1894.

(By Maz Mereboom.)

"Linger longer, Lucy,
Linger longer, Loo.
How I'd like to linger longer,
Linger longer, Loo!"—*Old Ballad.*

I SUPPOSE there is no one that has not wished, from Time to Time, that someone else had lived in another Age than his own. I myself have often felt that it would have been nice to live in 1894; to have seen the "*Living Pictures*" at the old *Empire*, to have strained my Eyes for a glimpse of *Mrs. Patrick Campbell*, broken my Cane applauding *May Yohé*, and listened to the *Blue Hungarians* while dining, on a Sunday, at that quaint old Tavern the *Savoy*. At that time the Beauties from New York had not quite lost their Vogue. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, who discovered the United States, left it to the Prince of WALES to invent their inhabitants: personally, I am

Perhaps in my Study I have fallen so deeply beneath the Spell of the Age, that I have tended to underrate its unimportance. I fancy it was a Sketch of a Lady with a Mask on, playing the piano in a Cornfield, in a low dress, with two lighted Candles, and signed "*Aubrey Weirdsley*," that first impelled me to research. But to give an accurate account of the Period would need a far less brilliant Pen than mine; and I look to JEROME K. JEROME and to Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT.

II.—TOORALOORA. A FRAGMENT.

(By Charing Cross.)

"My hair?" she said. "It touches the ground."
As she spoke, she seized her fringe by the roots and flung it on the floor.
"A marvellous feat for a European," I murmured with some difficulty. "Will you have another drink?"
"Yes," said *Tooraloora*; "I make it a rule always to get intoxicated in a public-house."



Picture by Our Own Yellow-Booky Danbaway Weirdsley, intended as a Puzzle Picture to preface of Juvenile Poems, or as nothing in particular.

more implected with their Botany; and am, indeed, at this moment, engaged in a study of the Trees in America. Much of this remote Period must remain mobled in the Mists of Antiquity, but we know that about then flourished the Scot that was to win for itself the Title of the "*Decadents*." What exactly this Title signified I suppose no two entomologists will agree. But we may learn from the Caricatures of the day what the *Decadents* were in outward semblance; from the Lampoons what was their mode of life. Nightly they gathered at any of the Theatres where the plays of Mr. WILDE were being given. Nightly, the stalls were fulfilled by Row upon Row of neatly-curled Fringes surmounting Button-holes of monstrous size. The contrasts in the social Condition of the time fascinate me. I used to know a boy whose mother was actually present at the "first night" of *Charley's Aunt*, and became enamoured of Mr. Penley. By such links is one Age joined to another!

I should like to have been at a Private View of the "*New English Art Club*." There was *Crotchet*, the young Author of the *Mauve Camellia*; there were *Walter Sickert*, the veteran R.A.; *George Moore*, the romanticist; *Charles Hawthrey*, the tragedian, and many another good fellow. The period of 1894 must have been delicious.

I did not offer her a chair, I flung one at her head. That impulse towards some physical demonstration, that craving for physical contact which attacks us so suddenly with its terrific impulse, and chokes and stifles us, ourselves, beneath it, blinding us to all except itself, rushed upon *Tooraloora* then: and she landed me one in the eye. Now, this was the moment I had been expecting and dreading, practically, ever since her hand had left my ear the night before—this moment when it should strike me again. I do not mean consciously, but there are a million slight, vague, physical experiences and sensations within us of which the mind remains almost unconscious; and I have no pretensions to physical courage. For a second I felt the colour rise to my face. Every expletive that should have been forgotten, I remembered. My pulses seemed beating as they do in fever, my ears seemed full of sounds, and I felt the cold touch of the policeman's grasp like ice upon my shoulder as a voice murmured, "This means forty shillings or a month."... When we reached the station I flung myself upon the floor, leaning my head upon my hand, the white powder upon my coat still lingered. I seemed to hear *Tooraloora* murmur, "'E don't know where 'E are"

AT THE OLD MASTERS.

THE following selections may assist the Art-student visiting Burlington House:—

No. 3. By GEORGE ROMNEY. Not so much a "Rum Knee" as a queer left arm. Gout apparently, skilfully depicted.

No. 5. By Sir HENRY RAEBURN, R.A. *Lorenzo and Jessica*, at 50 and 40 respectively.

No. 9. By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. Selected from *Reynolds' Miscellany*. Portrait of a gentleman in full uniform, out for a walk, on a stormy day, on the sea-shore. He is evidently saying, "Here's a nice predicament! I've powder on my hair, no hat, and it's coming on to pour cats and dogs."

No. 13. By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. A Portrait of *The Marquis of Granby*. Presented, of course, by Mr. WELLER, Senior. Probably the original sign of the inn of which Mr. W. was proprietor.

No. 16. By GEORGE ROMNEY. *Portrait of Mrs. Farrer*. Charming. Might go Farrer and fare worse.

No. 24. By GEORGE! . . . ROMNEY. *Portrait of Lady Hamilton*. "Unfinished"—but perfect.

No. 38. "A Constable"—who arrests our attention. This, you may depend upon it, is a Constable with a warrant.

No. 50. By REMBRANDT. Man



DE GUSTIBUS.

Little Binks. "I ONLY CARE TO TALK TO WOMEN WHO LET ME MAKE LOVE TO THEM."

Big Bowderson. "I ONLY CARE TO TALK TO WOMEN WHO MAKE LOVE TO ME!"

guarding a hawk. Very graceful, but a Hawk-ward sort of person.

No. 51. By GERARD TERBURG. A lady, after taking something which has disagreed with her. "Prithee, why so pale?"

No. 68. By VAN DER HELST. It is called a "*Family Group*,"—probably in consequence of the wife being shown as presenting her husband with a hare.

No. 73. By DICK HALLS. Regarding the wondrous collars. It is "Collar Day." Must have been the work of two artists, as this could have been painted by no one HALLS!!!

No. 94. By Sir THOMAS LAURENCE, P.R.A. "*The bells are a ringing for Sarah*." Curtain rises and SARAH steps forward to sing.

No. 122. By JACOB JORDAENS. Splendid. "Try our stout, JANE!"

No. 126. By J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. "*Snowstorm*." Wonderful!! But where was the artist when he took it?

Do not leave without closely examining No. 181, by FRANÇOIS CLOUET, "*Portrait of a Princess*." And do not neglect the "gems of the collection" in the Water-colour Room. This is full of "interesting and remarkable cases" which have been fully reported in all the papers. The exhibition is open till March 16. Don't miss it.

Lord Randolph Churchill.

BORN, FEBRUARY 13, 1849.
DIED, JANUARY 24, 1895.

GONE!—like a meteor whelmed in night,
Who should have shone as fame's fixed star!
Unwelcome loss, when sons of light
So few and so infrequent are.
To flare athwart the startled sky,
A prodigy portentous, fills
The vision of the vulgar eye,
The common soul with wonder thrills.
And much of meteoric glare
Seemed herald of that steadier course,
Which, drawing less the general stare,
Spoke to the wise of light and force.
Now all's extinct in early gloom,
Eclipsed in shadow premature.
A brilliant soul, a bitter doom!
And who shall read with judgment sure
The secret of the light that failed,
The mystery of the fallen star?
Though whilom worshippers have railed,
Though clingers to the conqueror's car
Reviled a vanquished victor's name,
The brightness of that brief career
Defies the dullards who defame,
Confounds the incompetents who sneer.
But yesterday, in sooth it seems,
The promise of the platform's pride
Inspired a Party's youthful dreams,
And filled to flood their hope's high tide.
Now all is hushed,—save the sad voice
Of admiration and regret,
Which, spite of faction's spleenful noise,
Ne'er failed stout son of England yet!

He took a house in Hampshire. Why? Because he said he liked to visit his old Hants.

A FEELING PROTEST.

SIR,—I have recently seen letters and paragraphs in various newspapers instigating travellers going abroad to choose the Folkestone and Boulogne route instead of going *viâ* Dover and Calais. I forget what particular reasons are given for advocating this substitution, nor do I care what they are or what they may be. Why? Because, first, undeniably *viâ* Dover to Calais is the shortest route, and to those of BRITANNIA's sons and daughters—gallant islanders all—who detest the sea as much as does the humble individual who now addresses you, the saving of twenty minutes or half an hour, or in some instances it may be even more, of the sea-passage would be well worth any extra expense (if extra expense there be, which, an' I remember rightly, is not the case), especially when aboard such steam-vessels as are now provided; though, be the steam-vessels what they may, there is still in one and all of them that peculiar flavour and motion about which I would rather not speak, or even think, lest I should be unable to finish this important letter.

But there is yet another reason why the Dover and Calais route is the best of all ways to the Continent, and that is on account of the excellent *déjeuner*—still, as I believe, unequalled at any port or at any station in Europe—served to the many poor hungry and thirsty travellers quickly, hotly, and as comfortably as the confounded bustling circumstances of travel will permit. Why the railway company which takes us to Paris cannot give us three quarters of an hour for our very necessary toilette (after the sea passage) and our food, and then do the journey in double quick time, or in the same time as now for the matter of that (for what does it matter to the accomplished traveller

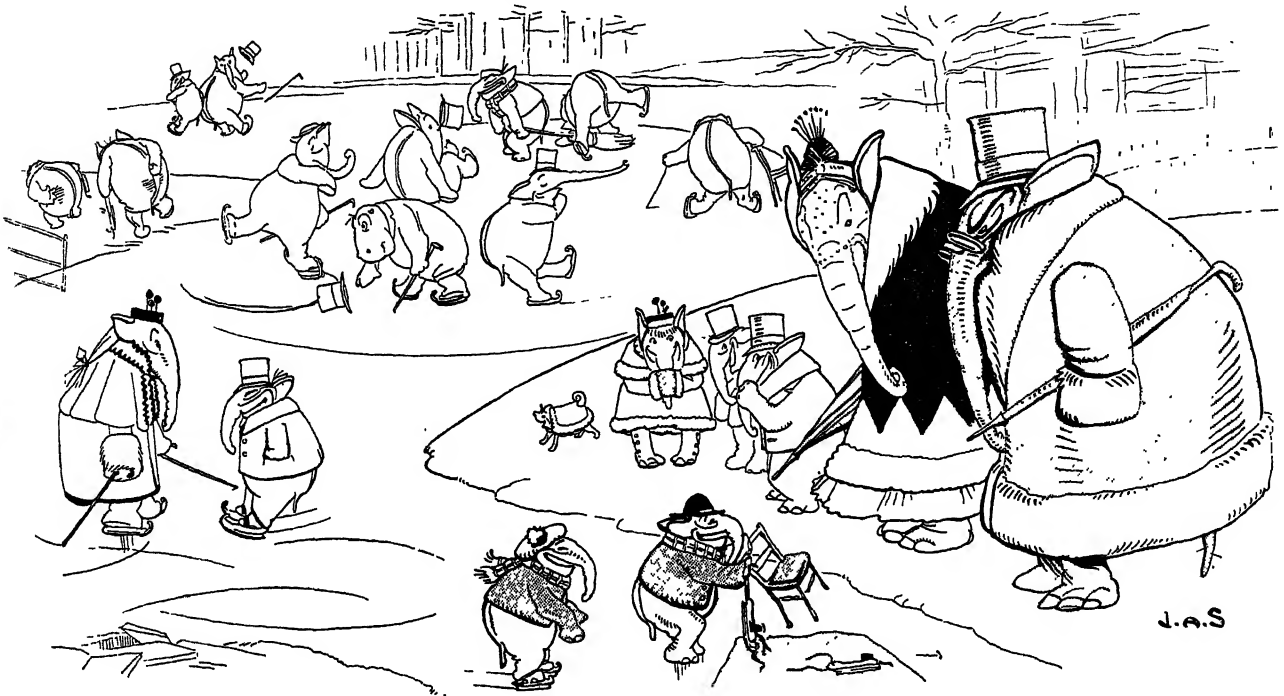
who "does know where he are" and where he *will* be, and has pre-ordered everything wisely and well?), and so get up to Paris in time for a little late supper and an early bed?

For those who value their digestions, and who love good food and drink, even when they have but a short time for refreshment, there is but one route to Paris from London, and that is *viâ* Calais, *i.e.* *viâ* the buffet. Only, *cher messieurs les directeurs de la ligne du Nord*, cannot you possibly manage to extend our luncheon-time at Calais to just three quarters of an hour, instead of giving us only a beggarly twenty-five minutes at best, and do the thing well while you are about it? As to the Boulogne route, well, one goes to Boulogne to stay, and so the buffet, *en passant*, is of small importance.

May this reach the eyes and touch the hearts of all in authority, for it is a *cri du cœur* from AN INCONSTANT TRAVELLER.

TO ATALANTA.

AH, ATALANTA! timely wise,
When the disdain within your eyes
That wondrous vision daunted,
The golden apples, they whose spell
Both gods and mortals knew right well,
Eternally enchanted,
You instantly the race forbore,
You made your choice for evermore
And gathered up the burden!
The ancient spell had conquered you,
The distant goal you did not rue,
You won a dearer guerdon!
Oh, modern ATALANTA, stay,
When with HIPPOMENES to-day
You arduously grapple!
An instant ponder on your case
If you should ever lose the race,
And likewise lose the apple!



ANIMAL SPIRITS.

No. II.—SKATING.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DELIGHTFUL reminiscences are these of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA's, told in his own peculiar rattling-off, running-on, one-anecdote-down-t'other-come-on style. Of all "people he has met" he has plenty to say, but *nil nisi bonum*; all writ with a magnum-b num pen.

Once he was a "Gipsy King, ha! ha!" but, long ago, as he tells us, he renounced all claims to the throne of Bohemia, abdicated, retired, and, no more a Rad, has led a Reformed Club life. Who wrote the burlesque Eugene Aram verses, ending with,—

'And GEORGE AUGUSTUS walked before,
With gyves upon his wrist'?"

All the notabilities of his earlier days were mentioned in that poem, at least so I believe, for does it not belong to a date when the Baron had not come within measurable distance of his title when he watched the great



In the Baron's Good Books.

guns from afar with awe; when he saw them in the Cyder Cellars and at Evans's, both of which night resorts he, having been first taken there by a kindly but injudicious man-about-town, subsequently patronised on such holidays as were offered to him by the jovial nights after the Eton and Harrow matches at Lord's, and on the eve of such a festival as the University Boat Race. The Baron in those happy days and nights was attired in the costume in which RICHARD DOYLE has dressed young *Clive Newcome* when he accompanied his father, the Colonel, on that ever memorable evening to The Cave of Harmony, and heard the song that made him so wrathful. There are no Cyder Cellars, Coal Holes, and Evans's nowadays, which owlsh resorts were strictly restricted to the use of the male sex, young and old. But even if a kind, considerate legislature does insist on extinguishing the lights, and turning us out in the streets at 12.30 precisely, are morality and health so very much benefited by the process? Isn't it cheerful to read of the pleasantly convivial late hours in the Georgian Augustan Era? The celebrities at home and abroad that he knew were legion, and I'll be bound (as the Book said) that he hasn't emptied his memory stores by many a cupboard full. There is one sentiment which appeals to the Baron's head, heart, and pocket, and delighteth him

hugely—it is GEORGE AUGUSTUS's righteous denunciation of "the unjust and iniquitous income-tax." The Baron says ditto to Mr G. A. S. at p. 310. vol. ii. *Inter alia*, the autobiographist is correct in saying that MADISON MORTON's *Box and Cox* was concocted from *Une Chambre à Deux Lits* "and another French farce," of which, as he doesn't give the name, the Baron will here take the liberty of mentioning it. It was a farce with music, that is to say a *comédie-vaudeville en un acte*, written by Messrs. LARICHE and LEFRANC, and produced at the Palais-Royal in 1846. Its name was *Frisette*. *Box and Cox* was produced in 1847 at the Lyceum. Very little furniture for the English farce was taken from *Une Chambre à Deux Lits*, but packages of dialogue were banded in to *Box and Cox* from *Frisette*. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A GOD IN THE OS-CAR.

["Amongst the candidates for the Regius Professorship of History at Cambridge is Mr. OSCAR BROWNING."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE History Professorship—	But should Lord R. o'erlook his
Who'll from the PREMIER get	claim,
the post?	Oh! will O. B. be wildly riled.
Here's Mr. OSCAR BROWNING, one	In fact, will OSCAR BROWNING
Whose name is chosen from the	then
host.	Develop into OSCAR WILDE?

QUEER QUERIES.—COSTLY COLOURS.—Could some reader inform me whether it would be of any use to request the Works Committee of the London County Council to paint my back door for me? It has become a little discoloured through age, and a local carpenter has offered to put on "two coats of good sage-green enamel paint" for five-and-sixpence. But as I see that the Works Committee only spent £2,186 over the painting of Hammersmith Bridge, I fancy that it would be cheaper to employ them, if I could. It is pleasant to think what exceptionally fair wages they must have paid over this job (using the word in its natural meaning), and how much time the poor men engaged in it must have been able to give to their family circles. This is as it should be.—TRUE PROGRESSIVE.

NIAGARA HALL.—They say the sham ice here is almost perfect, very nearly as good as the real ice, in fact so little is the difference between the real and sham that a skater, unless he had tried it, would hardly real-ice it! The band plays, "Hwfa (Williams) of thee I'm fondly dreaming!" as the *patineurs* and *patineuses* who have paid their three or five shillings glide about at the rate of either eightpence or two-and-sixpence a foot.

TO LUCENDA.

(Who had made "Copy" of Me.)

THE bright September when we met

My prospects were *not* over healthy,
Though you were, I do *not* forget,
Extremely wealthy.I know not why it chanced to be,
But this I recollect most clearly—It never once occurred to me
To love you dearly.'Twas *not* your fault, so do not vexYourself, for I admired your beauty,
Since admiration of your sex

Is Man's Whole Duty.

And thus it came to be our lot

To part without a signor token;
I went upon my way, but not
The least heart-broken.My "fatal pride" does not object
At your fair hands to be made
verse on;But p'raps next time you will select—
Some other person!

UNANSWERABLE.—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, speaking at Folkestone last week, said that "The Disestablishment Bill does not need any answering: it answers itself." An' it please your Grace, if it does "answer," and answers its purpose, what more can be required of this Bill or any other?

THE NEW WEATHER PROVERB.
—It never rains—but it snows!



BRAVE GIRL

Millicent (from the country). "NOW, MABEL! LET'S MAKE A DASH!!"

QUEER QUERIES.

FREEZING THE VERTEBRÆ.—I am in the last stage of bronchitis, complicated with pneumonia, influenza, and asthma, and a friend has advised me to try the new French cure of applying ice to the spine. Will some obliging physician tell me whether he considers such a course safe? None but a recognised specialist need trouble to reply; and if he does so, I shall have the satisfaction of feeling that I have saved his fee, as well as my own life. My boy advises me to go skating, and "I shall be sure then to have my back applied to the ice," which he says is the same thing as applying ice to my back. But is it? A nephew who is staying in the house also kindly offers to "shy hard snow-balls at my spine," if that would help me in any way. It is a pity that the newspaper (from which I derived this medical hint) was not clear as to details; for instance, when I have applied the ice, what is to prevent its melting and trickling all over me?—NON-PAYING PATIENT.

Meteorological Moralising.

'Tis an ill-wind which blows nobody good,
And one man's meat another's poison is. [mood,
What is disaster to one man or
Is to another mood or man
"good biz."
What to your dramatist means
love's labour's lost,
You would-be skater craves—
"a perfect frost!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

By the publication of *The Play Actress* (S. R. CROCKETT) Mr. FISHER UNWIN fully maintains the success attained by his Autonym Library. My Baronite is least attracted by the scenes which possibly pleased the author most—those in which he describes life in the purlieus of London theatres. Mr. CROCKETT is much more at home in Galloway, and with the people who sparsely populate it. The opening chapter, describing Sabbath day in the Kirk of the Hill is in his best style, as are others describing the Great Preacher's tender caring for his little grand-daughter. *The Play Actress* is just the sort of thing to buy at a bookstall on starting for a journey. It will be felt to be a matter of regret if the journey isn't quite long enough to finish it at a sitting.

In *The Worst Woman in London* ("and other stories," a subtitle craftily suppressed on the outside of the book by F. C. PHILIPS) the author gives us a number of capital detached stories of a most irritating abruptness. Almost every one of these stories is a novel thrown away; that is, every story is in itself the germ of what might have been a good novel. They are little more than "jottings for plottings." Yet, to be read with a pipe or small cigar, they just suffice to wile away time and obviate conversation. They are dedicated to Mr. WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK, who has on more than one occasion shown himself an adept at real good short stories—not merely as plots, but genuinely

complete in themselves and full of humour—and from whom the Baron expects something more in the same line, or, rather, on the same lines. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A MODERN ECLOGUE.

SCENE—A Crowded Thoroughfare. Enter STREPHON and PHYLLIS on bicycles, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

Strephon.

WE care not, PHYLLIS, my own, to-day,
For walking in Kensington Park,
To flirt in the old conventional way,
And saunter home in the dark.
Nay, pleasanter far it is to "soorch"—
To hear your silvery bell,
While the answering squeak of my horn
may speak

For the fact that I love you well!

Both.

Oh, isn't it sweet to clear the street,
While elderly persons frown!
"Now, stoopid, look out!" we pleasantly
shout,
And bang goes a gentleman down

Phyllis.

STREPHON, I love you, I confess,
For who could fail to admire
The humorous way you spoil a dress
And ruin a girl's attire?
To see you silently creep along,
And then with a burst of speed

Spread liberal dirt on the feminine skirt
Is a sight for the gods, indeed!

Both.

Oh, isn't it glee to do it, and see
The lady-pedestrian flinch,
With jubilant rush to scatter the slush
And miss her foot by an inch!

Strephon.

I frightened those horses, I'm much afraid,—
The excellent coachman's riled!

Phyllis.

And I've demolished a nursery-maid,
And certainly hurt a child!

Strephon.

I made that stately dowager jump,
She leapt to one side, and puffed!

Phyllis.

That leisurely cur, I'm inclined to infer,
To-morrow will go to be stuffed!

Both.

So side by side we merrily ride,
And scatter the murmuring throng,
Who think the police should compel us to
cease,
And mournfully ask, "How long?"

JUST A LITTLE TOO MUCH.—When a parliamentary candidate or popular Member is received with a torchlight procession, it is almost unnecessary for his constituents to present him, on a dark night, with "an illuminated address."



Linley Sambourne. Del.

"VOICI LE SABRE DE MON PÈRE!"

"I intend to protect the principle of autocracy as firmly and unswervingly as did my late and never-to-be-forgotten father."—*Czar's Speech, Jan. 29.*

THE FRENCH AMNESTY.

Bruxelles, le 31. Janvier.

MONSIEUR,—I write to you, *M. Punch*, these some words, which I essay to write in english. I come of to receive—how say you *la nouvelle*?—the new of the amnesty in France. The government which banished the descendant of the great NAPOLEON has recalled some exileds. But he has not recalled me, *ce gouvernement infâme*! He has left to languish the heir of the crown imperial in this droll of little town. *Nom d'une pipe, quelle ville! Rien qu'un Palais de Justice et quelques rues désertes!* But I go to write in english. I rest here, at five hours of Paris, all-days ready, all-days vigilant. *Mais que c'est triste!* *Tiens*, it is not perhaps so sad as that—how write you the name?—that Stove, in your *département* of the Bukkinhamshir. At least one speak french in this country. It is not the french of Paris, or the french of Touraine, but all of same it values better than english—a language so difficult. Thus I rest here. I walk myself to horse in their Wood of Cambre, I visit of time in time the Palace of Justice and Ste. Gudule, *et voilà c'est fini!* Then I recommence and I see, *encore une fois*, the Bois, the Palais, and the Cathédrale. I go not to Waterloo, for people say my Great Ancestor there was conquered by your Duc of WELINGTON. One has wrong, the historians have wrong, *mais enfin, que faire?* I may not to write the history of new. *A l'avenir nous verrons.* *En attendant j'attends.* And I stand, like my Great Ancestor, the arms folded, and frown towards the frontier



SUCCESSFUL SANITATION.

Anxious Tourist. "SINCE YOUR TOWN HAS BEEN NEWLY DRAINED, I SUPPOSE THERE IS LESS FEVER HERE?"
Hotel-Keeper (reassuringly). "ACH, YES, SIR! ZE TEEFOOSE (TY-PHUS) IS NOW QUITE ZE EXCEPTION!"

off the France, *la patrie ingrate*. It is a fine attitude, and I study it all the days.

Agrééz, &c. N.

Stowe, the 31. January.

SIR,—I tell you my thoughts as calmly as possibly, but my heart burns! Heaven, what injustice! To France—ah, I say not her name without emotion!—to France I offered my sword, my service, my life! She refused them! Ingrateful country! Me who—but I go to be calm! When CASIMIR-PÉRIER resigns I voyage without to lose an instant to Dover, I wait, I receive each instant some despatch, I regard the coast of France and weep, I am photographed! Me, the descendant of St. Louis, I am photographed! But in vain! I desire even to die for France, but I may not! By blue, what ingratitude! And now she proclaims the amnesty and I am forgotten! Me, the descendant of St. Louis! Me who desire the struggle, the efforts of a life of soldier, of a life of king, me I rest here in simple renter of province! Me who wish to die for France, I am obliged to live in England! To live, just heaven! And in England, which I despise, though she shelters me! Perhaps she is not worse than Belgium, Buckingham or Bruxelles! It is equal to me! Nor the one nor the other is France! Again I weep! Ah, if I could shed tears of blood! I can not! Heaven, that I should not have even that consolation there! And ROCHEFORT returns! He may die for his country, for France! Once more I weep bitterly! But me I may not! I conclude, and my last word shall be a word of order! It shall be, though she spurns me, though she mock herself of me, "Live France!" Again I weep! Receive, &c. P.

"VOICI LE SABRE DE MON PÈRE!"

"Let all know that, in devoting all my strength to the welfare of the people, I intend to protect the principle of autocracy as firmly and unwaveringly as did my late and never-to-be-forgotten father."

The Czar to the assembled Deputies and Delegates in the Winter Palace.]

"It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine!"—One seems to hear those simple words 'midst all the show and shine Of the great, gay, white-pillared hall. The gold and silver chains Of deputies and delegates from distant steppes and plains Glean in the winter daylight. The tall white-tunic'd Guards Stand with drawn swords, Autocracy's serene and stalwart wards. All in the Winter Palace; from regions vast and far They come of many a race and creed to welcome their young Czar. The nobles and the Zemstvos, too, are represented here. With tribes of the wild Caucasus, the hosts who love—and fear—The monarch of one hundred and twenty million souls. And through thine Hall, St. Nicholas, in full firm accents rolls The Voice of armed Autocracy, unbending and unchanged. Unflinching the youthful eye that boldly roved and ranged Over that motley muster. He lifts his sire's great sword. This youthful heir to power supreme, by freemen much abhorred, But dear to bowing myriads of Slavdom's loyal hosts; And with that calm cold dignity which despotism boasts Establishes the Ego of Autocracy once more.

Voici le sabre de mon sire! What ALEXANDER bore Shall NICHOLAS not wear and wield? The appanage of our line! "It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine!" Old rustic song, your refrain long shall echo round our world, Until all burdens from the back of toiling men are hurled. Far, far off day! Now proud and gay Autocracy's strong thralls Muster to-day in fine array in those white-pillared halls. To be—not snubbed, say reassured, that Autocrats, still strong, Still give small heed to serfs who plead, to freedom's siren song,

Or to "absurd illusions," which, slipped from mouth to mouth, Must still be silenced in the North, if heeded in the South. Those Zemstvos voices must be hushed. Autocracy's sole hand Must wield the sabre of his sire, and sway a silent land; The Bear from the new Bearward gentler treatment well may hope, But hardly loosening of the chain or slackening of the rope. The patient Northern Bruin stands and rubs a dubious ear. Amnesty means not Liberty. Autocracy is clear In "firmly and unwaveringly," with strength that doth not tire, Holding the mastery of its race, the Sabre of its Sire!

"MR. PEPPY'S PARISH CHURCH."—The Rev. ALFRED POVAH's interesting work gives us the origin of the "Navy pew" in St. Olave's. In such a church how appropriate was the old "three-decker," as this structure, which contained clerk below, parson in the middle, and preacher in the topmost compartment, used to be termed.

A JUST CORRECTION.—In *Macmillan's* for this month there is an interesting article entitled "*In the Wake of Captain Cook*." An Irish member of the club threw the number down, exclaiming, "The man who wrote that can't write English! 'Tis not 'in the wake' at all. Sure it ought to be 'at the wake.'"

LEGAL CLOCKWORK.—Towards the end of last week, the key of the difficulty having been found, the Justice-VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS'-winding-up business was wound up, and J. V. W., being wound up, was set going again. There is, however, still some difficulty, and a little oil on the troubled works will be necessary. *Mem. to the Lord Chancellor.*—"Please not to touch the figures."

Q. WHAT is the best sort of cigar to smoke in a Hansom?
A. A Cab-ana.

LITTLE MOPSĒMAN.

THE SECOND ACT.

A little narrow glen, with a slope in the background, belonging to ALFRED. Under the dripping trees a table and chairs, all made of thin birchstaves. Everything is sodden with wet, and mist-wreaths are driving about. ALFRED FRÜTSECK, dressed in a black mackintosh, sits dejectedly on a chair. Presently MOPSA BROVİK comes down the slope cautiously behind, and touches his shoulder; ALFRED jumps.

Mopsa. You shouldn't really sit about on damp seats in such miserable weather, ALFRED. I have been hunting for you everywhere. *[Closing her umbrella with quiet significance.]*

Alfred (to himself). Run to earth! Oh, Lor'! *(Aloud.)* If you would only be kind enough to search for MOPSĒMAN instead! I cannot unravel the mystery of his disappearance. There he was, just entering upon conscious intelligence—full of the infinite possibilities of performing poodlehood. I had charged myself with his education. After having been an usher at so many boarding-schools, I felt peculiarly fitted for such a task. And then a shady scoundrel has only to come his way with rats in a bag—!

Mopsa. But we don't in the least know how it really all came about.

Alfred. That infernal VAR-MINT-BLÖK is at the bottom of it, you may depend upon that! Though what motive in the world— *(Quivering.)* It's not as if MOPSĒMAN would ever have faced a rat. He used to bolt at the mere sight of a blackbeetle even. The whole thing is so utterly meaningless, MOPSA. And yet, I suppose the order of the universe requires it.

Mopsa. Have you indulged in these abstruse philosophical speculations with SPRETA?

Alfred (shakes his head hopelessly). She is so utterly incapable of— *(Mopsa nods.)* I prefer discussing them with you. There is something unnatural in imparting confidences to a mere wife. What on earth have you got there?

Mopsa (takes a little housewife out of her pocket). SPRETA said you had lost the button off the back of your collar. I thought I would sew it on for you. May I? *(With quiet warmth.)* I'll try not to run the needle into you.

Alfred (absently). Do; it may distract my thoughts a little. Where is SPRETA, by the way?

Mopsa. Only taking a little walk with BLOCHDRÄHN. *(Sewing.)* Perhaps it is hardly the weather for a stroll; but then he was always so perfectly devoted to—h'm—to Little MOPSĒMAN, you know.

Alfred (surprised). But SPRETA wasn't. She never liked him—not even as a puppy. And now tell me—don't you think you could take a fancy to BLOCHDRÄHN—h'm?

Mopsa. Oh, no! Please! *(Covers her face with her hands.)* You mustn't really ask me why. *(Looks at him through her fingers.)* Because I know I should tell you; you have such an irresistible influence over me. Oh dear! oh dear! what will you think of me? *(Moves close up to him.)* There's a button off your shirt-front now!

Alfred (plaintively). Am I to have that one sewn on too?

Mopsa. Yes, it's the right thing to do. Though how SPRETA can let you go about like this, I can't think!

Alfred (with a half smile). When I have you to look after me. This is quite like the dear old days!

Mopsa. Yes. *(Sewing.)* I remember I mended all your things, like a sister. Even then you never had quite all your buttons, had you, dear?

Alfred (patting her hand). Not even then. And do you remember

how you used to follow me about, just like a little dog? And I used to call you "Little MOPSĒMAN," because your name was MOPSA; and if I had had a dog, I should have called him Little MOPSĒMAN. And then how you used to sit up and hold a biscuit on your nose, my dear faithful MOPSA!

Mopsa. I wonder how you can be so childish! *(Smiling involuntarily.)* It was a rich beautiful time; but it was all over when you married. I hope you have never mentioned all that nonsense to SPRETA?

Alfred. I may have. One does tell one's wife some things—unintentionally. *(Clutching his forehead.)* But oh, how can I sit here and forget Little MOPSĒMAN so completely? Have I no heart?

Mopsa. If you have lost it, I think I know where it is. And you must surely give your grief a rest occasionally, too.

Alfred. I mustn't. I won't. I will think of him. . . . By the way, are we to have dried fish for dinner again? . . . Oh, there I go

once more—in the very middle of my agony—just when I want to be torturing myself unspakably with this gnawing crushing regret! What a wonderfully realistic touch it is, though, eh? So dramatic! But after all, I have you, MOPSA. I'm so glad of that!

Mopsa (looking earnestly at him). Surely you mean dear SPRETA—not me, ALFRED?

Alfred. What relation is a wife to her husband? None whatever. Now you, MOPSA, you are very nearly a second cousin once removed, not quite—because our family is a thing so entirely apart. We have always had vowels (the very best vowels) for our initials, and the same coloured spectacles, and poor relations we invariably out, and great thick works we never get really on with. You take after your mother, KATA.

Mopsa. And my Aunt—she that was a Miss REBECCA WEST. I feel so irresistibly drawn to disturb other people's domestic harmony. But you must really forget me, and try to care for poor SPRETA a little.

Alfred (vehemently). It's no use. I can't. You've entranced me so thoroughly. *(Helplessly.)* I knew you would! Do let me remain here with you!

[Seizes her hand.]

Mopsa (looks warmly at him). Of course, if you really mean that, I cannot pretend that such comradeship is— Hush! let go my hand—there's somebody coming!

[SPRETA and BLOCHDRÄHN enter in waterproofs, sharing the same umbrella.]

Alfred (annoyed). Why do you come bothering here? Surely you must see that such an interruption is most ill-timed.

SPRETA (with a cutting laugh). We did gather that, ALFRED. I came to see what you were about.

Alfred. MOPSA was simply sympathising with me over Little MOPSĒMAN's disappearance—that was all.

SPRETA. Sympathising and philandering, ALFRED, are synonymous terms in the Norwegian Drama. And I may be allowed to observe that other people can philander if they're driven to it.

[Glances at BLOCHDRÄHN.]

Mopsa (taking her umbrella quickly, to BLOCHDRÄHN). We seem to be somewhat *de trop* here. Suppose we withdraw? *[They do.]*

SPRETA. Doesn't it strike you, ALFRED, that all this morbid harping on that missing mongrel may be just a little monotonous—for a popular audience, I mean?

Alfred (gloomily). They'll have to sit through another Act and a half of it—that's all. I shall harp if I choose. I like harping. And you always detested MOPSĒMAN. You said he ate too much, and had evil eyes.

SPRETA. So he did—so he had! And you never really and truly loved him either, or you would never have made such a fool of the dog as you did!



"Yes, Alfred, Retribution!"

Alfred. I had renounced my wonderful thick book. I needed something to fill up my life!

Spretta. You might have chosen something better than a miserable little poodle with no hair on his tail!

Alfred (turns pale). It is you—you, who were the guilty one in that. (Harshly and coldly.) It was your hand that spilt the hot water over him as he lay comfortably on the hearthrug. It was! And you know it!

Spretta (terrified, yet defiant). Better own at once that you came behind me and jogged my arm!

Alfred (in suppressed desperation). Yes, that is true. You looked so entrancingly beautiful as you were putting the kettle on for tea, that I was irresistibly impelled to kiss you!

Spretta (exasperated). ALFRED! This is intolerable of you. Do I deserve to be reproached for looking entrancingly beautiful?

Alfred (with sarcasm). Not in the least—now. You are subject to the Law of Change. But what does all that matter? We have both sinned, if you like. While we had him, we both shrank in secret from him—we could not bear to see the tail he dragged about after him!

Spretta (whispers). You were so perpetually putting paraffin upon it, ALFRED!

Alfred (calmer). Yes, that. I tried to perfect its possibilities. But it was no use—I could never, never make it good again. And after that I dressed him up in military uniform, and then he had to remain too much indoors, so, of course, he followed the VARMIN-T-BLOCK, and then the street curs cheived him over the pier. And after I had trained him so thoroughly to shoulder a musket, he was so totally unable to swim. Oh, it all works out into quite a logical Retribution. And I must go away into the solitudes and writhe with remorse—by myself.

Spretta (bitingly). Unless, of course, you can induce MOPSA to—I think you mentioned once that she used to follow you about like a little dog?

Alfred (in a hollow voice). I did. I remember now. That time when the tea-kettle—Retribution!

[He staggers into the thinnest birchstave chair, which collapses under him.]

Spretta (menacingly standing over him). Yes, ALFRED, Retribution!

[MOPSA and BLOCHDRÄHN return.]

Mopsa (pleasantly). Well, my dear SPRETTA, have you and dear ALFRED talked things thoroughly out?

Spretta. Oh, yes; quite thoroughly enough, I really will not be left alone with ALFRED any more; he is too depressing!

Alfred (on the ground). One cannot be expected to rollick when one is being gnawed with remorse! But perhaps BLOCHDRÄHN would be a more cheerful companion for you; go on with him, while MOPSA helps me up again. We'll follow you—presently.

[SPRETTA and BLOCHDRÄHN go off together; MOPSA tenderly assists ALFRED to rise.]

Mopsa. Oh, dear me! it does seem such a pity! But SPRETTA always was peculiar. It must be so trying for you, dear!

Alfred. So much so that I can't stand her any longer. I must get away, anywhere—quite alone. MOPSA, will you come too?

Mopsa (shocked). ALFRED! How can you? What have I said or done to encourage such a proposal? So utterly unexpected!

Alfred (feebly). I really couldn't help it. It's the troll inside me. What am I saying? That belongs to another Norwegian drama!

Mopsa. All this part belongs to several other Norwegian dramas, dear. But we must see if we can't get out of the old groove this time!

Alfred. But why in the world—? When you showed such a wonderful preference for my society, too!

Mopsa (gently). I know, dear. But that was before—. Let me tell you something. (Slow music; ALFRED sits down, cautiously.) I've just been looking through my big portfolio, and I've discovered—what do you think? (ALFRED shakes his head hopelessly.) I'm not KATA's daughter at all, really. I'm only adopted!

Alfred. But what difference does that make in our relations? Practically, none whatever!

Mopsa. All the difference, ALFRED. I always pursued you about with reluctance and under protest. Being, as I supposed, descended from KATA FOSLI, and related to REBECCA WEST, it seemed so utterly the right thing to do. But I know now that I am nothing of the sort, and that if my real mother ever possessed such a thing as a Past at all, it was Plu-perfect. So heredity doesn't come in, and, rather than interfere between you and poor dear SPRETTA, I have decided to go right away and never see you again. I really mean it, this time! [She opens her umbrella and runs off up the slope.]

Alfred (takes up his hat sadly). Isn't this play going to end pessimistically after all, then? (Shudders.) Are we actually going to be—moral? (More hopelessly.) After all, there's another Act left There's a chance still! [He follows hastily after Mopsa.]

MOTTO FOR THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—"Faure-
warned, Faure-armed."



TOO MUCH.

(Pity the Sorrows of a poor Hunting Man!)

Sportsman (suffering from intense aberration of mind in consequence of the Weather, in reply to Wife of his bosom). "PUT OUT! WHY, o' COURSE I'M PUT OUT. BEEN JUST THROUGH THE VILLAGE, AND HANG ME IF AT LEAST HALF A DOZEN FOOLS HAVEN'T TOLD ME THAT IT'S NICE SEASONABLE WEATHER!"

RETRIBUTION.

(Wrought by a cheap Foreign Cigar.)

I'm feeling—great heavens!—all sixes and sevens,
And dizzy, and giddy, and green;
Knocked flat as a pancake, I've got a blank, blank ache
All over—a sight to be seen!

Alas! for the reason 'tis easy to seize on—
The same I'll proceed to relate:—
I've just come from Brussels, whence, after some tussles
With conscience, I rushed to my fate.

For by Calais and Dover I safely brought over
A contraband hatful of weeds;
Ah, why did I struggle to juggle and smuggle,
Thus paying the price for my deeds?

They cost each five farthings, and goodness! they are things
You'd not get your worst foe to smoke,
This "Cabbagio Fino" has giv'n me a beano—
But there! I'm too seedy to joke!

So this crude composition I pen in contrition,
My state of collapse to explain;
I thought to be clever, but never, oh never,
Will make such a bargain again!

CONTRADICTION.—A fortnight ago, in the law reports of the *Times*, were reported proceedings in bankruptcy "*in re TOBY*." We have been requested to state that this gentleman is not *Mr. Punch's* "*TOBY, M.P.*," nor is "*our Mr. TOBY*" the gentleman mentioned in the same case as "*the bankrupt's brother, M. P. TOBY*." The coincidence was, naturally, somewhat startling. Our *M.P. for Barks* will, by now, have appeared in his place at St. Stephen's.



A LOGICAL INFERENCE.

"I WONDER WHY HE'S SO BLACK, MUMMY? I SUPPOSE HE WAS BORN IN THE DARK!"

"PITY THE POOR ARTIST!"

"I have had occasion to speak on the difficulties of a minister who finds himself pledged to a very large and extensive programme, to each point of which programme there is a large circle of adherents who consider it the foremost and the pre-eminently important point."—*Lord Rosebery.*

Westminster Pavement Artist loquitur :—
Who would be a political "screever"? A drudge
Foredoomed to designing, and destined to smudge,
Like impressionist painters of posters?
Art's in a rum way. Lor! what humbug it is!
Far better the days of old CRUIKSHANK and
Than our era of bloopers and boasters.

With chalks, and my thumb, and a bit of old rag,
I can do better work on a rough slab of flag
Than they do on smooth hot-pressed paper.
But oh! what a bother to squat and to smear
All sorts of strange subjects, quaint, squiffy
and queer,
To please every lounge and gaper.

There once was a time when the old repertoire
The public would fetch. Now they want a
lot more,
And always a somethink that's novel. [two
And then such a choice of 'em! Not one or
Seascapes, with a liberal yell and blue,
Or some picture of cottage or hovel.

Two mackerels crossed, or a slice o' red salmon,
A rasher o' bacon, or lump o' brown "gammán,"

A ginger-beer bottle and candle.
A rat in a trap and a portrait or two,
Say old GARIBALDI, the Wandering Jew,
And p'raps JULIUS CÆSAR or HANDEL.

These gave satisfaction to parties all round;
But 'tisn't so now as I lately have found.
They ask a whole National Gallery.
And every one wants his own fav'rite fust off.
Good old "Moonlight Scene"? Why, a yokel
would scoff

At anythink bluey-and-yallery.

They claim fancy-chalks now, or polychrome
pastel;
It's no use to tip 'em a storm or a castle;
They want "local colour"—a lot of it.
Yes, something distinctly Welsh, Irish, 'or
Scotch;
My pitch in these critical days is no catch;
I'm sick of the worry and rot of it!

Pity the artist! What boots that appeal?
No! "Many help one," or "A heart that
can feel,"

Won't fetch 'em, however well flourished.
I did think that Guy Fawkes blow-up of the
Lords [old words
Would call out the coppers; but shrugs and
Have damped the last hope that I nourished.

Awful cynic lot! Scarcely one a believer
In me, it would seem, since that there
Grand Old Screever

To my hands has turned his pitch over.
There! I've touched up the lightning, and
now I am ready! [and steady,
But, though I must look bright, expectant,
I don't feel percisely in clover!

[Left waiting for patronage.]

THE DECADENT LOVER OF FICTION.

"ONE love, one life," was my ancient manner,
For introspection I had no brain,
But I would have died beneath her banner,
Or I would have lived, her grace to gain.
I loved her silent, I loved her sprightly,
With Grecian braid or with glossy curl;
I loved her wrongly, I loved her rightly,
But ever I loved a single girl.

But now with *ennui* my love is laden
Before it really has quite begun;
If I win the heart of any maiden
It makes me prefer another one.
Dim passions stir me, deflections fleeting;
I feel myself in a hopeless whirl.
There never are less than six competing.
Why can I not love a single girl?

Contented I and my love were mated
In those brave days when we both were
young.

For marriage I'm now too complicated,
Too many-natured, too finely-strung.
My spreading canvas all zephyrs vary
For one calm funnel how can I furl?
In truth, the statute is somewhat chary.
And old, and grey, grows the dearest girl!

Oh, love that was loyal, losing, winning,
That time and change had no power to quell,
That once could even dispense with sinning,
And that possession could not dispel!
Your day is done, and your star's declining,
The hero was but a brainless churl!
Who ever dreamed that without repining
His whole life long he could love one girl!

And yet, I feel there is something wanting.
The knowledge that love is sure to die
To every lover is disenchanting.
I would I loved as in days gone by.
'Twas braver folly the height to capture,
Though down from the height Fate often
hurls.

He misses woe, but he misses rapture,
Who falls in love with too many girls!



SWAIN 8C

“PITY THE POOR ARTIST!”

SITTING OUT.

In throbbing silence my glances
stray

O'er her unreciprocal face,
And I haven't a notion what to
say

Now I've finished with com-
monplace.

How I hate the slope of that
cheerless chin,

And the stare of those vacant
eyes,

That take the commonest ob-
jects in

With placid and cool surprise.

And I sit in a calm that she will
not break,

A desert that is not peace,
And ever and ever the windows
shake

To a dance that will never
cease.

I cannot join the rout again,
I am far too weary and warm

S, I need; must suffer this
speechless pain,

In a draught, on the red baize
form.

There is one remark—it has
proved a key

Already to one long chat,

Of course—I'll start it, for even
she

Must answer awhile to that.

But horror! my agonised fingers
curl,

Did I say it to her? I think
It must have been to that other
girl

In the delicate shrimp-sauce
pink.

Shall I chance it again! I must!
I will!

With a stammer I've half
begun—

Saved! saved! the music at last
is still.

Thank goodness, the dance is
done.



A CASE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

Mrs. Grimes. "No, Sir, Mr. SMITH AIN'T A-BIN IN 'IS CHAMBERS NOT
FOR A WEEK, SIR."

Mr. Brown. "OH! YOU'RE SURE NOW YOU KNOW THE GENTLEMAN
I MEAN—MR. MELDON SMITH?"

Mrs. Grimes. "HI KNOWS 'IM RIGHT ENOUGH. WY, I DOES ALL 'IS
WASHIN' AND MENDIN' FOR 'IM!"

A WINTER WEDDING

WHEN bleak, bluff, blatant bliz-
zards blew,
And hats from storm-tossed
heads were carried,
My enterprising friend, then you
Got married!

Soon spring had come, when
doves can coo,
And flowers blossom, had you
tarried;

Instead, in January you
Got married.

Then in your honeymoon you two
The gloom and snow of winter
parried;

It's two to one two won when you
Were married.

And thus henceforward may
you do;

By life's rough storms be
never harried,
Together face them all now you
Are married.

More Anglomania!

[M. FÉLIX FAURE, having gone
out into the garden at about six
o'clock in the evening, was making
for the door leading to his private
apartments, when he was stopped
by a sentinel. The President could
not give the pass-word, and was ac-
cordingly marched off to the Elysée
guard-room, where he was fortu-
nately recognised.—Daily Paper.]

THAT Gallie statesmen rather
like

Trade Union methods can we
doubt?

President PERIER went "on
strike";

Now, FAURE has been "locked
out."

DEUX MOTS.—The retirement
of one of the oldest and most
popular actors of the Comédie
Française may be summed up in
two words, "Got: gone."

"ART IS LONG——"

THE *Daily Graphic* of February 1, commenting on the time-con-
test between two pianists, suggests that exponents of the other fine
arts should follow their example. The idea has been taken up at the
Royal Aquarium with great success, as will be seen from the follow-
ing press-cuttings:—

From the "*Magazine of Art*."

The Directors of the Aquarium are to be congratulated on their
new departure, which takes the form of a highly exciting and sports-
manlike contest between those two well-known entertainers Professor
HERR KOMER and Señor HARDLI DUNDI in their great poster-paint-
ing exhibition. This consists of a trial of strength and endurance,
the challenger, Señor DUNDI, having given out that he will beat Pro-
fessor KOMER's previous record in time and area combined by one
hour and a hundred square yards. As the public are well aware, the
latter performer's sensational achievement, "*Miss Letty Lind*,"
stands at present unbeaten as an artistic poster, having far eclipsed
his "*All Beautiful in Naked Purity*," which attracted such
attention on the Royal Academy hoardings last year. As to time, his
Lind tour de force (shown at the Society of Portrait Painters at the
New Gallery last autumn) was painted in one continuous whirl or
sitting of fifty hours duration, and would have taken even longer,
had not the accomplished *danseuse* fainted from exhaustion. (It is
understood, by the way, that Miss LIND has issued a challenge that
she will pirouette against the world, including Lord YARMOUTH and
Little TICK.)

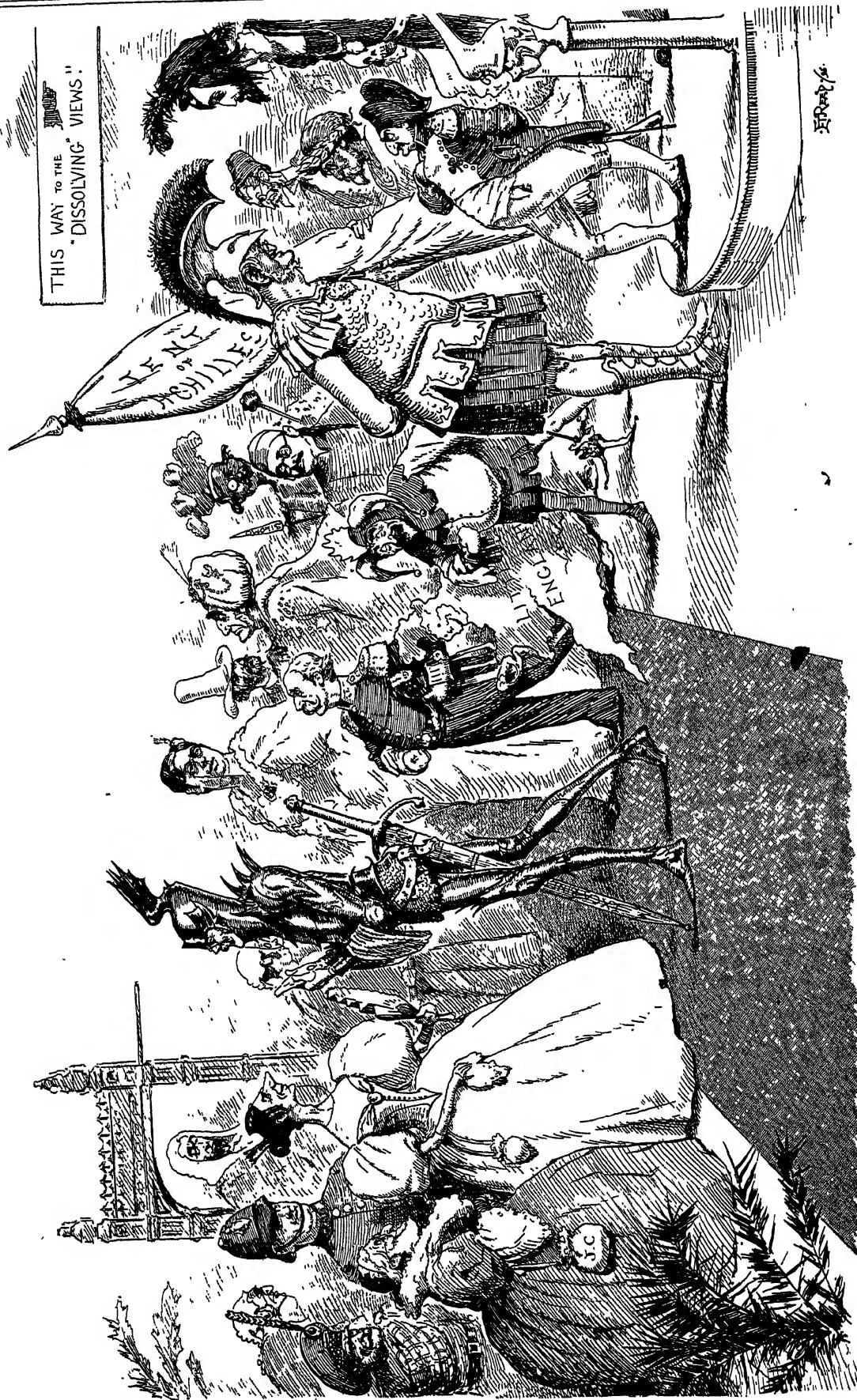
Señor DUNDI has hitherto made his mark with presentments of
ultra-chic young ladies, which have certainly taken up a great deal
of space, and fulfilled their purpose as "eye-openers." We have no

details as to the time in which they were designed, but we should
think about twenty minutes on an average.

As the Aquarium contest will not be concluded until after we go
to press, we cannot give the result, but at the time of writing, after
three days' painting without cessation, Mr. KOMER had covered a
quarter of an acre of canvas, while Mr. DUNDI had traversed three
hundred yards of advertisement hoarding. Both were going well
and strong, the only people showing signs of exhaustion being the
umpires and spectators.

From the "*Sporting Times*."

What will our dear friends of the Anti-Sporting League say to
this? Here's yet another form of iniquity, the Poet Stakes at the
Aquarium! We looked in last night at that classic abode, and
found them all hard at it in the Bijou Theatre. We soon made a
pretty book, and only regret we hadn't entered BALLYFOOLY and DOSS
CHIDREDOSS. A black-haired colt was making the pace with what he
called "beautiful prose music," quite as good as any we turn out in
our first page. But the backers rather fancied a Chestnut Pegasus,
who was going well within his stride with his "Odes and Poems."
There were one or two other dark horses in the field, that we put
down for a place. That worthy and veteran sportsman, and contest
of tipsters, G. ALLEN, wielded the flag, and got his little lot off, as
we were told, with only ten false starts. We left at the fifty-
seventh hour, when the leaders had completed two hundred and
twenty laps of very blank verse and other paces, it being a go-as-
you-please contest. A sonnet divided the first and second, and
there was an epigram and a half between the second and the third.
As it promised to be a long-winded affair, and rather too noisy for
our refined and delicate constitutions, we retired early. We give
th odds, however, on another page.



A PARLIAMENTARY HOUSE WARMING

(PARTIES ARE OFTEN RENDERED VERY ATTRACTIVE BY THE ADOPTION OF FANCY DRESS !)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Tuesday, February 5.—House filled once more with bustle of new Session. Lobby crowded. Corridors, long silent, burst into bustling life. "Seems to me," says JEMMY LOWTHER, looking on with his juvenile-veteran air, "that the happiest day in a member's life is the first of a Session, if indeed the cup of his joy isn't fuller on the day of prorogation."

For some the jubilation of the hour is toned down by saddened thought. There is one step that will never more be heard in the lobby, one familiar face seen here no more, one voice, wont to sway the passions of the House, that now is still. LYCIDAS is dead, not quite ere his prime, but in what, had fate been kinder, should have been the fulness of his rich gifts.

The House knew GRANDOLPH, as he presented himself to its notice from various points of view. First, an unknown new Member, rising from bench immediately behind Ministers, a situation which, deliberately chosen, seemed to observant Whips to indicate pleasurable prospect of docility. Next, whilst his Party was still in office, he popped up from front bench below gangway, and pricked at ponderous hide of SOLATER-BOOTH, pink of respectability, sublimation of county-gentry-Torvism. Then, with sudden brilliancy and sustained force, he rose on the firmament below the gangway in Opposition, tilting almost single-handed at the panoplied host, a majority over a hundred strong, that seemed to make Mr. G.'s second Administration invulnerable. For a moment in a famous night in June he was seen standing jubilant on his seat at the corner of the bench, waving his hat, shouting himself hoarse with cries of victory. From this elevation he sprang lightly on to the Treasury Bench, and astonished Members who, with him, had heard the chimes at midnight and after, by the quiet dignity of his manner, his unerring tact, his unfailing skill of management. Never since the time *Prince Hal*, boon companion of *Falstaff*, became *King Henry the Fifth*, has there been seen such transformation.

Never was such a sudden scholar made;

Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady curranee, scouring
faults;

Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness

So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

The succeeding Session had a fresh surprise. It found our GRANDOLPH, self-reduced to the ranks, caressing his moustache on the corner seat behind the Treasury Bench. After a while he wearied of the invidious position, and went off to the races, to Norway a-fishing, to South Africa to observe the ways of lions from precarious proximity. But his heart was, after all, at Westminster. He came back broken in health, undaunted in spirit. Nothing pluckier, nothing more pathetic seen in the House than his long stubborn fight against the paralysis that crept over him even as he stood at the table and tried to weave again the magic spell by which he once held the House.

He died as he lived, fighting, keeping Death at arm's length for a full month after the highest authorities had said it was a mistake to be such an unconsciously long time in dying.

The House of Commons will know GRANDOLPH no more. But it will never forget one who will through all time rank among the most brilliant of its sons.

Something decidedly hysterical about jubilation of the hour.

Prevalent hilarity suggests case of crowded passenger ship, having been in imminent danger of shipwreck, suddenly steams into comparatively placid seas.

"If," says WILFRID LAWSON, an authority on Church matters, "it were customary to commence the Session by singing a hymn I know what SQUIRE OF MALWOOD would give out. It's the one beginning

And are we still alive
And see each other's face?

Thought it was to be all over before Christmas; Cabinet broken up; everybody retiring; Parliament dissolved; demoralised Party finally smashed up at polls; the other side left to settle who was to be who in best of all Governments. 'Instead of which,' as the Judge said, here we are in for a long Session, with, as usual, more work on hand than could be done in two."



"MR. R-S-B-RY'S" DREAM.

Mr. R-s-b-ry. "Hullo! Where's the House of Lords?"

Spectral Caretaker. "'Ouse o' Lords,' Sir? Why, it's GONE!"

Faubourg St. Antoine. Now that was all very well for a King. But you know, TOBY, it can't be expected of me in so-called holiday times to be constantly attending knocks at the front door, or even getting up in the dead of night, showing myself at the window, and saying, 'My good newspaper friends, I have not resigned.'

Business done.—Just commenced.

"THE PORTRAIT OF NOBODY."—When the signature "OVRIS" first appeared to a pamphlet or an article, people wondered "who 'tis?" and "how 'tis he knows all about it?" The signature appearing again to an article in *The New Review*, No. 69, suggests that though the author has an anti-scriptural objection to a single-eyed individual, perhaps 'OVRIS' simply indicates a person who, with the majority of us, detests an egotist. Only one would hardly gather this explanation of the assumption of this classic and poetic signature from the style of the article.

NOT A GILT-EDGED SECURITY.—The investment of Wei-hai-wei.



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."—No. 3. THE BARN DANCE.

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONTINUED.)

It did not take me long to make my preparations and devise my plans. In such matters as these I have always found it best to prepare for every possible contingency, and then, with a trustful heart, to leave the rest to chance. I therefore calculated to a nicety the number of miles we should have to traverse, took into account the physical configuration of the country through which we should have to pass, the height of its various mountains, the depth of its valleys, the breadth and current of its rivers, its capacity for food supply, and the nature of its inhabitants. Having done all this, I spare the reader unnecessary details. It would profit him but little if I were to set down exactly the equipment, the clothing, the arms, and all the other preparations which my matchless experience prompted me to make. Such an expedition as that which I was about to engage in can never be undertaken again, for the simple reasons that there are now no pink hippopotami in the world, and that improved methods of communication, ridiculous railways, absurd telegraphs, preposterous telephones, and ludicrously well-metalled roads have robbed life, even in Seringapatam, of all the romance which, in my younger days, cast a halo of adventure round the smallest undertaking. How gloriously we revelled, how grandly we fought, how magnificently contemptuous we were of danger! But now we clothe ourselves in patent wool, we tremble at the shadow of a policeman, we judge everything by the mean standard of its money value. Some day we shall awake from our dreams of false security, when the crash of invasion sounds in our ears, and we see our homesteads ruthlessly trampled down by the hoof of some despised and foreign foe. Then, when it is too late, the public will remember that England still possesses one great leader inured to hardship and danger from his earliest youth, one whom, though a perverse Parliament has slighted him, the greatest warriors and the gallantest sportsmen have been proud to salute as their unquestioned superior. I shall answer to the call with what strength I may still possess, and my prematurely grizzled hair shall be seen waving in the van of my country's defenders; but—even an ORLANDO WILBRAHAM (have I men-

tioned that that was my name?) must fail if he has only shop-reared dummies to support his efforts. Enough, however, of these mournful prognostications.

My preparations, then, were quickly made. I resolved on confining the numbers of the expedition within the smallest possible limits, and, after much thought, I decided to take only one associate. My choice fell upon Major THEOPHILUS GANDERDOWN. He had gone through the whole of the previous campaign with me, and had proved his solid worth on many a hard-fought field. A man, like myself, of herculean strength, and of inexhaustible endurance, he was eminently fitted to help me in those perilous situations in which I had no doubt we should find ourselves before the adventure was over and the task performed. It was not his fault that he lacked those brilliant powers of initiative, that wonderful ingenuity of resource for which I had already become famous. But one genius of that kind is sufficient in any adventure, and I knew that for courage, strength, and bulldog tenacity, I could reckon on GANDERDOWN to the death.

We fixed our start for a Thursday, always a lucky day for any expedition in which I have been engaged. I gave GANDERDOWN rendezvous at the western gate, at midnight, and bade him maintain the complete secrecy in which all our plans had hitherto been involved. I myself set forth when dinner was over to bid farewell to the beautiful and affectionate CHUDDAH, the last scion of the glorious Rampore dynasty, who was at that time dwelling in the little marble palace on the outskirts of the park of her vindictive aunt, the Rane of Seringapatam.

Ah, CHUDDAH, loveliest of olive maidens, even now, when I think of thee, this war-worn heart beats faster in my breast, and the unaccustomed tear trickles down a cheek seamed by many a scar. How different would my life have been had cruel fate not stepped in to prevent us from fulfilling those mutual vows of eternal love which we had pledged to one another. I, who water these lines with my tears, might now have been the ruler over hosts of dusky myrmidons, the acclaimed chief of the fierce and warlike Châl tribes, whilst thou, a queen, a wife, a mother, wouldst have— But, bah, these wailing regrets are unmanly. To my story.

(To be continued.)



THE NON-CAPITALIST'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Having no cash you wish to make a living. Kindly tell me the objections to sweeping a crossing?

Answer. A small sum of money would be necessary to purchase a broom—a preliminary step that could not be surmounted.

Q. Quite so. And would a like difficulty arise to prevent you selling lucifers?

A. Certainly, for matches suitable for street hawking cannot be obtained on credit.

Q. Would a clerkship be within your reach?

A. Scarcely, as a new suit, or a nearly new suit of clothes would be requisite to give one the air of respectability necessary for securing an audience with an employer.

Q. Could you not become a company promoter?

A. Not with safety, now that the winding-up business is superintended by a judge capable of understanding the intricacies of city finance.

Q. Is there any opening for you as a cab-driver?

A. No, as a license cannot be obtained for love, but must be bought with money.

Q. Surely you have a chance as a slave to journalism?

A. Writing for the press is at all times precarious, and is, moreover, a calling which cannot be followed without a small but impossible expenditure on pens, ink, and paper.

Q. Has not life sometimes



TRUE DIGNITY.

Barbara. "OH, MOTHER DEAR, I'VE GOT SUCH A PAIN!"

Mother. "HAVE YOU, DARLING? WHERE?"

Barbara. "IN THE PROPER PLACE, OF COURSE!"

been supported by the successful attempts to borrow from one's friends?

A. Yes, but this financial condition will have been enjoyed and abandoned before one can truthfully style oneself an ex-capitalist.

Q. The sale of information of an interesting character to those concerned has sometimes—has it not—been found of a profitable nature?

A. Occasionally, but this again is not only an unpleasant but a dangerous operation, and if resisted, may end with an entirely embarrassing prosecution at the Old Bailey.

Q. Then having no cash, no credit, and no references, what career is open to you?

A. But one—to become the responsible manager of a theatrical company touring in the provinces.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

In these days of very late dining hours a performance at 5 P.M., if over at 7, or 7.15 at latest, ought to suit those whose daily work is over about 4 or 4.30, and who dislike "turning out" after dinner if they are at home, and who cannot get away from any dinner party if they are out in time to see even half of the entertainment. The *matinée* at two is a very difficult time, as it clashes with lunch; but as tea can be taken in the *entr'actes*, five o'clock seems a very reasonable hour, that is, if the show be over at 7.15, and the dinner hour be 8 or 8.15.

HINTS TO SKATERS ON ETIQUETTE AND DEPORTMENT.

Do not venture on the ice until you can skate properly. Practise the various steps and evolutions before a looking-glass in your bedroom.

There is a great art in falling gracefully, and it is surprising what a number of interesting, complicated, and unlooked-for attitudes and figures can be thus developed. To ensure perfect confidence at the critical moment, it is as well to hire somebody, say a professional wrestler or prize-fighter, to trip you up and knock you down in all the possible methods. A mattress may be used for beginners to fall on. The more improbable your manner of tumbling, the greater success will you achieve in the eyes of the on-lookers.

When skating with a lady, you may cross hands, but it is unusual for you to put your arm round her waist. This is only done in great emergencies, or in a thick fog, or when you have the pond to yourselves. It is generally found that this proceeding is equivalent to skating on very thin ice, and will lead to dangerous consequences.

If, however, a lady, who evidently has not complete control of herself, and does not readily answer her helm, steers straight into your arms, you should accept the situation in your best ball-room manner. Do not attempt to avoid a collision, as if you dodge suddenly, the lady, on failing to meet your support, will probably sit down abruptly on the ice, or get entangled with a sweeper.

Should you, owing to any unforeseen circumstance, find yourself prostrated at a young lady's feet, do not place your hand on your heart and say she is the only girl you ever loved. These little scenes are apt to collect a crowd. Merely say you stopped to examine the thickness of the ice, or any little *plaisanterie* you feel capable of inventing. Then retire to a discreet distance and rub yourself.

If the ice gives way, and you find yourself in the water, get out as speedily as possible. I do not advise drowning. It is always a wet and uncomfortable process, and has very few recommendations. It is, moreover, quite fatal to true enjoyment, and only those who are morbidly anxious for a "par" in the papers will habitually resort to this mode of creating a sensation.

Do not hit people much with any stick you may think it *de rigueur*

to brandish about. Such personal attentions are best performed when you and a string of ten or twelve other 'Arries are banded together. You can then stand up without fear for the rights of the high-spirited young citizen to enjoy himself.

There is nothing that figure-skaters so much appreciate as the sudden inroad of hockey-players in their midst. It adds immensely to their zest to feel they are liable to be knocked over in the middle of an exciting "rocker" or "mohawk"; and, of course, they like their combined figures to be nicely disarranged, as it enables them to show their skill in sorting themselves again. Hockey should therefore be indulged in anywhere and everywhere.

Lastly, if you prefer sliding to skating, do not slide in a top-hat and frock-coat, unless you are a member of the Skating Club, and even then it looks ostentatious. Dress appropriately in some quiet costume of kickseys and pearlies, with a feather in your hat. Wear your billycock at the back of your head, as it will break your falls. Always shout at the top of your voice.

A PLEA FOR THE GHOSTS.

ONCE we dreamed of a magical
clime,
Powerful fairies lived there
then,
Ready to change, in the shortest
Men to fishes, or fish to men;
Science, alas, assails the land,
Down the magical palaces fall,
Fairies and elves, we understand,
Never could really exist at all.

Still remain to us spectres strange,
Headless horsemen and monks
severe,
Some that arrive each night in the
Others (like Christmas) once a
year

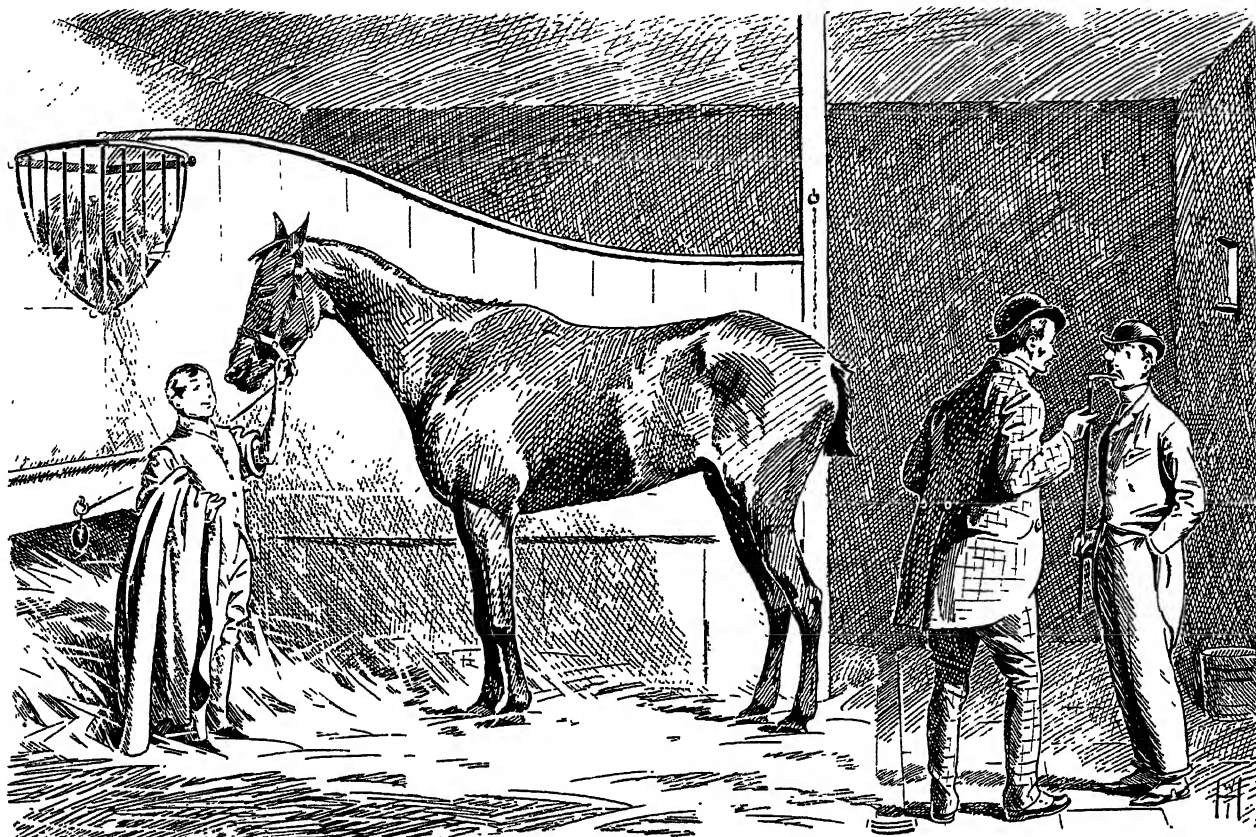
Yet they linger, a fearful joy,
Elderly relics of childhood's day,
Now our "scientists" would
destroy
All their humorous, mild array!

Mr. MASKELYNE, learned man!
Scoff at Theosophists as you will,
Spot each fraudulent gambler's
plan,

Only allow us our Bogies still!
Little we value prosaic truth,
If it must scatter these shadowy
hosts;
Spare us a single belief of youth,
Leave us, ah, leave us at least
our Ghosts!



" ROUGE GAGNE " ?
[M. HENRI ROCHEFORT AT MONTE CARLO.]



GOING TO THE DOGS.

Candid Vet who has been called in to look at Mr. Noodle's new purchase, which is somehow amiss). "AH, YER WANT TO KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH 'IM? WELL NOW, HE'S BEEN GOIN' PRETTY 'ARD TO HOUNDS FOR A DOZEN SEASONS OR MORE, TO MY KNOWLEDGE, HAS THAT 'OSS. NOW, TAKE MY ADVICE, DON'T KEEP 'EM WAITIN' FOR 'IM ANY LONGER,—YOU SEND 'IM TO 'EM!"

"ROUGE GAGNE"?

MAKE your Game! Is't fortune, fame,
Power supreme, mere notoriety,
'Tis mere gambling all the same,—
Craving knowing not satiety.
Marquis or Gavroche, what matter?
Rabagas or Noble Red;
How the bullion's clink and clatter
Fires the eye and heats the head!
Mammon-Mephistopheles
At the sight in shadow grins;
And the player, at his ease,
With a dream his heart may please,
Red wins!

Will it win, or, winning, will
La République lose or gain?
Is the game chance *versus* skill,
Sly intrigue 'gainst heart and brain?
Sanguine as sanguineous,
The Mob-loving Marquis sits.
Exile, will *finesse* and fuss,
Clack of tongues, and clash of wits,
Play the patriotic game?
Fall the cards, the ball re-spins
Blood a-fire and walls a-flame
Menace if—to Wisdom's blame—
Red wins!

THE LONG FROST.—Sportsmen are coming up to town in despair. Their hunters are "eating their heads off," and very soon there will be nothing left to tell the tail!

IN THE LORDS.—Lord BATTERSEA "the Flower of the Flock."

THE SEVERE WEATHER.

(From Mr. Punch's Very Special Correspondents.)

REPORTS from all parts of the country are eloquent of the phenomenal nature of the weather experienced everywhere. By an extraordinary coincidence, of which it is hardly possible to make too much, the intense cold has been accompanied by a lowness of temperature—on the (Fahren) height.

The Oldest Inhabitant has had a high old time, and been in immense form. To prevent the extinction in future years of this interesting individual, oxen have been roasted freely, and, wherever at all practicable, carriages have been driven over frozen rivers. Occasionally irreverent descendants have roasted the Oldest Inhabitant.

It is reported, on the authority of Lord SALISBURY, that the Liberal Party intend at once to engage in snowballing the House of Lords. As the ex-Prime Minister has promised to play the game with no lack of mutuality, interesting developments are expected.

A very remarkable occurrence comes from abroad—considerations of an international character make it advisable not to particularise further. A bishop went out in the middle of a raging blizzard. Although the bishop was suitably attired in episcopal dress, so that no mistake as to his identity was possible, it went on blizzarding, and the spiritual dignitary was put to extreme temporary inconvenience.

Ice floes have penetrated to London Bridge. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS's topical song in the *Shop Girl*—"Oh, floe! ice and snow, you know"

—is received every night with even greater enthusiasm than formerly.

The following letter will NOT appear in an early number of *The Spectator* :—

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to draw your attention to what I think I may fairly describe as a wonderful instance of animal sagacity. During the recent severe frost a large number of birds and rabbits were fed every day in my garden. On Friday, for the first time, I noticed a fine hare, which, from its appearance, evidently felt the cold bitterly. I fed it, but shivering set in, and pained by its suffering (for I have a kind heart) I took it into the kitchen. Half-an-hour afterwards the cook came to tell me that the kitchen-maid was in hysterics. I went down and found out the reason—the girl had been frightened, when taking up a large jug which stood on the ground, to find the hare in it! The hare, poor thing, preferred a warm death to a cold existence, but, denied the possibility of human speech, had taken this graphic way of indicating its wishes. I have only to add that they were respected at dinner yesterday.

Yours faithfully, PERIL ITON.
Stickiton Rectory.

MEM.—It would not be logical to conclude that Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN is a good cricketer because of his capital scores.

AN EXPENSIVE CALL TO PAY.—A Call to the Bar.

LITTLE MOPSEMAN.

THE THIRD ACT.

An elevation and rockery in FRÜYSECK's back-garden, from which—but for the houses in between—an extensive view over the steamer-pier and fjord could be obtained. In front, a summer-house, covered with creepers and wild earwigs. On a bench outside, MOPSA is sitting. She has the inevitable little travelling-bag on a strap over her shoulder. BLOCHDRÄHN comes up in the dusk. He, too, has a travelling-bag, made of straw, containing professional implements, over his shoulder. He is carrying a rolled-up handbill and a small paste-pot.

Sanitary Engineer Blochdrähn (catching sight of MOPSA's hand-bag). So you really are off at last? So am I. I'm going by train.

Mopsa (with a faint smile). Are you? Then I take the steamer. Have you seen ALFRED anywhere about—or SPRETA?

San. Eng. Bloch. I have been seeing a good deal of Mrs. FRÜYSECK. She asked me to come up here and paste one of these handbills on the summer-house. To offer a reward for Little MOPSEMAN, you know. I've been sticking them up everywhere. (Busied with the paste-pot.) But you'll see—he'll never turn up.

Mopsa (sighing). Poor SPRETA! and oh, poor dear ALFRED! I really don't know if I can have the heart to leave him.

San. Eng. Bloch. (past-ing up the bill). I shall not believe it myself until I actually see you do it. But why shouldn't you come along with me, if you are going—h'm?

Mopsa. If you were only a married man—but I have to be so careful now, you know!

San. Eng. Bloch. It tortures me to think of our two handbags each taking its own way; it really does, Miss MOPSA. And then for me to have to plumb all by myself. Though, to be sure, one can always get round the district surveyor alone.

Mopsa. Ah, yes, that you can surely manage alone.

San. Eng. Bloch. But it takes two to connect the ventilating shaft with the main drainage.

Mopsa (looking up at him). Always two?

Never more? Never many?

San. Eng. Bloch. Well, then, you see, it becomes quite a different matter—it cuts down the profits. But are you sure you can never make up your mind to share my great new job with me?

Mopsa. I tried that once—with ALFRED. It didn't quite answer—though it was delightful, all the same.

San. Eng. Bloch. Then there really has been a bright and happy time in your life? I should never have suspected it!

Mopsa. Oh yes, you can't think how amusing ALFRED was in those days. When he distinguished himself by failing to pass his examinations, and then, from time to time, when he lost his post in some school or other, or when his big, bulky manuscripts were declined by some magazine—with thanks!

San. Eng. Bloch. Yes, I can quite see that such an existence must have had its moments of quiet merriment. (Shaking his head.) But I don't see what in the world possessed ALFRED to go and marry as he did.

Mopsa (with suppressed emotion). The Law of Change. Our latest catchphrase, you know. ALFRED is so subject to it. So will you be, some day or other!

San. Eng. Bloch. Never in all my life; whatever progress may be made in sanitation! (Insistently.) Can't you really care for me?

Mopsa. I might—(looking down)—if you have no objection to go halves with ALFRED.

San. Eng. Bloch. I am behind the times, I daresay; but such an arrangement does not strike me as a firm basis for a really happy home. I should certainly object to it, most decidedly.

Mopsa (laughs bitterly). What creatures of convention you men

are, after all! (Recollecting herself.) But I quite forgot. I am conventional myself now. You are perfectly right; it would be utterly irregular!

Alfred (comes up the steps). Is it you, BLOCHDRÄHN, that has posted up that bill? On the new summer-house!

San. Eng. Bloch. Yes, Mrs. FRÜYSECK asked me to.

Alfred (touched). Then she does miss Little MOPSEMAN, after all! Are you going? Not without MOPSA?

San. Eng. Bloch. (shaking his head). I did invite her to accompany me; but she won't. So I must make my jobs alone.

Alfred. It's so horrible to be alone—or not to be alone, if it comes to that! (Oppressed—to himself.) My troll is at it again! I shall press her to stay—I know I shall—and it will end in the usual way!

Spreta (comes up the steps, plaintively). It is unkind of you all to leave me alone like this. When I'm so nervous in the dark, too!

Mopsa (tenderly). But I must leave you, SPRETA, dear. By the next steamer. That is— Well, I really ought to!

Alfred (almost inaudibly, hitting himself on the chest). Down, you little beggar, down! No, it's no use; the troll will keep popping up! (Aloud.) Can't we persuade you, dear MOPSA? Do stay—

just to keep SPRETA company, you know!

Mopsa (as if struggling with herself). Oh, I want to so much! I'd do anything to oblige dear SPRETA!

San. Eng. Bloch. (to himself, dejectedly). She is just like that Miss HILDA WANGEL for making herself so perfectly at home!

Spreta (resignedly). Oh, I don't mind. After all, I would rather ALFRED philandered than fretted and fussed here alone with me. You had better stay, and be our Little MOPSEMAN. It will keep ALFRED quiet—and that's something!

Mopsa. No; it was only a temporary lapse. I keep on forgetting that I am no longer an emotional Cuckoo heroine. I am perfectly respectable. And I will prove it by leaving with Mr. BLOCHDRÄHN at once—if he will be so obliging as to escort me?

San. Eng. Bloch. Delighted, my dear Miss MOPSA, at so unexpected a bit of good luck.



"It takes two to connect the ventilating shaft with the main drainage"

We've only just time to catch the steamer.

Mopsa. Then, thanks so much for a quite too delightful visit, SPRETA. So sorry to have to run away like this! (To ALFRED, with subdued anguish.) I am running away—from you! I entreat you not to follow me—not just yet, at any rate!

Alfred (shrinking back). Ah! (To himself.) If it depends upon our two trolls whether— (MOPSA goes off with Sanitary Engineer BLOCHDRÄHN.) There's the steamer, SPRETA. . . . By Jove, they'll have a run for it! Look, she's putting in.

Spreta. I daren't. The steamer has one red and one green eye—just like MOPSEMAN's at mealtimes!

Alfred (common-sensibly). Only her lights, you know. She doesn't mean anything personal by it.

Spreta. But they're actually mooring her by the very pier that— How can they have the heart!

Alfred. Steamboat companies have no feelings. Though why you should feel it so, when you positively loathed the dog.

Spreta. After all, you weren't so particularly fond of him yourself; now were you, ALFRED?

Alfred. H'm, he was a decent dog enough—for a mongrel. I didn't mind him; now you did.

Spreta (nods slowly). There is a change in me now. I am easier to please. I could share you with the mangiest mongrel, if I were only quite sure you would never again want to follow that minx MOPSA, ALFRED!

Alfred. I never said I did want to; though I can't answer for the troll. But I must go away somewhere—I'm such a depressing companion for you. I shall go away up into the solitudes—which re-

minds me of an anecdote I never told either you or MOPSA before. Sit down and I will tell it you.

Spreta (timidly). Not the one about the night of terror you had on the mountains, ALFRED, when you lost your way and couldn't find a policeman anywhere about the peaks? Because I've heard that—and I don't think I can stand it again.

Alfred (coldly and bitterly). You see that I have really nothing to fill up my life with, when my own wife refuses to listen to my anecdotes! Now MOPSA always—What is all that barking down there in the town?

Spreta (with an outburst). Oh, you'll see, they've found Little MOPSEMAN!

Alfred. Not they. He'll never be found. Those handbills of yours were a mere waste of money. It is only the curs fighting in the street—as usual.

Spreta (slowly, and with resolution). Only that, ALFRED. And do you know what I mean to do, as soon as you are away solitudinising up there in the mountain hotels? I will go down and bring all those poor neglected dogs home with me.

Alfred (uneasily). What—the whole lot of them, SPRETA? (Shocked.) In our Little MOPSEMAN's place!

Spreta (firmly and decidedly). Every one. To fill Little MOPSEMAN's place. They shall dig up his bones, lie on his mat, take it in turns to sleep in his basket. I will try to—h'm—lighten and ennoble their lot in life.

Alfred (with growing uneasiness). When you simply detest all dogs! I don't know anyone less fitted than you to manage a Dog's Home. I really don't!

Spreta. I must fill the void in my life somehow—if you go and leave me. And I must educate myself to understand dogs better, that's all.

Alfred. Yes, that you would have to do. (As if struck with an idea.) Before you begin. Suppose I take up my big fat book on *Canine Idiosyncrasy* once more, eh? That would teach you how to purify and ennoble every poodle really scientifically, you know. Only you must promise to wait till I've got it done.

Spreta (with a melancholy smile). I am in no hurry ALFRED. Only to write that you would have to remain at home.

Alfred (half evasively). Not necessarily. I might, of course—for a while, that is. But I shall have many a heavy day of work before me, SPRETA, and you will see, now and then perhaps, a great alumberous peace descend on me as I toil away in my brown study—but I shall be making wonderful progress all the same.

Spreta. I shall quite understand that, ALFRED. Oh, dear, who in the world's this?

[The VARMINT-BLÖK appears mysteriously in the gloom.

The Varmint-Blök. Excuse me, Captin, and your sweet ladyship, but I just happened to drop my eye on one of those lovely little handbillkins here, and took the liberty to step up, thinking it might so happen that you'd been advertising the very identical dawg what followed me home the other day. You may remember me passing the remark how wonderful partial dawgs was to me. So I brought him up on the chance like.

[He produces Little MOPSEMAN—in mufti—from a side-pocket. *Spreta.* It is our Little MOPSEMAN! So you are not some supernatural sort of shadowy symbol after all, then?

The Varm.-B. (hurt). Now I ask you, lady—do I look it? Here's my professional card. And if you should have the reward handy—(As ALFRED pays him.) Five Rix dollarkins—correct, my lord, and thankee kindly. (As he departs.) You'll find I've learned that sweet little mongrel a thing or two; take the nonsense out of any rat in Norway now, he will. And just you ask him to set up and give three cheers for Dr. ISEN—that's all!

[He goes out, chuckling softly.

Alfred (holding out Little MOPSEMAN at arms' length). H'm; it will be a heavy day's work to purify and ennoble this poodle after all he has been through, eh, SPRETA? I think, as you seem to have developed quite a taste for such tasks, I shall allow you to undertake it—all by yourself.

Spreta (turns away with her half-teasing smile). Thanks

THE END.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BEFORE you finish your whiff and depart to dress for dinner," quoth the Baron, "just read through Mr. ESCOTT's article in the *Fortnightly*." If you lived in Literary Bohemia many years ago, it will revive pleasant memories, and if you didn't, it will interest those who did with whom, in conversation at dinner, you can start the subject. Bohemia exists always; only, as MR. LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI will, of course, sing, it was at its best in

"The days when we went gipsying
A long time ago!"

"Glad to see Mr. ESCOTT's pen at work again," quoth the kindly
BARON DE B.-W.



PROFESSIONAL INSTINCT.

Kindly Gentleman (from True Blue Club). "AND WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU TO THIS DEPLORABLE CONDITION? DRINK?—GAMBLING?"
Gentleman of the Pavement (spotting his man). "NO, INDEED, SIR; MY MISFORTUNES ARE ENTIRELY ATTRIBUTABLE TO FREE TRADE, MONOMETALLISM, AND THE DEATH DUTIES."

[Immediate relief on a generous scale.

MRS. A.'S AT HOME.

An awful night! I do believe it's snowing!
Who from his "ain fireside" would wish to roam?
Only a fool would go—and yet I'm going—
To Mrs. A.'s At Home!

The burden of At Homes! The bore of dressing!
I must be wielding razor, brush, and comb
(The snow has almost stopped—Come, that's a blessing!)
For Mrs. A.'s At Home.

Why am I going? Well, to me the reason
Looms large and clear as Paul's cathedral dome:
The reason's—NANCY, whom I met last season
At Mrs. A.'s At Home.

Hi, hansom! Off we go! Although sweet NANCY
Since then has vanished like a fairy gnome,
Yet I shall see her (sweet conceit) in fancy
At Mrs. A.'s At Home.

"Thankee, my lord!"—he's earned that extra shilling,
We've come along, the horse is flecked with foam—
Slowly upstairs I go, the rooms are filling
At Mrs. A.'s At Home.

Then—why, good heavens! No! It isn't fancy!—
"Can it be you? I heard you were in Rome."
Just fancy meeting you—the real NANCY!—
"At Mrs. A.'s At Home!"

To-night and NANCY—rhyme excuses fiction—
Might, if I sang them, fill a ponderous tome:
A perfect night! I breathe a benediction
On Mrs. A.'s At Home!



A DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR.

"ACH! DAT IS A PUTIFUL ZONG, LATY PEACOCKE, AND YOU BRONOUNCE CHERMAN VERY VELL—POT VY DO YOU BLAY ZE AGGOMBANIMENT IN B NATURAL?" "THE SONG'S WRITTEN IN B NATURAL, HERR MAESTRO."

"ACH ZO! ZEN VY DO YOU ZING ZE MELOTY IN B VLAT?"

"OH, REALLY, HERR MAESTRO! I DON'T PRETEND TO BE A PROFESSIONAL, YOU KNOW. I ONLY SING JUST TO PLEASE MY FRIENDS!"

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC!"

His task demands sinews and nerves
As tough and as supple as hickory;
He's done if he stumbles or swerves,
This Titan-like pet of Terpsichore.
What wonder he seems strung on wires
From the tip of his trunk to his very toe,
Performing a feat which requires
The joint skill of BLONDIN and CERITO?
Ah, JUMBO! stretch balance-wise tail-whisk
and trunk, [or funk.
For you'll never get through if you fumble

Scarce "light" is his ponderous form,
And his footing is hardly "fantastic."
It makes one grow nervous and warm
To watch this colossus gymnastic.
Can't "trip it,"—although he may trip,—
His tentative toes throb and tremble;
He waggles his tail like a whip:
There's danger, but he must dissemble;
And though he an imminent downfall may dread,
Must walk o'er the bottles with confident tread.

For Titan to dance on a tub
As steady as—CECIL's majority,
Is easy, but—oh! there's the rub—
The bottle-trick has the priority.
It comes first "by special request,"
And there isn't a chance of evasion.
Poor JUMBO must fain do his best,
Though he'd rather postpone the occasion.
Titan-Turveydrop now on St. Stephen's new
floor [more!
Can't choose his own figures or steps any

There are plenty of "turns" he'd prefer,
And numbers of tricks he'd do better.

His "Gradation Dance" made a great stir.
But, alas, for the goad and the fetter!
As his enemies pipe he must dance,
To public opinion he's plastic;
And so, with a dubious glance,
He essays this untried "Light Fantastic."
From bottle to bottle slow picking his way,
As an overture forced to the programme he'd play!

THE HARD FROST.

(Communications Intercepted in Transit.)

From a School Boy to his Younger Brother.
—My dear BOBBIE,—How are you getting on
at home? We are having a high old time at
SWISHERS'. All the pipes frozen, and no water
to be got anywhere! And it is so comfort-
able! Yours, &c., JACKIE.

From a Firm of Coachbuilders to one of
their Customers.—Dear Sir,—As there is every
reason to believe that the present severe
weather will last for a considerable time, may
we have the honour of building for you a
sleigh? We shall be pleased to have the
vehicle ready for you in the course of a
month, or at the latest six weeks. Should
the weather break in the meanwhile, it will
be available under similar conditions next
year or the year after. It will also be quite
possible to carry the sleigh to Siberia, where
it will at all times be found, not only a
luxury, but a necessity. We are, dear Sir,
awaiting your esteemed order,

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

From a Dramatist to an Intimate Friend.
—My dear BILL,—Thank you for the marked
paper you have forwarded to me. But the
statistics are misleading. Talk about this

being the greatest frost on record! You
would not say so if you had been present at
the first night of my play, *The Force of
Circumstances*.—Yours gloomily,
SHAKESPEARE TOMKINS.

From a Celestial Official to the Public.—
Poor creatures,—You think you have seen
the worst of the winter! Just like your pre-
sumption! When I can manage a sky salad
of rain, fog, snow, thunderbolts and sunshine
all mixed together in the course of ten
minutes and set it before a London audience in
the midst of a modern January, don't you be
too sure of anything! Wait, my melancholy
maniacs, and you shall see what you may pos-
sibly live to witness.—Yours disrespectfully,
THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

THE SLY OYSTER.

"There is an exception to every Rule."
Baylis's "Maiden Lane."

'Tis the voice of the Oyster,
I heard him complain,
"You have woke me too soon,
I must slumber again.
I'm fat and quite well—
Have no doubt on that head—
But say that I'm ill,
And do leave me in bed.

"Just a little more sleep,
Just a little more rest;
How sweet, my dear friends,
I shall be at my best!
Oh, let me repose
Say till May—May the one'th—
When, as everyone knows,
There's no 'R' in the month!"



“THE LIGHT FANTASTIC!”

THE GREAT SAGACIOUS ELEPHANT “SIR BILL” IN HIS “THRILLING ACT.”

A VALENTYNE.

(And a Remembrance.)



THIS day to yow, dere ladye, wol I schowe
Myn hertes wissche—*cum privilegio*.

Of alle seintes nis ther more benigne
To man and mayden noon thanne Valentyne;
Sith everych yeer on that swete seintes day
Man can to mayden al his herte displease
(Bye Cupid arwes smit in sory plighte—
One grote al pleyne, and twayn ypeinted
bryghte).

Then wol I mak my playnte, so maist ye
knowe

Yon whele, dere ladye, don me mochel wo.
Algates I greve, whanne that scorchours I
mete

That riden reccheles adoun the strete:
I praie, bethynke yow, swiche diversoun
Ben weel for mayde of mene condicioun,
But ladye fayre in brekes al ydighte
Certes meseems ne verray semelye sighte.
Swiche gere, yclept "raccionale," parde,
Righte sone wol be the dethe of chivalrye;
And we schal heren, whanne that it be dede,
The veridite, "Dethe by—Newe Womman-
hede."

Heede then thaeft and end of my prayere,
Upeve thy whele, ne mannische brekes
were,

Contente in graces maydenlye to schyne,
So mote ye be myn owen Valentyne.

"JUST the weather for receiving a sharp
retort," observed our laughing Philosopher,
with his snow-boots on. Naturally his friend
wished to know why. "Because," replied
Dr. CHUCKLER, "with the temperature below
zero, no one can object to having a *wrap over*
the knuckles." Then away he went merrily
over the unartificial ice on the Serpentine.

TOBY TO H.R.H.

[*A propos* of cropping dogs' ears, a letter from
Sir F. KNOLLYS appeared last week in the *Stock-
Keeper*, informing an inquirer that H.R.H. had
never allowed any dog of his to be "mutilated,"
and was pleased to hear that "owners of dogs had
agreed to abandon so objectionable a practice."]

WE humbly thank the
Prince of WALES,
Henceforth we'll keep
our ears and tails
Intact, and shall not
dread the shears
Which used to crop
our tails and ears.
As novelists in maga-
zines,
And writers of dram-
atic scenes,
By editorial scissors
caught

Object to have their tales cut short,
So we, gay dogs: for gay we'll be,
Henceforth the best of company!
Convivial we around a joint,
And not a tail without a point.
Not cropped like convicts from the gaols!
"Ear! Ear!" and "Bless the Prince of
WALES!"



MUSICAL NOTE.—The title of a song, "*Come
where the Booze is Cheaper*," has become
widely known owing to a recent trial. We
believe we are correct in saying that this song
about "the Booze" is not published by the
well-known firm of "BOOSEY & Co."

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

(By Mr. Punch's own Short Story-teller.)

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONTINUED.)

I OUGHT to mention that the Ranee, the aunt of my darling
CHUDDAH, was as susceptible as she was haughty and ferocious.
During my stay in the capital I had had several interviews with her,
and I could not disguise from myself—why should I?—that she re-
garded me with no common favour. Indeed, she had taken the
somewhat extreme step of informing me semi-officially (so that she
might afterwards, if necessary, be at liberty to disavow it) that, if I
would only consent to marry her, she would undertake to poison Sir
BONAMY BATTLEBORN. I should
thus be elevated not only to the
supreme command of the British
forces, but also to the throne of
the Diamond City. But I with-
stood her blandishments, capti-
vated, as I was, by the tender
maidenly loveliness of CHUDDAH,
and the wicked old woman had
sworn to have her revenge. I
had, of course, a staunch ally in
her brother, the MEEBHOY, but in
his disabled condition, that veter-
an warrior could be of little real
use to me. Still he knew of my
love for his niece CHUDDAH, and,
knowing all my worth, he had
already consecrated with his bless-
ing our prospective union. On this
particular evening I found CHUDDAH
in her cosy little boudoir
alone, save for the presence of her
stout and comfortable old Ayah or
Nana. The darling girl sprang up
as I entered the room and threw
herself into my arms in a passion
of affection. I gently disengaged
her arms from about my neck,
and proceeded, as best I could, to
inform her that I had come to take
leave of her for a short time. Her
grief was terrible to witness.

"Oh, my own!" she sobbed (I
translate her language); "my

very, very own, my tall and gorgeously beautiful son of the fair-faced
English, my moon of radiant splendour, my star of aspiring hope,
say not thou art come to say farewell, say it not my dearest
Duffadar, for CHUDDAH cannot bear it."

"But, my darling," I urged, "duty calls, and CHUDDAH would
not have her ORLANDO flinch."

The beautiful girl admitted the force of this appeal and a renewed
scene of affectionate leave-taking took place. Suddenly the Ayah,
who up to this moment had been dozing in her arm-chair, rose, and
holding up a warning hand said, "Hist!"

We did so, alarmed by the impressive air of the good old nurse.

"Hist! What is that sound?"

I listened intently, and sure enough heard a faint tapping, proceed-
ing apparently from the floor
under my feet.

"I suspect treachery," con-
tinued the Ayah hurriedly.
"Twas only yester morn I saw
YOUNGBOOB scowling at us as we
passed by on our early walk. Oh,
beware, my lord, of YOUNGBOOB."

This YOUNGBOOB, I ought to say,
was the young and bloodthirsty
Prince of the Lozen Jehs, a tribe
of wild warriors from the north.
Betrothed to the beautiful CHUDDAH
at an early age, he naturally
viewed with hatred the advent
of one on whom nature had be-
stowed her favours so bountifully,
and who was bound, therefore, to
make himself dear to CHUDDAH.
I knew he detested me, but I had
hitherto scorned him. I was now
to discover my mistake.

Scarcely had the words left the
Ayah's lips when a loud rumbling
made itself heard: the floor seemed
to heave in one terrific crash,
there was a horrible explosion,
and before I had time to realise
what had happened we three,
CHUDDAH, the Ayah and I, were
being propelled upwards into space
at the rate of at least a thousand
miles an hour.

(To be continued.)



"Hist! What is that sound?"



"ARE YOU COMIN' 'OME?"

"I'LL DO ELLYTHIRK YOU LIKE IN REASOL, M'RIA—(hic)—BUT I WON'T COME 'OME."

TOYS' TALK.

(Being an unflattering Tale of Hope.)

"THERE'S ingratitude for you," said the Rag Doll marked "three-and-six."
"Where?" I asked, rousing myself from my meditation on my tambourine and drumsticks.

She pointed to a figure which had just been placed in the second row. He was dressed very smartly in a red coat trimmed with tinsel. But he had an unmistakable air of second-hand.

"I made that man," said the Rag Doll, "and now he cuts me dead before them all! It's atrocious! Why, but for me he would have been bought for five shillings, and would have been the property of the plainest child in London."

"Not that," I pleaded; "think of—"
"Well, very plain, anyhow. I was ready to bow to him. I almost did."

"In fact, you did."
"I didn't. I declare I didn't."
"Oh, well, you didn't, then. It only looked like it."

"He first came here," said the Rag Doll, "three weeks ago. At that time he was—quite presentable. He was everything he should be. He stood firmly on his legs without toppling over, and had his cocked hat firmly fixed on his head. And his sword—"

"Where did he wear that?"
"He carried that, Mr. WHYTE RABBIT. Don't be silly. Wore it by his side, you know, and had epaulettes, too."

"He has changed outwardly at least."
"Yes, I know; well, I did that. I took

him in hand, and I just taught him, and now—!"

"Yes, I know. But how did you teach him?"
"I fell upon him. I knocked him from his perch, and in the fall broke his wretched sword with my own weight!"

"What very arbitrary distinctions you draw!"

"I don't know what you mean. I do like a plaything to be smart, anyhow. Don't you, Mr. WHYTE RABBIT? You don't play your tambourine properly. Now I shall take you in hand." And she slipped toward me.

"I prefer to use my own drumsticks. I can make enough noise in the world without extraneous assistance."

"How silly you are. I don't want to see you spick and span, as if you were ready to be given away with a pound of tea."

"Still, I don't see why I should alter my drumming—"

"Oh, you are stupid! Of course you admire me!"

"As he did. I see."

"You seem to think that very funny."

"Not a bit."

"Then we are agreed. There is not much fun in our talk."

"You're always so observant. There is not. Short sentences."

"And a *souçon* of the unexpressed."

"Which means so very much. When understood?"

She swayed from one side to the other. There was an easterly wind blowing full from the open north door of the Arcade. I looked unhappy. There is an understanding that I shall look unhappy except when I am beating my tambourine with my drumsticks.

"What was I saying before—before you—you know—oh, about our talk, of course, being rather flat and not very profitable?"

"I have no more to say," said I.

"But he was very angry, for in my fall I broke his nose."

"I have a bad nose, too."

"What's the matter with your nose?" asked the Rag Doll smiling.

"The joint is injured and some of the fur has come off my head—in fact, I am as bald as the ball of an eighteen-penny bagatelle-board," and I contrived (with the assistance of the draught) to roll away a little.

"You find carriage exercise good for your poor nose?" bubbled the Rag Doll.

Now when the Rag Doll bubbles—an operation which includes a sudden slipping down the shelf, the lighting up of glass eyes, a dart of a kid-covered arm with vague fingers, and a gurgling gust of slipping drapery—I am in the habit of ceasing to argue the question.

"Well, your fall will not damage the machinery. You have nothing to do but look—you understand. While I have to beat my tambourine with my drumsticks."

"But I won't fall upon you. I reserved my weight for the warrior that was once valued at five shillings and is now reduced to half-a-crown."

"Because you—educated him?"

"Yes. And now he cuts me dead! Why he will be bought by some one with poorer means, and will be all the more appreciated."

"Of course you did not care for the impoverished soldier?"

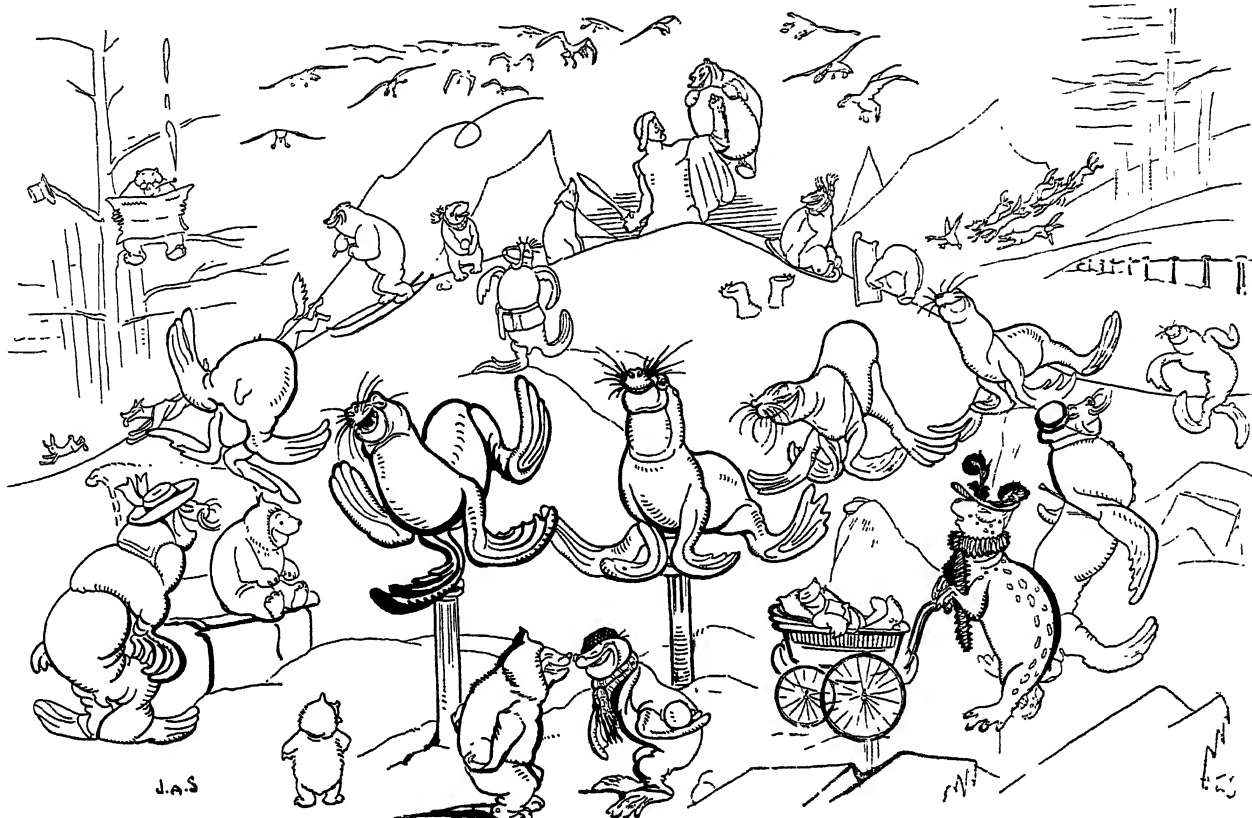
"Not a little bit."

"Nor any one else?"

"Oh, well—"

Then I repeated the question several times in such a way that if written a line of space would be given to every query. It was a notion of ALEXANDRE DUMAS *père* to do the same in his novels. And his sentences were worth a franc a line. At least, so it has been related.

The Rag Doll looked straight in front of her.



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. IV.—THE GLACIAL PERIOD. HYDE PARK, 1895. "DRIVEN IN BY STRESS OF WEATHER."

"Hullo, old chappie," I said to myself; "where did you spring from?"

"Why, it's my proprietor!" said the Rag Doll, ceasing to bubble, and becoming all propriety.

The toy merchant took no notice of what we had said. How could he when our voices were inaudible? But he dusted us with his feather-brush, and left us ready for another dialogue. For all that the Rag Doll didn't think he was coming just then. No more did I.

THE TEN LITTLE MEASURES.

(An Unionist's Forecast.)

[The measures in the Government Programme are ten in number (says the *Westminster Gazette*), viz., 1, Irish Land Reform; 2, Welsh Disestablishment; 3, Local Veto; 4, One Man, one Vote; 5, Charging Election Expenses on Rates; 6, Unification of London; 7, A Factory Bill; 8, Establishment of Conciliation Boards; 9, Completion of Scottish County Government; 10, Relief of Crofters.]

TEN little measures hung upon the line,
One went up to the Lords, and then there were nine.
Nine little measures asked their turn to wait,
One shoved in to the front, and then there were eight.
Eight little measures promising us heaven,
One met a Witler host, and then there were seven.
Seven little measures crossing the Lords' Styx,
One of 'em tumbled in, and then there were six.
Six little measures a-trying to look alive,
One was talked clean off his head, and then there were five.
Five little measures on the Session's lea shore,
One saw Gos and Magos there, and then there were four.
Four little measures as weak as weak could be,
One o'er an Amendment tripped, and then there were three.
Three little measures a-looking precious blue,
One met K-R H-RD-E's frown, and then there were two.
Two little measures a-trying a last run,
One of them had "special Scotch," and then there was one.
One little measure then aspired to "cop the bun,"
H-RC-RT coolly chucked it up, and then there were None!

[And then the Government went out, and Unionists had fun!]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 5.—Almost thought just now we were going to have another BRADLAUGH business. House crowded; Members on all sides eager for the fray. At the bar, closely packed, stood group of newly-elected Members. Seen some of them here before. BROADHURST back again after what seems years of exile. ELLIOTT LEES, deep in thought as to where he shall next go for his groceries in Birkenhead, in centre of the group. The new Solicitor-General, our old friend FRANK LOCKWOOD, like a tall maple (not Sir BLUNDELL), lifts his head and smiles.

"Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the table," says the SPEAKER.

BROADHURST, in the van, sprang forward. Had made a fair start when HENRY JAMES, watchful in aerie on corner bench below gangway, leaped to feet and proposed to discuss the legality of situation. Objection founded on abstruse mathematical problem. Two writs had been moved to fill vacancies in the representation of Leicester. There had been only one election. There should, HENRY JAMES argued, have been two. Consequently, election invalid; the two new Members for Leicester not Members at all, only strangers, intruders across the bar, liable to be whipped off in custody of Sergeant-at-Arms.

Here was a pretty prospect for opening of Session to which SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had come with his pocket full of Bills! Sergeant-at-Arms glanced uneasily at BROADHURST retreating before interruption. What if repetition of the old process were imminent? Were there to be more carpet-dances on floor of House through summer afternoons, as was the wont of Captain GOSSET pirouetting to and from the Mace, House not quite sure whether he was clutching BRADLAUGH or BRADLAUGH him? Then the merry scenes in the outer hall, BRADLAUGH fighting at long odds, finally thrust down the staircase, breathless, his coat torn, his stylographic pen broken. BROADHURST a stone or two lighter than BRADLAUGH. But was he equally nimble-footed? Certainly he had not yet acquired the practice which in the second Session of the controversy enabled BRADLAUGH

and the Sergeant-at-Arms to advance, retire, *chasser*, and clasp hands across the middle, in perfect time.

But a great deal has happened in the fifteen years that have sped since, from a corner seat on the side of the House facing HENRY JAMES, DRUMMOND WOLFE rose, and with emphatic gesture barred BRADLAUGH's progress to the table. By striking coincidence that strange chapter in Parliamentary history, opening by chance accident and leading to stirring consequences, was finally closed this very night, when AKERS-DOUGLAS moved writ to fill vacancy created in South Paddington by death of "Right Hon. RANDOLPH HENRY SPENCER CHURCHILL, commonly called Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."

HENRY JAMES had not concluded his sentence when SPEAKER interposed with ruling that there must be no interference with Members desiring to take their seats. So incident closed. Members for Leicester sworn in. BROADHURST, in exuberance of moment, made as though he would publicly shake the hand the clerk held out to take writ of return. But REGINALD FRANCIS DOUCE PALGRAVE not made K.C.B. for nothing. "The writ, the writ!" he hoarsely murmured, waving back the friendly hand. BROADHURST hastily produced document from breast-pocket, and thus fresh scandal was averted.

Business done.—Address moved.

Wednesday.—Exceptional interest in this afternoon's proceedings in view of circumstance that ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight)—what was it GRANDOLPH said about mediocrity with double-barrelled names?—would appear in his new character as SILOMIO. Title conferred during recess by delegates from Swaziland. Curiosity quickened by report that *début* would be made in character. Yesterday we had mover and seconder of Address in velvet suits with silver buttons and brands Excalibur at their side. Why not SILOMIO in the native dress of the nation that has adopted him? Some disappointment when he turned up in ordinary frock-coat. Understood that weather responsible for this. Swazi morning dress picturesque, but with nine degrees of frost in Palace Yard a little inadequate, especially for a beginner.

Even in commonplace English dress SILOMIO made a striking figure as he stood at the table, and belaboured it for "Swaziland, my Swaziland." Looked at times as if he were going to leap over, and seize by the throat SYDNEY BUXTON provokingly smiling on the other side. Last week's handkerchief hanging out from his coat tail pocket, in liberal measure though crumpled state, lent a weird effect to back view, not interrupted by inconvenient crowding on front Opposition Bench. Odd how SILOMIO's colleagues in late Ministry find business elsewhere when he rises to orate.

Business done.—Talking round Address.

Thursday.—Rather painful scene in House to-night. CHAPLIN resuming debate on Address led its course gently by the still waters of bimetallism. Somehow that a subject that has never quite entranced attention of frivolous Commons. It works certain subtle spell upon them. At clink of sovereign and shilling between argumentative finger and thumb they slink away. So it was to-night whilst CHAPLIN spoke. Faithful among the faithless found was JEMMY LOWTHER. He sat attentive beside the orator with an expression of profound wisdom, unmitigated by boyish habit of keeping his hands in his trouser pocket, not without suspicion of furtively counting his marbles or attempting to open his knife with the fingers of one hand.

JEMMY and CHAPLIN rank amongst oldest boys in the school. One took his seat for mid-Lincolnshire in December, 1868; saw the rise to supreme power of Mr. G. and, with some intervals, suffered it up to the end. The other rode in triumphantly from York one July day in 1865. Thus their united Parliamentary ages is fifty-seven, a record hard to beat. Shoulder to shoulder they

have, through all this time, resisted attacks on British Constitution. Now, suddenly, publicly, in eye of the scorner, came sharp parting of the ways.

CHAPLIN viewing state of things depressing industrial communities admitted it was very bad. Mills closed, mines empty, ship-building yards silent, workmen starving. Only one thing would save the State—Bimetallism. "Is there anyone," said the orator with magnificent wave of arm round desolate benches; "who has any other suggestion to make for the salvation of these industries?" Then up spoke JEMMY LOWTHER. "I have," he said with final tug at the blade of the knife hidden in his pocket.

CHAPLIN stood aghast. Could it be possible—his own familiar friend? He turned, looked down on him, gasping for breath. Then in a hollow voice he added, "What has my right hon. friend been doing all this time? Why doesn't he make his proposal?"

Here was an opening for apology, recantation, or at least, submissive silence. But JEMMY evidently gone to the bad; got the bit between his teeth and bolted. "I've made it over and over again," he growled, thinking resentfully of his much crying in the wilderness for that blessed thing Protection. Ribald House roared with laughter. CHAPLIN, cut to heart, avoided repetition of painful incident by bringing oration to early conclusion.

"Let's put this matter to practical test, TOBY," he said. "Come along with me, and we'll consult the Unemployed."

Not far to go. On Westminster Bridge a hollow-cheeked man leaning over low wall stared at ice-floes silently gliding down with the tide. "My good man," said CHAPLIN, "you look unemployed, and I daresay you're hungry. Now, in order to put you straight, which would you rather have, Bimetallism or Protection?"

"Well, if you don't mind, master," said the Unemployed huskily, "I'd like a chunk o' bread."

"Ah!" said CHAPLIN, "these people are so illogical." And he gave him half-a-crown.

Business done.—Drifted into debate on Bimetallism. Business can wait.

Friday.—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD left sick room to take part in debate and division on JEFFREYS' Amendment to Address. Self-devotion dangerous on foggy, frosty night. But the result worth it, at least for crowded House that heard the speech. Best thing of the kind done in House since DIZZY's prime. SQUIRE evidently profited by necessity for rapidity of composition. The sharpest barbs aimed at quivering figure of JOKIM sitting opposite.

"Wot's this he means about stealing my clothes when I was bathing?" said HARDIE, with puzzled look. "With thirteen degrees of frost under the fog I DON'T KEIR less than ever about bathing. As for my clothes, they might suit PRINCE ARTHUR, but they wouldn't quite fit him."

Business done.—Amendment to Address defeated by twelve votes in House of 534 Members.

Superior Studies.

Literature and Philosophy Class for Female Students.

Master. What is the analogy between *Hamlet* and MIRABEAU? *First Girl (rising).* I know. (*Pause, then suddenly, and with determination.*) MIRABEAU didn't get on well with his father, and *Hamlet* was at daggers drawn with his uncle.

[*Reseats herself triumphantly.*]

RESETTING AN OLD SAW.—The descriptive writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, giving his account of the opening of Parliament, observed that "Hypercritics have combated the generally accepted axiom that one pea entirely resembles another," and he went on to show how one parliamentary crowd resembled any other parliamentary crowd at the initial ceremony. Assuming therefore this similarity, suppose we re-set the old saw, and say, "As like as two M.P.'s."



Spoiling his Peroration.

ber, 1868; saw the rise to supreme power of Mr. G. and, with some intervals, suffered it up to the end. The other rode in triumphantly from York one July day in 1865. Thus their united Parliamentary ages is fifty-seven, a record hard to beat. Shoulder to shoulder they



A Trifle for the Unemployed!

"With thirteen degrees of frost under the fog I DON'T KEIR less than ever about bathing. As for my clothes, they might suit PRINCE ARTHUR, but they wouldn't quite fit him."

Business done.—Amendment to Address defeated by twelve votes in House of 534 Members.

THE O. W. VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it easy to become a dramatist?

Answer. As easy as anything else.

Q. What are the requisites?

A. A West-end theatre, a first-rate troupe of artists, a trained audience, and a personality.

Q. What do you mean by a trained audience?

A. An assembly accustomed to accept everything as wit, and to laugh at anything.

Q. Would such a gathering consider it amusing for someone to say "Flirting with one's husband is quite indelicate: it is like washing one's clean linen in public"?

A. Certainly; and would find much to admire in a dialogue given over for something like ten minutes to an exhaustive consideration of muffins.

Q. And what do you mean by a personality?

A. More or less—an *insouciant* manner, and a rather startling button-hole.

Q. Does the personality require a speech or a cigarette?

A. Neither now, as both have ceased to be the fashion.

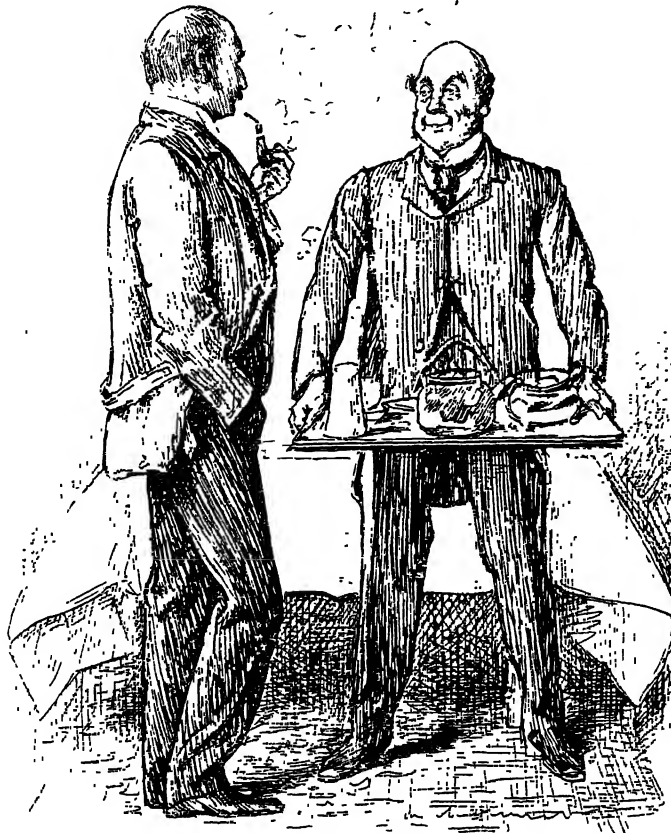
Q. Given the requisites you have specified for creating a dramatist, what is the product?

A. A trivial comedy for serious people.

Q. Why give a play such a title?

A. Why not?

Q. Can a comedy occupying



A PURIST IN ENGLISH.

"YOU CALLED ME VERY LATE THIS MORNING, JENKINSON!"

"YES, SIR, I'M SORRY TO SAY I OVERLAID MYSELF!"

two or three hours in representation be entirely trivial?

A. Not to the members of the audience.

Q. And are they serious people?

A. That depends upon the condition of their brains and their capacity of enjoyment.

Q. Does the trivial comedy require a plot?

A. Nothing to speak of.

Q. Or characterisation?

A. No, for the same kind of dialogue will do for all the company—for London ladies, country girls, justices of the peace, doctors of divinity, maid-servants, and confidential butlers.

Q. What sort of dialogue?

A. Inverted proverbs and renovated paradoxes.

Q. Is this kind of dialogue entirely new?

A. Not entirely, as something rather like it has been heard at the Savoy for the last ten or twenty years.

Q. But is it good enough for a British Public?

A. Quite good enough. They will laugh when a London lady expresses surprise at finding flowers growing in the country, and roar when they hear the retort, that plants are as common in the provinces as people in town.

Q. But surely this vein of sarcasm, satire, or whatever it is, will some day be worked out. What can the dramatist then do?

A. Act upon precedent, and try something else.

TONING IT DOWN.

(See the Daily Papers of Last Week.)

JAPANESE VERSION.

EARLY on Tuesday a severe engagement took place between the Japanese Fleet and the Chinese Flotilla, in which the Chinese ironclads *Wi Ho Wi*, *Bang Tel Bang*, and *Bosh Lu Rot* were sunk. The loss on the Japanese side was a cabin-boy wounded. The Chinese prisoners amounted to 180,000 men.

On Wednesday morning the Japanese landed and took all the forts, and garrisoned the city, which is now completely in the hands of the troops of the Taicoon.

On Thursday the Japanese commenced a general bombardment of the island, and blew up all the forts and sixty-seven powder magazines. The Chinese loss is estimated at 36,000 men. The Japanese escaped unscathed.

On Friday the Japanese made their grand attack and took the

CHINESE VERSION.

THE Chinese Fleet gave a good account of the Japanese Squadron on Tuesday. The slaughter of the Japs was enormous, amounting to at least 40,000 sailors and 50,000 marines. There was no loss on the Chinese side. Owing to a mistake the *Wi Ho Wi* lost a rope, the *Bang Tel Bang* had her figure-head slightly damaged, and the *Bosh Lu Rot* re-entered port just to have her deck repainted. The Japanese lost several ironclads and all their torpedo-boats.

On Wednesday an attack of 70,000 Japanese troops was repulsed with great slaughter by the Chinese, and the invaders are now in active retreat. The Chinese have not pursued them, from motives of an entirely philanthropic character.

An artillery duel took place on Thursday between the Chinese troops and the Japanese, in which the latter lost all their war materiel and seventy-nine general officers. The casualty on the Chinese side was one drummer-boy slightly wounded—sprain of the left little toe.

For a few minutes the Japanese secured a footing on the island,

island by assault, and destroyed all the enemy's fleet, with the exception of a gun-boat.

The Chinese Fleet on Saturday was entirely at the mercy of the Japanese, and the Admiral is soliciting for terms. A flag of truce is floating from the remaining Chinese ironclad.

On Sunday the Japanese consented to permit the Chinese Admiral and sailors to unconditionally surrender, and have arranged to protect them from the fury of the Chinese Government.

but were soon induced to retreat. Many of the Chinese ironclads have seen much service, but are still able to dispose of the enemy.

The Chinese Admiral during Saturday has wired to his Government—"The Japanese, after one slight reverse, having lost all heart, are now suing for peace. We shall be careful to guard the best interests of the empire."

The Chinese Admiral (under Sunday's date) has wired to Pekin—"Have come to arrangement with Japanese authorities. Shall not return to Pekin. Good-bye. Those who have no other engagements are going home to tea."

HARD LINES.

(By a Mathematical Bard.)

Alas, spooks of EUCLID, NEWTON, weep for me,
For I'm a miserably blighted biped!
And here's the cause—I wrote an ode, you see,
Alluding to a parallelepiped.

I'd spelt my polysyllable all right,
The blessed word I hoped would make me famous;
The vulgar error I'd avoided quite,
And thought no one could call me "ignoramus."

It safely passed in proof through each "revise";
But didn't I rave, when I my book inspected,
And found it by some printer over-wise
To "parallelopiped" miscorrected

MR. PUNCH'S CRITICISM ON JOHN DAVIDSON'S LATEST PRODUCTION.
—"It ain't all Lavender."

**THE UNEMPLOYED.**

Plumber Joe. "IF THESE 'ERE PIPES 'UD ONLY BUST, THERE'D BE A CHARGE OF A JOB FOR ME!"



THROUGH STRESS OF WEATHER.

Tommy (after contemplating the Horses in front of him). "I SHALL HUNT ON CAWIDGE HORSES WHEN I'S A MAN, JOHN! THEY HASN'T EAT ANY OF THEIR HEADS OFF, LIKE WHAT HUNTERS ALWAYS DOES IN FROSTY WEATHER, HAS THEY?"

THE UNEMPLOYED.

Plumber Joe loquitur:—

OH, bust it! Or, rayther, bust *them*! I've my eye on the pipes o' this House, As might give me the chanst as I wants, but, by gobb, it's a regular chouse. Nary bust in 'em yet, as I sees! I ain't none o' yer ornary hands, There isn't a task in my trade but wot smart Plumber JOE understands, And at making a jint I'm daisy. Our trade is a topper, it is, But one art of the potters called plumbers ain't nothink like up to their biz— Mere poor paltryfoggers, most on 'em, as boggle, and bungle, and botch. 'Tain't *business* the beggars are arter, but more speshul Irish—or Scotch! A copper-bit jint is their utmost, but wot they like most is a spodge Of canvas and white-lead or putty; *their* work is all fakement and dodge, As won't last a fortnit, not watertight. As to a blow-jint, well did, They jest couldn't take it on nohow—no, not if you tipped 'em a quid. But I'm a certificated plumber, a master of shave-hook and solder, Of turn-pin, and mallet, and fire-devil. Plumber who's smarter and bolder With blow-pipe, and lamp-black, and size, you won't find London through if yer try; And at "wiping a jint"—ah!—a pickter—there's nouse as can wipe JOEY'S eye. Then at sanitory work! Bless yer buttons, yer dashed County Council ain't in it;

And as to that there WALLACE BRUCE, wy, I'll jist wipe him up in a minit, Though he *has* a good fighting name on 'im. Calls me a quack, too, does BILL, And 'ints I dunno my own trade! Wait a bit, and I'll give *him* a pill. Insanitary aireys, indeed! As a judge of a rookery or slum There ain't ne'er a Cockney C. C. as can side-up with JOEY the Brum; Wot 'e doesn't know 'aint *wuth* knowing. I'll set 'em all right, though,—in time. When England's *all* Brummagemised, and I'm boss of it, *won't* it be prime? Meanwhile, I'm a bit out-of-work. Unemployed, so to speak, like a lot, Although I ain't no "Unskilled Labourer." HARDIE talks thunderin' rot, But I thought 'e might make me a hopenin. Somehow the fakement was lost. And yet I *should* be flush o' work, for we've had a unusual frost, As this House, like the rest, must have felt. Wy, I thought they'd ha' bust long ago, Them Guverment pipes, and be blowed to 'em. 'Ere in the sludge and the snow I've bin waiting a tidy long spell, till my toes 'ave like icicles grown. I've bin journeyman quite long enough, and I want to set up "on my own." Pal ARTHUR is all very well, but at bossing a bit of a slob. And when these big pipes do a bust, well—I see a rare charnce of a job!

FIN DE SIÈCLE.—"New men, new manners." "New women—no manners."

AN ARTISTIC "FROST."

[According to the *Daily Telegraph*, the Saffron Hill street-musicians are complaining that their barrel-organs are frozen.]

Macaroni Carlo sings:—

*Ah, che la morte ognora—
Basta! no more can I play!
So ai nostri monti ancora
Ritornaremo to-day!*

*Ebbene, il mio padrone—
I bid 'im an' Londra good-bye!
'E may grind out 'imself 'is canzone
For never again will I try!*

*E troppo! my barrel—'e's frosty,
An' round I can not make 'im turn!
The music of VERDI and TOSTI
No longer a soldo can earn!*

"*My Honey!*" won't thaw, and there's *Daisy*,"

An icicle frozen right through!
So addi, *Inghilterra, paese*
Where artists have no more to do!

RETURN TO THE CLASSICS.—There is a talk of reviving Olympian Games. Athens or Paris to begin. The competitors to be cosmopolitan. England will send her prize boxer or wrestler, and if crowned victor, let him, after the manner of the ancient Greeks, be free of taxes and rates for the remainder of his life. How the competition will grow. The Smiths, the Browns, all the patres familias will be urged by the matres to go forth and take part in the contest.

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

SCENE—Mona House, the Town Mansion of the Marquis of MANX, which has been lent for a Sale of Work in aid of the "Fund for Superannuated Skirt-dancers," under the patronage of Royalty and other distinguished personages.

IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

Mrs. Wylie Dedhead (attempting to insinuate herself between the barriers). Excuse me; I only want to pop in for a moment, just to see if a lady friend of mine is in there, that's all!

The Lady Money-taker (blandly). If you will let me know your friend's name—

Mrs. W. D. (splendide mendax). She's assisting the dear Duchess. Now, perhaps, you will allow me to pass!

The L. M. Afraid I can't, really. But if you mean Lady HONOR HYNDLEGGES—she is the only lady at the Duchess's stall—I could send in for her. Or of course, if you like to pay half-a-crown—

Mrs. W. D. (hastily). Thank you, I—I won't disturb her ladyship. I had no idea there was any charge for admission, and—(bristling)—allow me to say I consider such regulations most absurd.

The L. M. (sweetly, with a half glance at the bowl of coins on the table). Quite too ridiculous, ain't they? Good afternoon!

Mrs. W. D. (audibly, as she flounces out). If they suppose I'm going to pay half-a-crown for the privilege of being fleeced—

Footman (on steps, sotto voce, to confrère). "Fleeced"! that's a good 'un, eh? She ain't brought much wool in with her!

His Confrère. On'y what's stuffed inside of her ear.

[They resume their former impassive dignity.]

IN THE VENETIAN GALLERY—where the Bazaar is being held.

A Loyal Old Lady (at the top of her voice—to Stall-keeper). Which of 'em's the Princess, my dear, eh? It's her I paid my money to see.

The Stall-keeper (in a dismayed whisper). Ssh! Not quite so loud! There—just opposite—petunia bow in her bonnet—selling kittens.

The L. O. L. (planting herself on a chair). So that's her! Well, she is dressed plain—for a Royalty—but looks pleasant enough. I wouldn't mind taking one o' them kittings off her Royal 'Ighness myself, if they was going at all reasonable. But there, I expect, the cats 'ere is meat for my masters, so to speak; and you see, my dear, 'aving the promise of a tortoise-shell tom from the lady as keeps the Dairy next door, whenever—

[She finds, with surprise, that her confidences are not encouraged.]

Miss St. Leger de Mayne (persuasively, to Mrs. NIBBLER). Do let me show you some of this exquisite work, all embroidered entirely by hand, you see!

Mrs. Nibbler (edging away). Lovely—quite lovely; but I think—a—I'll just take a look round before I—

Miss de M. If there is any particular thing you were looking for, perhaps I could—

Mrs. N. (becoming confidential). Well, I did think if I could come across a nice sideboard-cloth—

Miss de M. (to herself). What on earth's a sideboard-cloth? (Aloud.) Why, I've the very thing! See—all worked in Russian stitch!

Mrs. N. (dubiously). I thought they were always quite plain. And what's that queer sort of flap-thing for?

Miss de M. Oh, that? That's—a—to cover up the spoons, and forks, and things; quite the latest fashion, now, you know.

Mrs. N. (with self-assertion). I have noticed it at several dinner-parties I've been to in society lately, certainly. Still, I'm not sure that—

Miss de M. I always have them on my own sideboard now—my husband won't hear of any others. . . . Then, I may put this one in paper for you? fifteen-and-sixpence—thanks so much! (To her colleague, as Mrs. N. departs.) CONNIE, I've got rid of that awful nightgown case at last!

Mrs. Maycup. A—you don't happen to have a small bag to hold a powder-puff, and so on, you know?

Miss de M. I had some very pretty ones; but I'm afraid they're all—oh, no, there's just one left—crimson velvet and real passementerie. (She produces a bag.) Too trotty for words, isn't it?

Mrs. Maycup (tacitly admitting its trottiness). But then—that sort of purse-shape—Could I get a small pair of folding curling-irons into it, should you think, at a pinch?

Miss de M. You could get anything into it—at a pinch. I've one myself which will hold—well, I can't tell you what it won't hold! Half-a-guinea—so many thanks! (To herself, as Mrs. MAYCUP carries off her bag.) What would the Vicar's wife say if she knew I'd sold her church collection bag for that! But it's all in a good cause! (An Elderly Lady comes up.) May I show you some of these—

The Elderly Lady. Well, I was wondering if you had such a thing as a good warm pair of sleeping socks: because, these bitter nights, I do find I suffer so from cold in my feet.

Miss de M. (with effusion). Ah, then I can feel for you—so do I! At least, I used to before I tried—(To herself.)

Where is that pair of thick woollen driving-gloves? Ah, I know. (Aloud.)—these. I've found them such a comfort!

The E. L. (suspiciously). They have rather a queer—And then they're divided at the ends, too.

Miss de M. Oh, haven't you seen those before? Doctors consider them so much healthier, don't you know.

The E. L. I daresay they are, my dear. But aren't the—(with delicate embarrassment)—the separated parts rather long?

Miss de M. Do you think so? They allow so much more freedom, you see; and then, of course they'll shrink.

The E. L. That's true, my dear. Well, I'll take a pair, as you recommend them so strongly.

Miss de M. I'm quite sure you'll never regret it! (To herself, as the E. L. retires, charmed.) I'd give anything to see the poor old thing trying to put them on!

Miss Mimosa Tendrill (to herself). I do so hate hawking this horrid old thing about! (Forlornly, to Mrs. ALBUTT-INNETT.) I—I beg your pardon; but will you give me ten and sixpence for this lovely work-basket?

Mrs. Albutt-Innett. My good girl, let me tell you I've been



"You have lofty, ambitions and the artistic temperament."

pestered to buy that identical basket at every bazaar I've set foot in for the last twelvemonth, and how you can't have the face to ask ten and six for it—you must think I've more money than wit!

Miss Tendr. (abashed). Well—eighteenpence then? *(To herself, as Mrs. A.-I. closes promptly.)* There, I've sold something, anyhow!

The Hon. Diana D'Autenbas (to herself). It's rather fun selling at a Bazaar; one can let oneself go so much more! *(To the first man she meets.)* I'm sure you'll buy one of my buttonholes—now won't you? If I fasten it in for you myself?

Mr. Cadney Rowser. A button-ole, eh? Think I'm not classy enough as I am?

Miss D'Aut. I don't think anyone could accuse you of not being "classy"; still, a flower would just give the finishing-touch.

Mr. C. R. (modestly). Rats!—if you'll pass the freedom. But you've such a way with you that—there—ow much?

Miss D'Aut. Only five shillings. Nothing—to you!

Mr. C. R. Five bob? You're a artful girl, you are! "*Fang de Seakale*," and no error! But I'm on it; it's worth the money to 'ave a flower fastened in by such fair 'ands. I won't owl—not even if you do run a pin into me. . . . What? You ain't done a'ready! No 'urry, yer know. . . . 'Ere, won't you come along to the refreshment-stall, and 'ave a little something at my expense. Do!

Miss D'Aut. I think you must imagine you are talking to a barmaid!

Mr. C. R. (with gallantry). I on'y wish barmaids was 'alf as pleasant and sociable as you, Miss. But they're a precious stuck-up lot, I can assure you!

Miss D'Aut. (to herself, as she escapes). I suppose one ought to put up with this sort of thing—for a charity!

Mrs. Babbicombe (at the Toy Stall, to the Belle of the Bazaar, aged three-and-a-half). You perfect duck! You're simply too sweet! I must find you something. *(She tempers generosity with discretion by presenting her with a small pair of knitted doll's socks.)* There, darling!

The Belle's Mother. What do you say to the kind lady now, MARJORY?

Marjory (a practical young person, to the donor). Now div me a dolly to put ve socks on.

[Mrs. B. finds herself obliged to repair this omission.]

A Young Lady Raffler (to a Young Man). Do take a ticket for this charmin' satchet. Only half-a-crown!

The Young Man. Delighted! If you'll put in for this splendid cigar cabinet. Two shillin's!

[The Young Lady realises that she has encountered an Augur, and passes on.]

Miss de M. (to Mr. ISTHMIAN GATWICK). Can't I tempt you with this tea-cosy? It's so absurdly cheap!

Mr. Isthmian Gatwick (with dignity). A-thanks; I think not. Never take tea, don't you know.

Miss de M. (with her characteristic adaptability). Really? No more do I. But you could use it as a smoking-cap, you know. I always—

[Recollects herself, and breaks off in confusion.]

Miss Ophelia Palmer (in the "Wizard's Cave"—to Mr. CADNEY ROWSER). Yes, your hand indicates an intensely refined and spiritual nature; you are perhaps a little too indifferent to your personal comfort where that of others is concerned; sensitive—too much so for your own happiness, perhaps—you feel things keenly when you do feel them. You have lofty ambitions and the artistic temperament—seven and sixpence, please.

Mr. C. R. (impressed). Well, Miss, if you can read all that for seven and six on the palm of my 'and, I wonder what you wouldn't see for 'alf a quid on the sole o' my boot!

[Miss P.'s belief in Chiromancy sustains a severe shock.]

Bobbie Patterson (outside tent, as Showman). This way to the Marvellous Jumping Bean from Mexico! Threepence!

Voice from Tent. BOBBIE! Stop! The Bean's lost! Lady HONOR's horrid Thought-reading Poodle has just stepped in and swallowed it.

Bobbie. Ladies and Gentlemen, owing to sudden domestic calamity, the Bean has been unavoidably compelled to retire, and will be unable to appear till further notice.

Miss Smylie (to Mr. OTIS BARLEYWATER, who—in his own set—is considered "almost equal to CORNEY GRAIN"). I thought you were giving your entertainment in the library? Why aren't you?

Mr. Otis Barleywater (in a tone of injury). Why? Because I can't give my imitations of ARTHUR ROBERTS and YVETTE GUILBERT with anything like the requisite "go," unless I get a better



A POOR ADVERTISEMENT.

Tourist. "I SUPPOSE YOU FEEL PROUD TO HAVE SUCH A DISTINGUISHED MAN STAYING IN YOUR HOUSE?"

Host of the "Drummondachie Arms." "'DEED NO! A BODY LIKE THAT DOES US MAIR HAIRM THAN GUID; HIS APPEARANCE IS NAE CREDIT TAE OOR COMMISSARIAT!"

audience than three programme-sellers, all under ten, and the cloak-room maid—that's why!

Mrs. Allbutt-Innett (as she leaves, for the benefit of bystanders). I must say, the house is most disappointing—not at all what I should expect a Marquis to live in. Why, my own reception-rooms are very nearly as large, and decorated in a much more modern style!

Bobbie Patterson (to a "Doosid Good-natured Fellow, who doesn't care what he does," and whom he has just discovered inside a cage got up to represent an automatic sweetmeat machine). Why, my dear old chap! No idea it was you inside that thing! Enjoying yourself in there, eh?

The Doosid Good-natured Fellow (stuffy, from the interior). Enjoying myself! With the beastly pennies droppin' down into my boots, and the kids howlin' because all the confounded chocolates have worked up between my shoulder-blades, and I can't shake 'em out of the slit in my arm? I'd like to see you tryin' it!

The L. O. L. (to a stranger, who is approaching the Princess's stall). 'Ere, Mister, where are your manners? 'A's off in the presence o' Royalty! *[She pokes him in the back with her umbrella; the stranger turns, smiles slightly, and passes on.]*

A Well-informed Bystander. You are evidently unaware, Madam, that the gentleman you have just addressed is His Serene Highness the Prince of POTSDAM!

The L. O. L. (aghast). Her 'usban! And me a jobbin' of 'im with my umberella! 'Ere, let me get out! *[She staggers out, in dead terror of being sent to the Tower on the spot.]*



COMPENSATION.

He. "THAT'S MRS. GRIMSHAW, WHO LECTURES ON BIMETALLISM. I'VE HEARD HER. HOW EXASPERATINGLY CLEVER SHE SEEMS TO BE!" She. "YES—BUT HOW CONSOLINGLY UGLY!"

THE LEARNED WELSH GOAT.

Dame Ap-Asq-th loquitur:—

Nor the Learned Pig, ladies and gentlemen, this time. Oh dear no! I should think the public had had about enough of him for some time to come, and— Oh, I forgot! (*Aside: He'll have to be trotted out again presently, so I'd better shut up, and not spoil the market for Mither O'MORLEY.*) As I was saying, ladies and gentlemen, not the Learned Irish Pig, but the Learned Welsh Goat! A goat, you know, is a nimble creature, which, in a state of nature, mounts pinnacles, and leaps from rock to rock, like the poor gentleman in the *Contrabandista*. This one could climb a church steeple, and balance itself on the weathercock—if permitted to do so. Couldn't you, TAFFY? (*Aside: I hope the blessed brute won't butt me. He's been a bit restive of late.*)

No, ladies and gentlemen, *Esmeralda's* goat was really not in it with mine, for nimbleness and nous, much less the goat in *Dinorah*. As to *Robinson Crusoe's* much talked of animal— Here, I say, TAFFY! *Crych llywyddfawr ychonbomphyy kkonobomthygy!* That means, "Mind your 'p's' and 'q's'," ladies and gentlemen, or, in Welsh, "Mind your 'l's' and 'y's'." But my goat understands English quite well, as you'll see presently, and, moreover, is not, as Lord ROSEBURY says most other members of the Liberal Party are, floored by words of two syllables. TAFFY is equal to *five*—at least! Most Welsh words, you know, are in about twenty. At least, they look so, to non-Welshers—I mean, non-Welshmen. (*Aside: Hope they won't ask me what is the Welsh for "Ploughing the Sands"?*)

Now, you see, ladies and gentlemen, here are sixteen letters, scattered, "in pie," as it were, forming a word of five syllables, which has been familiar in our mouths as "All the Year Round"—I mean household words—of late. (*Aside: Indeed it has! And if they knew what a bore it has become in Cabinet Councils and other places where they squabble— Well, no matter!*) Behold the letters, ladies and gentlemen!

M. B. L. E. A. T. I. S. H. D. I. S. S. E. N. T

Now, TAFFY, what can you make of that? Watch him, ladies and gentlemen! Mark his sagacity! And remember, it is all done by kindness! (*Aside: Yes, "by CADWALLADER and all his goats," it wouldn't do to try anything else with this animal, or we should all be sprawling in no time!*)

Plwymch y llwnrwelffy, TAFFY! See, he starts with "a big,

big D." No profanity intended, I assure you. This is a Nonconformist goat, and carries a conscience! D.I.S. Ah! that, too, hath an ominous sound, TAFFY! But you're not through yet. E.S.T.A.B! How carefully, yet how confidently, he picks them out. No hesitation, no indecision. Ah! Gallant Little TAFFY knows his book! D.I.S.E.S.T.A.B— Well, and what's the next letter, TAFFY? [*Left spelling it out.*]

HARD TO (L. C.) C.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I crave your advice and sympathy under the following circumstances. I have been of late considerably perplexed as to which side I ought to support in the forthcoming London County Council Election. Sometimes I have felt drawn to the banner of Progressivism, at other times I have yearned to embrace Moderateness, I do not say the Moderate Programme, because there are so many. In my difficulty I saw an announcement that the *Daily Chronicle* was about to become an illustrated paper in the interest of the Progressives. Accordingly, last Monday I eagerly bought the first copy of the newly-pictured paper, and found a delightful feast for my eyes in a reproduction of a drawing by Sir EDWARD BURNÉ-JONES. It was without doubt a charming piece of work, and the printing was marvellously good. That decided me—I threw in my lot with the Progressives without more ado.

But, unfortunately, that was only the commencement of the difficulty. That very afternoon I met a friend who happened to be a "Moderate" candidate. "I suppose I can reckon on your assistance, old fellow?" was his greeting as he patted me familiarly on the back. I explained to him that I had determined to vote Progressive. He asked me why. For some time I tried to think of some reason which should appear, on the face of it, conclusive. It ended in my being truthful, and playing Sir EDWARD BURNÉ-JONES. Then came the questions which have been ringing in my ears ever since. "What on earth has that delightful picture to do with the question? Why, I've got it myself and am having it framed for our drawing-room. But why should it make you vote Progressive?" And that's just it—I didn't know, and I don't know. Please can anyone tell me?

Yours, Burne-Jonesing to know,
Feb. 15, 1895.

MUCHPUP LEXT.

CHILLY NOTION.—The gentleman who had "nothing on his mind" was reduced to "a bare idea." He has not survived it.



THE LEARNED WELSH GOAT.

DAME AP-ASQ-TH. "NOW, TAFFY, WHAT'S THE NEXT LETTER?"

TO MY DOCTOR IN BED.

WITH much regret I hear it said
That you, dear doctor, are in bed,
Quite invalided.
For you the uninviting fare—
The broth, the gruel, made with care,
The milk—is needed.

I mourn, yet grimly chuckle, too,
When thinking that not I, but you,
Should be a fixture;
Not I, but you, must sadly sip,
With utterly unwilling lip,
Some awful mixture.

Not I, but you, must now obey
What dictatorial doctors say,
So interfering!
I might perhaps be less averse
To some attractive youthful nurse,
And find her cheering.

In weather such as we have had,
Your fate may not have been so bad;
In bed one lingers
When blizzards bite the bluish nose,
When cold half numbs the tortured toes,
The frozen fingers.

So I perhaps should envy you,
With nothing in the world to do
But, idly dozy,
And disregarding snow and storm,
To just be comfortably warm,
And snugly cosy.

To pass the time, your pulse you feel,
And dream of charms all ills to heal,
Like some magician;
In mirrors you may see your tongue;
You cannot listen to your lung,
My poor physician.

You read the *Lancet*, I should say,
Or books on your complaint, all day,
Stiff-bound or limp tomes,
And when you put the volumes by,
You lie and sigh and try and di-
agnose your symptoms.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS have omitted one thing that would have contributed to the full success of their publication of *The Memoirs of the Duchesse de Gontaut*, done out of the French by Mrs. W. DAVIS. They ought to have engaged the services of our E. T. R., who would have been quite at home in illustrating the prehistoric peeps here opened. The Duchesse was *gouvernante* to thoseshefondly styles the "children of France" during the Restoration. Of her charges one was "The Child of Miracle," born to the Duchesse DE BERRY after the murder of her husband. He was subsequently known to French Royalists as HENRI THE FIFTH, and to the rest of the world as the Comte DE CHAMRORD. What is amazing, in a sense fascinating, to readers at this end of the century, is to find a state of things existing in which such a poor, common-place, fatuous creature as CHARLES THE TENTH could be regarded with reverence, almost worship, by his fellow-creatures. Madame DE GONTAUT, a high-minded, well-educated, sensible woman, almost weeps over the king as in the days of July, 1830, he sat on the balcony at the Palace of St. Cloud playing whist, the game interrupted from time to time by the sound of the tocsin, and the flashing forth of fresh fires in the streets of revolted Paris. On the 28th of July overtures were made from the revolutionary committee in Paris, which might, temporarily at least, have saved the throne had the king accepted their moderate conditions. "I think," he said, for all response, "it is a



Importunate Street Urchin (for the tenth time). "GI' US A COPPER, SIR! GI' US A COPPER!"
Testy Individual (losing patience). "OH, GO TO"—(substitutes a milder form)—"BLAZES!"
Street Urchin. "SURE THIN AN' I WOULD IN THIS BASTLY COULD WEATHER, IF I WAS ONLY CERTAIN O' COMIN' BACK AGAIN!" [Individual's testiness overcome and Urchin rewarded.]

great impertinence to bring me such propositions." Three days later, at two o'clock in the morning, the king was roused out of his peaceful sleep, and packed off to Dieppe by friends, anxious to save him from the fate of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Seasonable Conundrum.

Q. WHAT is the difference between laying down the Golden Rule (Do to others, &c.) and acting upon it?

A. One is a truism, the other an altruism.
[Mr. Punch advises the well-to-do readers to work this out practically among the poor this inclement season.]

THRIFT!

(To "Unsplendid Paupers, in Workhouses and other places where they wish to enjoy themselves" on the cheap.)

IF you'd really learn and practice Thrift (As the frozen poor have needed lately) Get the great Elizabethan gift

Of (economically) being "stately."
(Mr. STEAD that dower will explain.)

You must have a castle to begin with;
Then give a *Bal Poudré*. You will gain!
(Having nothing else to do your "tin" with.)

The true way to save is—spend your money
On a splendid pageant! Ain't it funny?
SALISBURY for HODGE advised a circus,
I a *Bal Poudré* for every "Vorkuss"!



IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT IS PROPOSED TO ADD A REAL ICE RINK (WET OR SHINE, SUMMER OR WINTER) FOR THE USE OF MEMBERS.

A VALEDICTION TO ST. VALENTINE.

(By an Old-fashioned Fellow.)

Old friend of the lass and the lover,
They say you are moribund now,
Your rule—it was gentle—is over,
Because—it is "vulgar" to vow,
"No class" to be vassal to Cupid,
"Bad form" to go wooing in verse!
Well, Saint, your old rhymings were stupid
But new ones seem worse.

Your hearts and your darts were as healthy
As daffodils, larks or Spring lamb.
But now we're so wise, and so wealthy,
Simplicity strikes us as sham;
Your empire was kind, if despotic,
And blent of the smile and the tear.
But now we're all "new" and "neurotic,"
And slaves to the queer.

A Beardsley design, now, would shock you.
And so would a verse by VERLAINE.
Our Art, modern Art, would but mock you,
Our poetry give you much pain.
Oh Woman, New Woman, thou clamorest
Loudly for right to revolt.
But oh! from our latter-day Amorist
S. V. would *bold!*

'Tis well, good Saint Valentine, truly,
That you have got notice to quit,
For, faith! you must find us unduly
Devoted to cynical wit.
The poor dear conventional passions,
You voiced, with bird-pipings, in Spring,
Are not "up to date." Love's new fashions
You never could sing!

Good gracious! LE GALLIENNE's lyrics,
And DAVIDSON's Lavender-scent,
Would certainly give you hysterics.
Song now, just like wine, must ferment.
The dewdrop old dithyrambics
You loved, in our day don't go down.
Our maidens like brisk gallambics
On which you would frown.

Indeed ithyphallics—but, bless us!
Our poesy, Saint, unto you
Would be like a new shirt of Nessus.
Our art is all yellow—or blue.
And so, poor old boy, 'tis a blessing
You're off, with a tear in your eye.
Like soft hearts and simple caressing,
You're vulgar! Good-bye!

STRANGE OMEN.—SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD, Solicitor-General, was "entertained," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "to dinner"—(observe, not "entertained at dinner"; perhaps he had to do the entertaining, then)—"at the House of Commons, his host, Mr. JOHN AIRD" (always a host in himself), "being a Conservative," while the other guests were either Conservatives or Unionists. DANIEL in the lions' den is the parallel that arises to everyone's mind; but in this instance DANIEL actually dined with the lions, and probably felt none the worse for the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

WE haven't as yet seen *An Artist's Model* at Daly's, but as the piece seems to depend for its "go" mainly on the music composed for it by Mr. OWEN HALL (to clever lyrics by Mr. GREENBANK), it would not be unfair to say that it is to its music it is OWEN HALL its success.

ANTICIPATORY.—Should HENRY IRVING, as the acknowledged leading representative of the Historic side of "Dramatic Art in this country," receive the honour of knighthood, the Lyceum bill might be headed, "Great Success! First Knight!"



"AD ANY BREAKFUS" 's MOERN'?"

'NOT A DROP!'

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 11.—The other day rumour about that TIM HEALY, weary of strife, finding how sharper than a serpent's tooth is the enmity of parted friends, had resolved to retire from political life. That news, if true, would eclipse the gaiety of Parliament. TIM's manner may not be precisely described as gay. It is, in truth, somewhat saturnine; rather raspy, occasionally vitriolic. If there is any instruction to be conveyed, TIM approves the fashion of the ancient Israelitish captain, who "taught the men of Succoth with thorns of the wilderness and briars." TIM's former colleagues, now ranged under modest leadership of JOHN REDMOND, are, he conscientiously believes, much in need of instruction. So to-night TIM "taught them" with thorns of the wilderness and briars.

A brisk debate, falling into most attractive sequence. This in measure accidental; looked like admirable stage management. First JOHN REDMOND, with his neatly-moulded phrases, his assumption of profound statecraft, his assertion that Tories please him not, nor Liberals, either; his conclusion that since

Government are on friendly terms with the major Irish Party, the minor (nine strong) will march into lobby with PRINCE ARTHUR, whom they used to hate, and JOSEPH of Birmingham, whom they scarcely love. Next JOHN MORLEY, stirred to unusually profound depths, his speech glowing above the unwonted fire. Then PRINCE ARTHUR, gracefully skating on exceedingly thin ice, incidentally dropping into imagery on successive phases of the married state, which House, ever alert for personal references, listened to with quickened interest. A scholar's current speech or writing is insensibly tinted with flavour of his latest study. Odd that just now PRINCE ARTHUR should display this curiously minute knowledge and appreciation of various phases of married life as it is to be studied in books of reference.

Finally, TIM, his truculence tempered by humour of the situation. JOHN REDMOND protested he had made no bargain with Opposition in transferring to them his handful of votes. PRINCE ARTHUR had confirmed disclaimer. Too much for tender-hearted TIM. Tears glistened in his eyes; his voice trembled; his hand shook; his body seemed to grow limp, as he lamented this last degeneration of ancient Irish spirit. "I have," he said, "been in alliance with

the Tory Party before now, and may be again; but I know of no occasion when any Irish party gave their votes unless they got something for them."

That only TIM'S fun. Overcoming his emotion, he, with ruthless force, pitiless logic, laid bare position of the new Party of the Muses.

Business done.—Parnellite Amendment, supported by Unionists, negatived by 256 against 236.

Tuesday.—If you want to make your flesh creep, you should have heard the SPEAKER just now challenging the Lord Mayor of Dublin, whom he discovered standing at Bar; and, as Sir WILFRID LAWSON adds, "not drinking." Lord Mayor got up in gorgeous apparel; scarlet gown, ermine-tipped, with gold chain gleaming across manly chest. Recalls days of yesteryear when DAWSON was Lord Mayor of Dublin. Being also Member for an Irish constituency, no autocratic SPEAKER might challenge his right to cross the Bar, whether in civilian dress, or in robes of office. On occasions when he had a petition to deliver he came down, cloaked, in a four-wheeler. Made the heart of Mr. COVE in Members' cloak-room stand still, when he suddenly threw back his wraps, and disclosed glittering garb beneath. Sat on front bench below gangway with inadequate legs partially crossed, his chain mysteriously clanking, motion understood at time to serve double purpose of calling attention to Lord Mayor's presence, and of hinting at the kind of bond that held Ireland to Great Britain.

Present Lord Mayor of Dublin, not being a Member, had to sue for admission at door of House. Word passed to Sergeant-at-Arms; gallant officer, having heard something of Irish habits, observed precaution of shouldering mace before he went out to confront the strangers. If they had shillelaghs, the mace, twirled about by lusty arms, might be reckoned on to keep the gate. The messengers not behind in military precaution; hauled out the bar—the veritable Bar of House of Commons of which we hear so much and see so little.

"Now," said the oldest Messenger, folding his arms and clenching his teeth, "let them do their worst."

Sergeant-at-Arms marched in, mace on shoulder, escorting Lord Mayor and two sheriffs. If they had meant mischief they thought better of it on looking round. Lord Mayor might, it is true, if he were in good condition have vaulted over bar or ducked beneath it, and run amuck up floor. But then the sheriffs, before they could have imitated him, would have been awfully mauled with the mace.

Any piratical intention that may have lurked in minds of the insurgents was finally crushed by really awful tone in which the SPEAKER, fixing glittering eye on group at bar, said, "My Lord Mayor of Dublin, what have you there?"

Members expected trembling culprit would produce from under his cloak the horse-pistol, dagger, cup of poison, or whatever he may have brought with him with felonious intent. But he meekly answered, "A petition." This he unfolded, and as he showed a disposition to read it through, Members went off.

Business done.—Another day passed talking round Address. NAORONI moved Amendment raising question of financial relations between England and India. Read a paper of prodigious length; beat the tom-tom for nearly an hour. "In churches," said the (almost) Reverend JEMMY LOWTHER, "an incumbent sometimes reads himself in. NAORONI reads his congregation out. Mayn't be quite so black as the MARKISS painted him, but he's quite as long-winded as could have been expected."

Thursday.—New Session not quite a fortnight old, and lo! a strange thing has happened. Electric bells struck—I mean they won't strike. When, just now, House cleared for division on Amnesty motion electric knobs touched as usual. Thereupon should have followed tintinnabulation of the bells in all the rooms and corridors outside the Chamber. Only little tinkle heard; sort of weird mocking laugh, "Ha! ha!" and then silence.

Consequences might have been serious. Last thing well-trained Member regards as absolute preliminary to voting is to sit throughout the debate. Scattered far and wide, in library, tea-room, dining-room, or smoking-room, when they hear the bell they rush in to vote. If they don't hear it they stop where they are. Difficulty

temporarily overcome by sending policemen and messengers bawling along all the passages, "Division! division!" This all very well for the moment; but what is to be done about the bells?

ALBERT ROLLIT, steeped in parliamentary usages, says, "If the bells won't obey the SPEAKER's order, send them to the Clock Tower."

STUART promptly places at disposal of SPEAKER a squadron of *Star* boys, to run about premises on given signal and proclaim division. "They'd do it much better than the policemen and messengers," he says.

True; but as Colonel LEGGE apprehends, they would be certain in excitement of moment, instead of calling out "Division," to lapse into more familiar cry, "Hextra Speshul!" That would never do. Simplest plan is to stop this interminable talk round the Address and get to work. When the electric bells shut up in sheer disgust at waste of time, grown-up men of business may be expected to reconsider the position.

Business done.—TIM HARRINGTON talked for two hours and five minutes about ancient history of Maamtrasna.

Friday.—Much murmuring below Gangway just now because to programme of Session already overloaded Government decline to add Bill providing for payment of Members. SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE been observed to regard this topic with smiling equanimity. Secret of his content now disclosed. Papers report how Spanish merchant, resident in Barcelona, having studied SAGE's public Parliamentary career, begs leave, as trifling indication of his esteem and admiration, to be permitted to pay SAGE's election expenses whenever incurred.

"'Tis a pretty variation on Spanish devotional habit," says PLUNKET, who has followed BOKROW's footsteps in Spain. "More especially in rural districts, pious men approach the shrine of favourite saint and hang upon it an offering, peradventure poor in intrinsic value, but rich in proportion to their revenues. Expect by-and-by the SAGE will be canonised, and straying by the banks of the Guadalquivir, you shall here and there come upon shrines to Saint LABBY, rich with votive offerings."

"That may be so," said GORST. "You're always ready to take the poetic view of a thing. But I'd like to wait and see the colour of the money. You know the SAGE has long been firing away at enterprising traders in Spain who, usually dating their missives from a State prison, offer for a slight consideration to disclose fabulous stores of hidden wealth. The SAGE has spoiled their little game. Should like to be quite sure they've not broken out in a new place, and are trying it on first with the SAGE."

Business done.—Set to between the Birmingham Cock and the Yorkshire-cum-Fifeshire Bantam. Odds at first in favour of the veteran. Admitted on both sides the young 'un beat him hollow.

QUIET RUBBERS.

OFF to Olympia—greatest show on earth—with wife; also with BOB and his wife. Find the two ladies wearing goloshes—"rubbers" they call them—say "they've just read in the paper that they are universal in America in winter." Annoyed. Never knew my wife's feet were as large as they seem now. BOB defends goloshes—hypocrite! Says "nothing wets feet like snow, and at any moment we may be in for the greatest snow on earth." Stupid joke. considering that a good boot will keep out anything. Why shouldn't the ladies leave their rubbers *outside* show, in cloak-room—as people do in mosques in the East? Would be quite in keeping with the "Orient." Ladies say they'll be lost—a good job if they were! Getting quite sulky, when BOB suggests dinner. Good dinner! Excellent wines! Wife's feet don't look as large now. Why doesn't everybody wear goloshes? Old Greeks must have worn 'em—don't we read of the "Goloshus of Rhodes?" Old Romans, too, or why did they call their Olympia the Goloshium? BOB says they didn't. I say they did! Disturbance. Wonder who's making it? Turn 'em out! They're turning me out! Won't go—send for KIRALFY—GOLOSHY KIRALFY—there's the word again! GOLOSHY must wear rubbers. People trying to pacify me. Won't let 'em. Back home. Wife crying. What for? Says she will never go out in rubbers again! Yes, she shall. So will I. Put 'em on now!—To bed in rubbers.



Labby's Share.



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

NO. V.—GOLF. "THE OLD SCOTCH TERRIERS."

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

(By Mr. Punch's own Short Story-teller.)

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81.)

IN these awful circumstances, with the night air whistling past me, and with my beloved CHUDDAH and her nurse hurtling upwards beside me, it is scarcely necessary for me to say that I never for an instant lost my coolness and my perfect self-possession. That the situation was dangerous, nay, almost desperate, I fully realised, but it is in these very situations that true courage and resourcefulness are always of the highest value. Again and again in the course of my long life have I plucked safety, aye, and that which is higher and better than all safety, namely, reputation, from the nettle danger. Let fools prate as they will; the brave man must always rise triumphant above the stormy waves of envy and detraction.

These thoughts, I admit, did not occur to me at the moment. Our flight was too perilous and too swift to allow me to think of aught save what concerned the immediate necessities of this truly fearful crisis. Poor little CHUDDAH, I observed, being made of lighter material, was gradually outstripping me in this dreadful and involuntary race. First her head topped me; then her shoulders soared beyond me; at last her feet were on a level with my face. As one of them (I forget which) passed upwards, I was just able by leaning slightly forward, to imprint a kiss upon it. "Farewell, CHUDDAH," I sighed, as the lovely foot left my lips. "Farewell, ORLANDO," she murmured all but inaudibly, and fled up, up, up into the dismal night. I never saw her again.

The Ayah, however, a stout and heavy woman, was still beside me, rising inch for inch as I rose. By turning slightly round I could look at her. I did so. Judge of my horror when I realised by the faint light of the stars that the Ayah was no longer alive! The shock of the sudden ascent must have proved too much for one accustomed to the sedate and comfortable life of an eastern palace, and enfeebled, moreover, by advancing age. The explosion acting on such a constitution had snapped the cords that kept life in her faithful body. The Ayah was dead, and I who tell this tale was alone with a corpse in the encircling atmosphere! As I realised this horrible situation, I confess that for the first and last time in my life I turned faint with a feeling almost amounting to fear. In imagination I saw myself speeding for ever, as the aeons revolved in their courses, with only a dead Indian nurse to keep me company. Then, by an instantaneous revulsion, the grim humour of the situation struck me. With only my knapsack of provisions and my brandy-flask, it was unlikely, even under the most favourable circum-

stances, that I should be able to prolong life for more than a week. At the end of a week, then, I too should be a corpse. I laughed aloud as I thought of the last scion of the WILBRAHAMS, the unconquerable ORLANDO, mated in mid-air to the dusky Ayah, a skeleton to a skeleton, and my sepulchral "Ha, ha," went reverberating through the dim spaces of night. The sound roused me once more. Why, after all, should I die? Life was sweet; much remained to be done; there were wrongs still to be redressed in the world below; millions of the oppressed still waited for a deliverer; countless herds of big game still roamed the prairies or made their lairs in the forests of earth. No, I would live if I could, and prove once more the unquenchable fortitude of my race.

At this moment I looked down.

(To be continued.)

BAR NONE!

Monday.—Now that the Law lectures at the different Inns have been "thrown open to the public," any outrage in the way of cringing to the democracy may be expected. They'll be opening Lincoln's Inn Fields next to the mob!

Tuesday.—They have! And a steam merry-go-round set up within thirty yards of my formerly tranquil Chambers! Oh, why was I ever called?

Wednesday.—Dinner in Hall to-day. Found two perfect strangers dining at my table! Seems that the Benchers have thrown open dining-hall to the public as well! Asked strangers if they intended being called to the Bar? One of them replied (with a wink) that *he* didn't—why should he? He could get all the legal training, use of library, &c., without going to expense of a call.

Thursday.—In Court. Unknown Counsel opposed to me. Seem to recognise his face. Can it be the stranger who dined in Hall last night? It is. New rule has thrown the Courts open to amateur pleaders! What are we coming to? Must say stranger pleads uncommonly well. And Judge so deferential to him!

Friday.—Wonders never cease. To-day my stranger of yesterday found seated on Bench! Judge ill—has appointed him as Commissioner in his place. New rule allows this sort of thing. What is the reason of this sudden democratising of the Profession?

Saturday.—Mystery explained. One of the Benchers wants to be made a L. C. C. Alderman! In his Election Address he even stoops so far as to give way to the vulgar delusion that Law is expensive, and recommends a rule that costs should always be "on the lower scale." Perhaps he is right. Everything on the lowest possible scale at Bar nowadays!



RE-GILDING THE GOLDEN EAGLE. (United States Loan, February, 1895.)
John Bull (Painter and Decorator). "ALWAYS READY TO OBLIGE SO GOOD A CUSTOMER!" "GUESS THIS TIME THE OBLIGATION'S MUTUAL!" (See following page.)



A LION IN THE PATH?

OH DEAR NO! MERELY THE "FIRST OPEN DAY" AFTER A LONG FROST, AND A TOM-TIT HAS BEEN INCONSIDERATE ENOUGH TO FLY SUDDENLY OUT OF THE FENCE ON THE WAY TO COVERT!

RE-GILDING THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

["The amount subscribed in England for the United States Loan was £120,000,000, or twenty times the sum reserved for London."—*Daily Paper*.]

"Why, I was a thinking, Sir," returned MARK TAPLEY, "that if I was a painter, and was called upon to paint the American Eagle, how should I do it?"

"Paint it as like an Eagle as you could, I suppose."

"No," said MARK. "That wouldn't do for me, Sir. I should want to draw it like a Bat, for its short-sightedness; like a Bantam, for its bragging; like a Magpie, for its honesty; like a Peacock, for its vanity; like an Ostrich, for its putting its head in the sand, and thinking nobody sees it—"

"And like a Phoenix, for its power of springing from the ashes of its faults and vices, and soaring up anew into the sky!" said MARTIN.

Martin Chuzzlewit.

BROTHER JONATHAN loquitur:—

He was prejudiced, that Mark, a European, in the dark, Concernin' of our Glorious Institutions.

He paint our Bird o' Freedom? Lots have tried, but we don't heed 'em;

And revolvin' years bring curus retributions.

We don't care a brass farden! DICKENS had to beg our pardon,

And that MAX O'RELL will eat his words one day, Sir!

The real Yankee Eagle is as strong-winged as a Sea-gull,

With a beak as sharp as any Sheffield razor.

Still, he's been a trifle pippy, and has looked a little chippy—

By the mighty Mississippi yes, Sir!—lately.

Kinder moulty as to feathers, as though blizzards and bad weathers

Of every blamed big sort had tried him greatly.

GoodJee-rusulum! No wonder! for great snakes and buttered thunder!

Our blasts have been fair busters for his pinions.

In the words of Mister Chollop, all creation he can wallop,—

But tornaders have been sweepin' his dominions!

As to that Mark Tapley's twaddle, why the Peacock ain't the model,

Nor the Bantam, nor the Ostrich, I'd be pickin'

For the finest fowl in Natur. Better dub him Alligator,

A Whangdoodle, or a Cincinnati Chicken!

Like the Phoenix he's immortal, and he soars to the Sun's portal,

But—the Phoenix has sick spells, like lesser poultry.

Wants fresh fixing up, I reckon, then the dawn once more he'll beckon,

And sprint—from Memnon's statue to Fort Moultrie.

BULL ain't an Eagle builder, but he makes a bully gilder,

And I reckon, guess, and calc'late I'll jest try him.

If I git from the old fellow a good coat of British Yellow—

A sort o' paint J. B. keeps always by him—

My Bird o' Freedom soaring, where the blizzards are a roaring,

And the cloud-bursts are out-pouring, will jest flicker

Real rollicking and regal, like a genu-ine Golden Eagle.—

Wal!—you've fixed him real smart, JOHN! Let us liquor!

TRANCEMOGRIFICATION.

Now that hypnotism is in the air, our conversation-books will have to be remodelled, as thus:—

Good morning, have you hibernated well?

Yes, I have had a most successful trance this winter. Have you laid up at all?

Only for a few days at Christmas, just to escape the bills. I had a delightfully unconscious Boxing Day.

Well, you take my advice old man, and rent a private catacomb on the three-years' system. It comes much cheaper in the end, and you save all your coal and gas, to say nothing of clothes.

We've started a Nirvana Club in our neighbourhood on the tontine principle. The last person who wakes gets the prize, unless the first who comes to makes off with it.

It is capital, anyway, when you are taking a tour. Saves all the trouble of sight-seeing. You are just packed up and forwarded from place to place, with an automatic Kodak which records everything you visited. Try it!

Will, some day. By Jove, I must be off! I've got to attend an anæsthetic concert, absolutely painless.

And I've got a mesmeric dinner-party on to-night. All the bores will be put in glass-cases, and fed mechanically.

Good-bye, then. Sleep well!



EH
MEN OF THE HOUR.
THE TURNOCK.

This eminent individual, born in the early forties, comes of a numerous family, and was originally destined by his parents for the career of a night-watchman. Not feeling, however, any vocation in this direction, he tried many other professions, and many other professions tried him. At last, in the year 1864, he entered the service of the Twiddlesex Water Company, where, by strict attention to the quality of his liquor, and his unfailing perception of the right time to be sober, he has risen to his present conspicuous and responsible position.

OF THE ART OF TOBOGGANING.

Canton des Grisons, Feb. 10.

For the neighbourhood it is a sultry day; glass up to 5° Fahrenheit and a taint of scirocco, or *föhn*, as the facetious native calls this wind. My toboggan lies idle by stress of drifting snow. "No chance," I say, "of doing a record this afternoon!" This is what I say openly and pompously to my fellows. With my own dear heart I commune otherwise, saying how heaven should be praised for this one blessed day's recess from broken scalp.

If I have asked myself once (as is proper with an enigma) I have asked myself a thousand times, "Why did I come out here, to this resort of invalids and polar athletes?" My right lung is flawless: my left is very perfect. On the other hand I do not show well on ice; my legs are ill-shaped for bandy; curling I find to be but poor sport after skittles; and I have met one wayfarer only, and that a fool, who did not laugh upon my figure-skating.

In a climate where one must either do or suffer something to justify one's existence, there remained this sole thing—to toboggan. I said, "I will surely toboggan!"

"Good!" they said; "but on an instrument of what sort? 'Swiss' for women and children; ordinary 'Americas' for men; 'Skeleton Americas' for heroes."

"I will choose the last," I said; for if I do anything at all I like to do it passing well, and with the best of tools.

There was no lack of willing teachers to illustrate for me the true posture—*centre à terre*, and to show me how I should go armed as to my Alpine boots with spiked rakes screwed to the forefront of my sole for the better negotiation of sharp angles on the side of a ravine.

One may add that if a pine-tree, or a telegraph post, or an ascending hay-sleigh opposes your career; you learn by the simple inter-

position of your head to save the delicate machinery of the toboggan from brutalization. It may be that by inadvertence you have attained an impetus so terrific that you overtake a walking horse in possession of the path. Once again your headpiece will protect the instrument from the fiery cholera of the beast's hind hoof. After some two miles of fortuitous descent, diversified by such checks as I have here shadowed forth, you will be rounding the final corner at a pointed angle of 45°, travelling perhaps several miles per hour, when a large beer-cart with an upward tendency will dispute the road. Then the banked snow shall be your pall, and your *requiescat* shall be rendered by the local teamster in German of a bastard order.

Nor is this all. To the beetling edge of the descent you will first have been conveyed by an impetuous *zwei-spänner*, thoughtlessly gay with bells and feathers. Twenty-five candidates having urged their claims for the five seats, some will have need to be content to trail behind on their toboggans. As one wanting in experience, you will have the last place assigned to you, or else the last but one, with a casual riderless machine at the tail-end to give you an unholy spasm as it swings off the track round the corners. At intervals, while your pensive mind is absorbed upon the maintenance of a happy equilibrium, rendered strangely-difficult by the ruthless speed of the sleigh, some two or perhaps three of the tailing-party will fall off in front. The sharp contact of several raked boots with your open countenance draws your attention to the altered condition of things. Over the mangled bodies of friend and foe you are carried forward. The sleigh is tardily arrested, and your innocent head becomes the recipient of fearless abuse.

Or again, from some mountain-hut upon the route issues forth a gross and even elephantine dog, born of unhallowed union between a wolf-hound and an evilly-bred St. Bernard. Foiled in his attack upon the head of the caravan he revenges himself upon the outstretched leg of the hindmost. The lacerated calf will be your own.

This is well enough in open daylight, and when you are swathed in buskins from heel to hip, and your rakes are good for retaliation. But in doubtful moonlight with the air at 15° below zero, as you toboggan back to your hostelry in the valley from a fancy dress ball, where you have simulated *Hamlet* in black silk tights and pumps, the humour lies purely on the side of the dog.

But apart from the lower animal nature, in this barbaric sport you are never confident of your dearest friends. Thus, we had been a pleasant and hilarious party at the international *bal masqué*; the ardour of the stirrup-cup was still upon us as we attained the brow of the decline. By a happy inspiration I had proposed that my friend Mr. STARK MUNRO, being a heavy-weight and disguised as a *Völsunga* Saga, should proceed in the van to clear any incidental drift or desultory avalanche. He disappeared headlong down the pine-forest track followed by the Ace of Clubs, a Sardinian Brigand, and a Tonsured Benedictine. All the costumes gained in picturesqueness from the Arctic background.

The New Woman of the party, attired as Good Queen Bess, begged me to precede her, arguing that I should go faster on my Skeleton than she on her Swiss. I engaged to do so on the understanding that she should allow me seven minutes' start in case of eventualities, the course being usually done in some 5½ minutes under happy conditions. She was to be succeeded by Antigone, the Spirit of the Engadine and the Mother of the Gracchi.

I do not greatly care to linger over the details of my descent. I had started gaily humming those Elizabethan lines, "Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,"—out of pure gallantry to Good Queen Bess who had given me a dainty little cow-bell as a favour at the *cottillon*; and I had been travelling cautiously for 8½ minutes, with my nose, no fewer than six fingers, and all the toes on each foot frostbitten, and a half-moon piece already gone out of my calf at the spot where it had attracted the notice of the St. Bernard wolf-hound, when, even as I was navigating a rotten bridge at a sharp turn, I heard a rushing sound out of the night behind me, and "*Achtung!*" (the terrible warning-note of the tobogganer) rang in my stricken ear.

I had barely time to throw a backward glance of horror and deprecation, when the projecting feet of Good Queen Bess, her toboggan and her spiked steering-pegs were upon me.

The bridge had never been strong in point of bulwarks; the torrent which it spans is rapid and fed from icy heights; its banks do not lend themselves to debarkation.

When I recovered consciousness by force of exquisitely painful restoratives applied by the *Völsunga* Saga, the Mother of the Gracchi and Good Queen Bess (herself unscratched, though the plush of her toboggan was tarnished with my gore), I was solemnly intoning, "World without end: *Achtung!*" with all the conviction of a cathedral tenor. I am going home the day after to-morrow.

SUGGESTION.—A certain restaurant not a hundred miles away from the St. James's Theatre advertises, among other attractions, "*Diner Salon Gobelins, 7s. 6d.*" But wouldn't it be more appropriate to spell the last word "*Gobbling*"?

THE ECUADOR BONDHOLDER'S SONG.

AIR—"Tortador."

["After its recent behaviour, Ecuador cannot be said to have any credit worth talking about."—*Times City Article, February 19.*]

ECUADOR, contento?
Ecuador! Ecuador!
You have all our money spent O,
Who will lend you more?
No one here on British shore
Will lend you more, Ecuador!
Ecuador!

FROM H. W. L.'S SUMMARY OF THE DEBATE LAST THURSDAY IN THE *DAILY NEWS*.—"Mr. BARLOW approved the action of the Government in exempting coarser yarns from duties." This is not exactly what might have been expected from Mr. BARLOW, but no doubt Masters SANDFORD and MERTON in the Strangers' Gallery were mightily delighted at the prospect of "coarser yarns"—(which is only another name for men's stories after dinner when the ladies have left the room)—being "exempted from duties." Really our old friend, the preceptor of SANDFORD and MERTON, has deteriorated, and Mr. *Punch* is severely against him on this point.



FEDERATION FOR THE SNOW-SWEEPERS.

Leader. "Now, DON'T FORGET, THE UNION RATE OF PAY IS FOURPENCE A DOORWAY. ANY CHAP WORKIN' FOR LESS IS A BLOOMIN' 'BLACKLEG'!"

THE BOOT-BILLS OF NARCISSUS.

AN IRRELEVANT BIOGRAPHY.

(Scraps collected by Richard Medallion.)

SCRAP I.—HORTICULTURE. (Boot-trees.)



"Ah! old men's boots don't go there, Sir," said the boot-maker to me one day, rather pointedly, pointing to the toes of the boots I had brought him for mending. As I danced home, writing another chronicle with every springing step, the remark filled me with reflection—such reflection, reader, as your mirror shows you when you gaze in it to rejoice in your own beauty.

Have you kept a diary for thirty years? Dear me! And have you kept your gas bills, your water-rates, your Christmas-cards, your writs, your circulars of summer sales? I might never have undertaken to write this biography if I had not chanced one evening—being unoccupied—to break open a private desk belonging to my friend NARCISSUS, and tearing open an envelope (sealed, and labelled "*Compromising Post-cards—to be opened before my death.*") came across these old boot-bills, and been struck by the manner in which they lay revealed in them the story of the years over which they ran. . . .

SCRAP II.—THE HAPPY HOME.

The first night we went to see GEORGE DONKEYTIE we heard in the kitchen a curious voice—suggestive somehow of vine-leaves in the hair—singing "*Ours is a Happy, Happy Home!*" In the hall we saw none but a wee boy of four, standing on his head, balancing a billiard-cue on his chin.



merriment, and domestic joy. Just as we were falling asleep, tired out with a happy evening, we were disturbed by a chorus, as of *waits*, singing outside our room these beautiful words—

"O! Flo, what a change you know! When he left the village he was shy, But since he come into a little bit of splosh His golden hair is hanging down his back!"

This was more of GEORGE's loving ingenuity. But we wished he had made it rhyme. His wife had helped him, but she would not take the credit. "That was GEORGE's idea," laughed along her lips. I threatened "to make copy" of him, and now I have done it. Moreover, I shall further presume on his forbearance by writing no more about him for the present.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—In the programme of the Ballad Concerts given in the *Times*, Mr. BEN DAVIES was advertised to sing SULLIVAN's "*Come, Come, Margherita.*" Now the title of this song is its refrain, i.e., "*Come, MARGHERITA, come!*" which is evidently a lover's passionate invitation, while if it is written as "*Come, Come, Margherita,*" it is clearly only an expostulation of a rather commonplace character uttered to MARGHERITA, who has been exasperatingly petulant, and who won't come when asked. For many many years it was the fashion (as it still is with the veteran tenor) for "MAUD" to be invited to "come into the garden," just as the fly-used to be requested by the spider to "walk into his parlour." Now it is MARGHERITA who is having her turn (in the garden) with BEN DAVIES.

Published at the Bodily Head. A body and precious little head.

Happy, Happy Home! In the hall we saw none but a wee boy of four, standing on his head, balancing a billiard-cue on his chin.



THE SPORTING INSTINCT.

"COME ALONG, BOBBIE! DON'T LAG BEHIND!"
 "WAIT A MINUTE, MOTHER. THERE ARE TWO SOLDIERS GOING TO MEET. I JUST WANT TO SEE THE BATTLE!"

"WHITTINGTON REDIVIVUS;"

OR, THE BURDEN OF THE BELLS.

The new Progressive Dick Whittington, would-be Lord Mayor of London, sitteth on Saturday, March 2, 1895, and meditateth on the probable meaning of the L. C. C. Election Bells:—

HEAR the loud Election bells—
 Noisy bells!

What a world of wonderment their clatter-clash compels!

How they jangle, jangle, jangle,
 On the air of coming night!

Like committee-men a-wrangle,
 And my thoughts are in a tangle
 Of mixed doldrums and delight.
 How they chime, chime, chime!
 In my head there runs a rhyme,

And I wish I were but certain what their shindying foretells,
 What a future I may gather from the voices of the bells—

The jangling and the wrangling of the bells!

Now they sound like wedding bells,
 Golden bells!

Meaning mischief in their music to the Moderates and the swells!

Their vibrations there's a vox in
 Which to me sounds like a tocsin.

From their molten golden notes,
 All in tune,

What a pleasant sound there floats
 Like a promise of Progressive Party Votes,
 Blessed boon!

Oh, from Bow to Sadler's Wells,
 What a gush of Unity voluminously swells.

How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the Progress that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells.
 From the Brixtons, Claphams, Southwarks,
 Islington and Clerkenwells,
 To the rhyming and the chiming of those bells!

Hear the Rate-Alarm bells—
 Brazen bells!—

What base tarradiddles their loud turbulency tells!

In men's startled ears in spite,
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Through the fog,

In a clamorous appealing to the voters to retire

That much Progressive Party, which—much like the Rates, or fire

Climbeth higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a bullying endeavour

Now—now to sit, or never

In the seat of Gog-Magog!

Oh, those bells, bells, bells,

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair!

What reactionary roar!

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the City and Mayfair.

Yet the ear it fully knows

By their twanging

And their clanging

How the voting ebbs and flows.

Yet the ear distinctly tells

In the jangling and the wrangling

How Monopoly sinks or swells

By the sinking or the swelling in the clangour of those bells—

Beastly bells!—

Their is Landlordism, Ground-rents, Dirty

Slums, and Drinking Hells

In the clamour of those horrid Moderate bells!

Hear the rolling of the bells,—

Polling bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.

So DICK WHITTINGTON—poor wight!—

Heard them ringing, with delight

At the fair prophetic promise of their tone!

For every sound that floats

May I too hope my votes

Will have grown?

And the People—ah, the People!—

Is their verdict, from each steeple,

All mine own?

Does that tolling, tolling, tolling,

Mean "Return again my DICK!"

Or do they as they're rolling

Mean "turn out" or "cut your stick!"?

Shall I be "Lord Mayor of London"?

Or are we Progressives undone

At the Polls?

Pussy, what is it that tolls

From each belfry, as it rolls,

Rolls?

A psan from the bells

To the Party of the Swells?

Or a message from the bells

That Reaction howls and yells?

Does that tintinnabulation

Mean false Jor's "Tenification"

Or our own "Unification"?

Sounds dear "Betterment" this time

In the rolling Runie rhyme

Of the bells?

Does their throbbing mean that jobbing,

And the London Landlord's robbing,

Find their finish in these bells?

That Monopoly is sobbing



“WHITTINGTON REDIVIVUS.”

THE NEW PROGRESSIVE DICK W. “WHAT ARE THE BELLS SAYING, PUSSY? ‘TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,’—OR IS IT ‘TURN OUT’?”

To the sobbing of those bells?
 That their knells, knells, knells,
 Ring out in Runic rhyme?
 Does the rolling of those bells
 Mean that I turn out this time?
 Can they possibly mean *that*,
 Faithful, purring, Pussy-Cat,
 After all your sweet mol-rowing?
 Sounds the verdict "Dick is going"
 In the tolling of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 In the moaning and the groaning of the bells?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MRS. BONNER has done well to write a record of the life and work of her father, CHARLES BRADLAUGH, which FISHER UNWIN publishes in two volumes. If it had been one 'twould have been better. MRS. BONNER has been assisted in her labours by Mr. J. M. ROBERTSON, who deals with Mr. BRADLAUGH's political doctrine and work, and describes in detail his parliamentary struggle. The consequence is that the record runs into two closely-printed volumes, a proportion that somewhat overweights the interest of the subject. MRS. BONNER is, naturally, indignant at the treatment her father received in the early days of his parliamentary life and in other public relations. But Mr. BRADLAUGH was a fighting man. He gave hard knocks and, to do him justice, did not unduly complain when knocks were dealt back to him. It is a pathetic story how the crowning triumph of his life came in the hour of his death. He never knew that the House of Commons had unanimously agreed to the motion which expunged from its journals the resolution excluding the junior member for Northampton from its membership. That confession, my Baronite says, was the completest justification of the action on Mr. BRADLAUGH's part that enlivened the Parliament of 1880-5 and was the immediate cause of the birth of the Fourth Party.

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON'S *Earl Lavender* is "pernicious nonsense," and the Aubrey-Beardsley frontispiece—if, considering its subject, it can, with absolute correctness, be described as a "frontispiece,"—might, a few years ago, have endangered its existence. But "I suppose," quoth the Baron, "I am becoming old-fashioned, and 'we have changed all that now.' But in view of this extraordinary illustration, is it a book that can be left out 'promiscuously-like' on the drawing-room table? I trow not," quoth the Baron. "And as to *The Great God Pan* ('Key-note' series), well—infernally or diabolically clever it may be, but, were I informed," quoth the Baron, "that we should never look upon its like again, I, for one, could not grieve."

Another Keynoteworthy book, i.e., one quite worthy to belong to such of the Key-note series as the Baron has read, is *The Dancing Faun*. Had a novel appeared some years ago in the palmy, but not less leggy, days of the drama at the Gaiety, entitled *The Dancing Vaughan*, when the elegant KATE of that ilk was the light and leading danseuse, what a vogue such a volume would have had among the patrons of the above-mentioned Temple of Burlesque-Extravaganza. "*Où sont les neiges d'antan?*" and "Where is dat barty now?" B. DE B.-W.

A DOUBLE APPLICABILITY.—"Intrigues which render stable government impossible," though a phrase applied by the *Times* to Egyptian affairs, would, it is clear, be applicable to attempts to get at the jockey, or the stable assistants, guarding the loose box of the Derby favourite.



Professional Model. "IT'S COMIN' TO SOMEFIN'. BURNIE JONES A DRAWIN' FUR DAILY PAPERS! BAD ENUF WHEN 'E DRAWD FUR THE FE-AT-TERS. I RECKON 'E'LL BE ON THE PAVEMENT NEXT."

[Note.—Sir EDWARD BURNIE-JONES, who designed the costumes for the L-c-m, has made a drawing representing "Labour" for the *D-ly Chr-n-cle*.]

A SONNET OF SONNETS.

(A Dreadful Object-Lesson.)

I've often thought I'd like to write a sonnet,
 I wonder, though, if I can find the way.
 Sometimes you muse upon your mistress—
 say
 Her eyebrow, then you poetise upon it.
 Maybe instead you celebrate her bonnet,
 A striking symph my in green or grey.
 And when it's done, for many and many a
 day,
 With eager eye, you ever scan and con it,
 Intent on seeing that it's quite correct,
 And free from all suspicion of defect,
 No inauspicious phrase, no halting line.
 And when the time of scrutiny is past
 --Your thought is probably exactly mine—
 Thank heaven! the horrid thing is done
 at last!

A CABINET COUNCIL RECORD.

THE *St. James's Gazette*, in giving the news of the Cabinet Council meeting last Thursday, said, "Mr. JOHN MORLEY left at 12.30, and Mr. FOWLER a few minutes later; but a messenger was almost immediately despatched to call the last-named Minister back, and he returned to the Council Room, and remained until 12.35, when the Council broke up."

12.30—Mr. MORLEY leaves.
 12.33, i.e. "a few minutes later"—Mr. FOWLER leaves.
 12.33½—Messenger sent after Mr. FOWLER.
 12.34½—Messenger returns with Mr. FOWLER.
 12.34½—Discussion with Mr. FOWLER.
 12.35—Cabinet Council breaks up.
 So you see a good deal may happen in five minutes.



AN AUTHORITY ON FASHION.

Jones (who has come to stay the night at Little Peddlington Hall, and finds he's forgotten to bring his white ties). "I WANT SOME WHITE EVENING TIES, PLEASE."

The Village Draper. "I'M SORRY WE 'AVEN'T GOT ANY IN STOCK, SIR. YOU SEE THE WHITE TIE SEASON HAS 'ARDLY COMMENCED!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

At the re-opening of the Royal United Service Institution last week by H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, in new premises at Whitehall, a novel and ingenious electrical instrument was exhibited. By means of this addition to the list of communicators a general in the field is able not only to send an autograph letter to a colleague or subordinate at a distance, but also to convey in *fac simile* a drawing of his own composition. On the occasion to which reference is made, the Prince of WALES sent a message to his brother. To this despatch the Duke of CONNAUGHT was obliged to respond that he did not quite understand its full meaning. According to the reports some slight error was rectified, and then the machine worked to everyone's satisfaction. However, the fact remains that the initial attempt to convey intelligibly a message was not entirely successful. To impress upon those answerable for the perfect action of the instrument the importance of their task, we subjoin an imaginary scene of a nearly impossible situation. We will assume that a commander-in-chief is conversing with a general in the field some ten miles distant.

Commander-in-Chief (wiring). We hear here that a force of twenty-five thousand infantry are advancing by the Dover road with a view to turning your left front.

General in the Field. Kindly repeat. (Message repeated.) No, we do not want any more marmalade, as we have plenty of butter.

C.-in-C. I said nothing about marmalade, I was talking of the enemy. Twenty-five thousand men are advancing on your left front.

Gen. I think I now understand what you mean, but we can't get near Woolwich, because our gas has failed us. However, we will look out for the twenty-five thousand balloons you say are coming.

C.-in-C. I said nothing about balloons. Infantry, I spoke of. They are approaching by the Dover Road.

Gen. Thank you for your offer, but we have plenty of hammocks. We have just seen this. Can you identify her? I forward sketch.

C.-in-C. You have sent me what appears to be a drawing of either a grand pianoforte or a hippopotamus. Which is it?

Gen. It is very difficult to make out your messages. We think we understand your last. Yes, the mail to India did start without the elephants. We did not know that any had been ordered.

C.-in-C. I said nothing about elephants. What is the meaning of your drawing?

Gen. Very sorry; can't make out your message. Besides, have no more time for telegraphing. Twenty-five thousand infantry of the enemy have just been noticed on the Dover Road, threatening our left front. Why did you not tell us they were coming?

But of course, as we have already said, when the hour arrives everything will be in perfect working order. It is to be hoped that there will be a supplementary signal to be used in cases of extreme emergency, to decide promptly a line of action where two courses are open for adoption. It might signify "Toss up."

Nursery Rhyme for the New Woman.

(When Literary.)

I HAD a brutal husband, as is our sex's doom,
I put him in a problem-novel; then I made it boom!
I bought a little "Log-roller" who twaddled up and down,
Discovered it, and slavered it, and made it take the town.
But meaner beauties of my sex declared I wore blue hose,
And at my Gospel of Revolt cocked each a pretty nose.

"THE RIVALS" AT THE A. D. C.

ONCE again I salute you, oh actors of the Cambridge A. D. C., and congratulate you on your rendering of *The Rivals*—no mean task for a body of amateur actors. Specially do I note the admirably and grotesquely humorous impersonation of

Mrs. Malaprop by Mr. R. A. AUSTEN LEIGH. Will the elaborate Wildean paradoxes have to a future generation the freshness and the laughter-provoking qualities of

Mrs. Malaprop's derangements? I doubt it. At Cambridge the other day I saw a learned Doctor of Letters in convulsions over the Malapropian sallies. Will a Doctor of Letters toward the end of the next century be seen to smile over OSCAR's inversions? Mr. R. BALFOUR made an excellent

Bob Acres, broad in his characterisation, self-possessed and clear. I should have called him, however, a trifle too smart and modish in dress.

Mr. GEIKIE was very effective in the rages of *Sir Anthony*, and Mr. WATSON played well as *Jack Absolute*. Admirable, too, was the *Fug* of Mr. TALBOT. The leading ladies were, as usual, miracles of curls and divine complexions. Yet did their voices and their hands bewray them. We were fortunately spared the gloomy maunderings of *Julia* and *Faulkland*. "Hearty congrattlers," as they say at the sister university.

A VAGRANT.

HER PUZZLE.—"I recollect," quoth Mrs. R., "a sort of riddle that used to puzzle me when I was a child, and I can't say I quite see the answer now. It is this: 'If DICK's uncle is m's son, what lation is DICK to JOHN?'"

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE."—LABBY, M.P., in the Unionist Lobby, Monday, February 18.





Son of Toil. "OW YUS, ME AN' MY MISSUS GITS ON FUST-CLOSS TERGITHER, SIR. REG'LAR CHUMMY, WE ORE. I TELLS 'FR EVERYTHINK!"

Philanthropist. "EVER TELL HER A LIE?"

Son of Toil. "TELLS 'ER EVERYTHINK, I TELL YER —!"

THE ADVISABILITY OF NOT BEING BROUGHT UP IN A HANDBAG.

A TRIVIAL TRAGEDY FOR WONDERFUL PEOPLE.
(Fragment found between the St. James's and Haymarket Theatres.)

AUNT AUGUSTA (an Aunt).
COUSIN CICELY (a Ward).
ALGY (a Flutterpate).
DORIAN (a Button-hole).
THE DUKE OF BERWICK.

TIME—The other day. The SCENE is in a garden, and begins and ends with relations.

Algy (eating cucumber-sandwiches). Do you know, Aunt AUGUSTA, I am afraid I shall not be able to come to your dinner to-night, after all. My friend BUNBURY has had a relapse, and my place is by his side.

Aunt Augusta (drinking tea). Really, ALGY! It will put my table out dreadfully. And who will arrange my music?

Dorian. I will arrange your music, Aunt AUGUSTA. I know all about music. I have an extraordinary collection of musical instruments. I give curious concerts every Wednesday, in a long latticed room, where wild gipsies tear mad music from little 'zithers,

and I have brown Algerians who beat monotonously upon copper drums. Besides, I have set myself to music. And it has not marred me. I am still the same. More so, if anything.

Cicely. Shall you like dining at WILLIS's with Mr. DORIAN to-night, Cousin ALGY?

Algy (evasively). It's much nicer being here with you, Cousin CICELY.

Aunt Augusta. Sweet child! I see distinct social probabilities in her profile. Mr. DORIAN has a beautiful nature. And it is such a blessing to think that he was not brought up in a handbag, like so many young men of the present day.

Algy. It is such a blessing, Aunt AUGUSTA, that a woman always grows exactly like her aunt. It is such a curse that a man never grows exactly like his uncle. It is the greatest tragedy of modern life.

Dorian. To be really modern one should have no soul. To be really mediæval one should have no cigarettes. To be really Greek—

[The Duke of BERWICK rises in a marked manner, and leaves the garden.

Cicely (writes in her diary, and then reads aloud dreamily). "The Duke of BERWICK rose in a marked manner, and left the garden. The weather continues charming." . . .

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 18.—Debate on Address finished at last. Been on the whole dreary business. Instead of sharp roar of honest artillery from Opposition camp at opening of campaign, series of squibs popped off; some of them damp. Novel idea at commencement of new Session for Opposition chiefs to lurk in the wood armed with blunderbusses, watching efforts of lesser villains to waylay and murder Ministers, they coming on scene when these efforts been repulsed. Novel, but on whole not so successful that we are likely to see repetition.

Odd thing is that in series of divisions Government had nearest squeak on motion for the Closure. S. WOODS had amendment on paper; wanted to have debate adjourned so that another day might be appropriated for his use; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD thought really been enough talk round Address. Moved closure. Woods and two or three other good Radicals go into Lobby against Ministers; others abstain; Opposition seeing opportunity flock into Lobby; Ministry saved by eight votes.

"Yes," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD as we walked home together, after last division, "it is not exactly encouraging. But what distresses me most is the way some of our fellows talk about ROSEBERRY. Used to be old constitutional maxim that the King can do no wrong. Modern reading on our side is that PREMIER can do no right. Speeches like DILKE's to-night hurt me more than anything else." This conversation followed close on one I had earlier in day with the noble lord.

"How's the Squire looking?" he asked, anxiously. "Bearing up I trust, against the fatigues of a thankless task. What a few of our men say about me not the slightest consequence. Passes over me like fluttering of idle wind. Know all about it. Could, an' I would, describe animating motive in each case. What cuts me to the heart is their treatment of the SQUIRE. He manages admirably. Spares no labour; makes no mistake. Yet whenever some men returned to support us are not permitted to take in own hands direction of public business, they go over to the enemy. Great blessing the SQUIRE is endowed by nature with angelic temper. Otherwise, when this sort of thing happens, he would chuck up the whole business, and tell malcontents and deserters to manage matters for themselves."

So nice to have this state of things existing. Sufferers in common affliction, each thinks only of the other. *Business done.*—Address agreed to after ten days talk.

Tuesday Night.—Every prospect of quiet evening, even talk of count out. After spending our nights and days with Address during last fortnight, small wonder if the hearts of Members, untravelled, fondly turn to home. Diversion created by appearance on scene of HOWARD VINCENT. Got up in extraordinary fashion. Round his waist a belt, in which slung miscellaneous assortment of brushes and other articles of domestic use. Pendent were hair brushes, hat brushes, tooth brushes, boot brushes (with case in solid leather), whisk brooms, carpet sweepers, wall brushes, chimney-sweeping machine (with whalebone head and chimney cloth), deck scrubbers, one venetian blind-duster, feather brushes (eight feet long with jointed handles), floor polishers, hearth brushes (white hair and black), lamp brushes, and one hair waver patent for producing in a few minutes, without the use of heated irons, a natural wavy appearance in the hair. (FRANK LOCKWOOD much interested in this.)

Other brushes peeped out from every pocket save those at coat-tails, which, as being mere roomy, were reserved for specimens of filters, fish-kettles, bread-platters, revolving boot-cleaners, specimens of boxes in which eggs may be safely sent through the parcel-post, and a lemon-squash stand (oak and nickel mounts complete, with four tumblers, corkscrew, lemon-knife, and glass sugar basin).

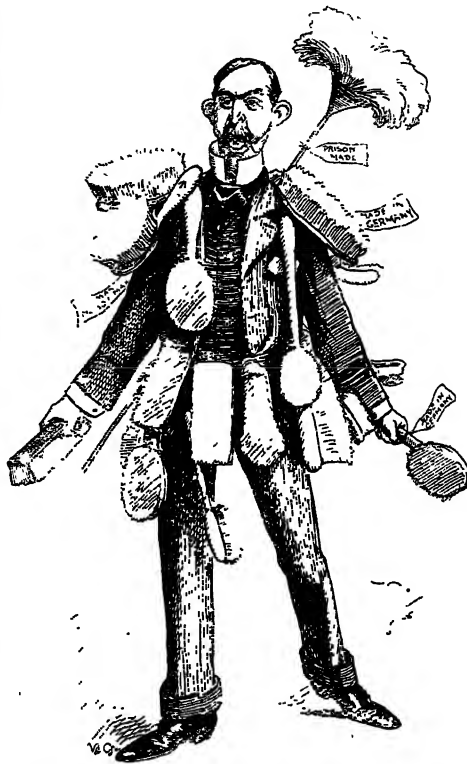
"Been to a bazaar?" I asked; "or are you going to give up military pursuits, and set up a stall somewhere on your own account?"

"No, TOBY," said the Colonel, severely—"would you just hitch round the handle of that frying-pan? Thank you; it might get in BARTLEY'S way whilst I am addressing the House—these few things you see only partially concealed about my person are the result of the labours of convicts and felons working in foreign prisons. A Government lost to all sense of public duty permits their free importation, to the detriment of honest British workman. You'd better stop and hear me broil BRYCE."

Colonel walked off with curious clatter, much more effective than the spurs he wears on field days with the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. Most interesting lecture, occasionally marred by Colonel, intending at particular point to produce a blacking-brush, fishing forth from his miscellaneous store a plated biscuit-box. But the moral all the same. The articles all made in Germany or elsewhere on Continent. BRYCE glad to get out of difficulty by offering Committee.

Business done.—Motion carried for restriction of foreign prison-made goods.

Thursday Afternoon.—"Hist!" said Sir HENRY JAMES to JOEY C. "A word in thine ear. PRINCE ARTHUR away to-night;



Colonel Howard Vincent bristles with indignation, and has a brush with the enemy.

ground clear; suppose we occupy it? show PRINCE ARTHUR how we would manage business, and let the MARKISS see that there are statesmen other than those who hail from Hatfield and its dependencies. Here's this import duty added on British yarn entering India. Lancashire members sore about it. Don't know much on subject myself, but can do simple rule in arithmetic. If we can detach seven or eight Lancashire Liberals and put on all our forces, the Government must go. Think how pleasant for PRINCE ARTHUR, sitting with his feet in hot water and his head out of the window, to hear the tramp of our messenger along Carlton House Terrace bringing news that Government is out. If we'd only time we might hire man with wooden-leg, like the party in *Treasure Island*, wasn't it? Sound of wooden-leg tramping along silent Broadway where PRINCE ARTHUR lives, and is just now nursing his cold, would be most dramatic. That a mere detail. Thing is this, Indian cotton business is so much gun-cotton for Government; I apply torch; up they go—HARCOURT, FOWLER, ASQUITH (who was so rude to you the other night), and the rest of them. What do you think?"

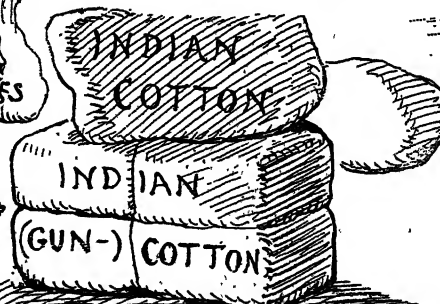
JOEY C. is sly, de-vilish sly; said nothing. But he winked.

HENRY JAMES knew that all was well.

Friday, 12.10 A.M.—Not quite so well as it looked when House met at three o'clock yesterday afternoon. Ministerialists then in state of trepidation; Ministers assuming air of resignation. Odds distinctly in favour of defeat of Government. HENRY FOWLER, formally recognising situation, had declared they were prepared for the worst. Something got mixed; explosion took place as arranged; gun-cotton went off with genial roar; but it was HENRY JAMES blown into the air, and with him JOEY C. 109 Members mustered under new Opposition Leadership; 304 going with Ministers. Majority, 195. "Glad I didn't engage the messenger with a wooden leg," said HENRY JAMES with deepened gloom. "Awful to have a man of that kind going stamping through a quiet thoroughfare in the dead of the night carrying news of Government majority of a trifle under 200. Wish PRINCE ARTHUR would stick to his post and not take colds at such inconvenient seasons." *Business done.*—HENRY JAMES and JOEY C. go out to shear and come back shorn.

Friday, 8 P.M.—House counted out. Members gone home in state of hair-bristling perturbation. BRUNNER brought under notice of SPEAKER circumstances attendant upon mysterious disappearance of JOEY C. last night. When House cleared for division on JAMES'S motion, JOE seen to leave and go into Lobby. Thereafter all trace lost of him. Name does not appear in division list. Witnesses report he was seen endeavouring to induce SERJEANT-AT-ARMS to unlock door and let him pass through. SERJEANT incorruptible, inflexible. JOSEPH turned back and straightway lost to human ken.

"When I was a lad," says WILFRED LAWSON, "I used to be baffled by inquiry, 'Where was MOSES when the candle went out?' That a plain proposition compared with this new one, 'Where was JOSEPH when the division was taken?'" House faced by mystery could not set itself down to business. Something uncanny about the place. Accordingly got itself counted out at eight o'clock. *Business done.*—Second reading of London Waterworks Bill carried.



Daring Act of attempted Incendiarism; or, "The Light that failed."

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONTINUED.)

FAR below lay the globe like huge ball of glowing light, patched here and there with dark tracts, and intersected with lines brighter than the surrounding brightness. That was my goal. But here I was still swiftly soaring from it. Oh, if I could but change my direction; for such was the still unexhausted force of the momentum acquired by the explosion that I knew I should not drop down for many a long day. If I could only manage to speed diagonally down towards the earth, I calculated that I could take advantage of the waves of the air to move in a kind of switchback fashion towards the earth, and possibly, as I neared the ground, I might either hook myself on to some tall tree or plunge into a river or an ocean and save myself by my unequalled powers of swimming. And here a sudden thought struck me. In life I had respected the Ayah, but now she was dead and was far beyond the possibility of feeling. I do not say of resenting, a discourteous action. Time was slipping away; the earth was visibly diminishing; the moment for action had come. Slowly and with determination I drew up my right leg, and letting it out backwards with the force of a Nasmyth hammer, delivered my foot full against the body of the Ayah. Everything happened as I had anticipated. There was a dull and melancholy thud as the lifeless body went off at its involuntary tangent, while I flew sidelong and in a downward direction, my whole course being changed by the impetus of the kick.

How long I flew like this I know not. At such a crisis moments are centuries. After a time I re-opened my eyes and looked about me. Where was I? Could it be? Yes—no—and yes again. All that I saw was familiar. The towers, the cupolas, the domes, the minarets, the battlements—all these I had seen before. Scarcely two hundred yards below me lay the Diamond City from which I had that very night ascended.

I ought to explain that, as I had expected, partly owing to the well-known laws of gravitation, partly owing to the celebrated air-wave theory, first propounded by my friend, Dr. HASEWITZ, Regius

Professor Phlebotomy in the University of Bermuda, I was now proceeding in a series of gigantic serpentine curves through the air. At the moment of which I am speaking I was at the top of one of these curves, and I calculated that, with luck, I should just be able, on my downward course, to clear the western gate of the city, and then, having come to within a few feet of the ground, I should speed

upward again and onward heaven knows whither. In a flash it occurred to me that if GANDERDOWN was ready at his appointed post beyond the gate, I might in passing be able to seize him and bear him with me in my wild flight. I pulled out my watch. The hands pointed to five minutes past twelve, and as we had fixed midnight for our meeting, I knew that my henchman, the very soul of punctuality, would be at the rendezvous. Yes, there was the faithful old fellow, armed and provisioned to the teeth, standing stolidly as was his custom, apparently paying but little attention to anything that was going on around and about him. With a rush and a swoop I was upon him. I stretched out my hand, and, as I passed, took a full and powerful grip of the collar of his coat, wrenched him from the ground, and thus accompanied went serpentine on-wards into the unknown.

I am bound to say that when his first surprise was over the old warrior took it uncommonly well. His was never an inquisitive mind. Like all who were brought into contact with me, he had an unswerving faith in my genius. "If WILBRAHAM says so, it must be so, and there's an end of the matter,"

was one of his commonest sayings, never more justified than on the occasion of which I am now speaking.

"Have you the pemmican?" I asked him.—"I have."

"And the solidified beef-tea?"—"In my left pocket."

"And the combined boiler and cooking range?"

"Slung on my back."

"And the patent portable mule-cart with adjustable tram-lines?"

"Attached to my belt."—"And the—?"

What I was going to say I cannot remember, for at this moment there was a crash of glass, we both struck violently against some hard surface, rebounded, fell, and lay perfectly still. In a minute or two I recovered from the shock, and looked about me. *We were lying in the manger of the Pink Hippopotamus!* (To be contd.)



"With a rush and a swoop I was upon him."

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

SIR ROBERT BALL, recently delivering a lecture (by request) under the above title, admitted that he did not quite know what it meant, as he did not suppose Irish astronomy was different from that of other nations. Isn't it bejabers? Judging by parity of reasoning, we can imagine that Irish astronomy may be as *sui generis* as are Irish politics. It is probably unusually nebulous, and characterised by the revolution of suns round their satellites, and the prevalence of excentric comets and shooting stars. Had ADDISON had it in mind, he would probably have written his celebrated hymn somewhat as follows:—

The spacyous firmament on hoigh,
And all the green Hibernian skoy,
And wrangling hivens a foighting frame,
The reign of chaos do proclaim.
What though the "stars" do shoine—and squall,
And on each other's orbits fall!
What though no order, stable, sound,
Amidst those jarring sphayres be found!

Onraison there doth loud rejoice,
At hearing echoed her own voice;
For iver shouting as they shoine,
Our hiven's a Donnybrook divoine

THE ARCHITECT TO HIS WIFE.

I POETISE seldom or never,
As a rule I am not such an ass;
I handle a metre scarce ever,
Unless it's connected with gas.
But once I was tempted to stray, dear,
In the realms of the Muses above,
And in somewhat professional way, dear,
To sing the delights of my love.

I thought of you, sweet my DRUSILLA,
As the daintiest lot in the land,
The prettiest fairy-like villa
That ever an architect planned.
You offered attractions unnumbered,
Your aspect was sunny and bright,
And my fancies ran wild, when I slumbered,
Depicting the charms of your site.

I think I shall never forget, love,
How I called with an order to view;
You were empty, and still "To be Let," love,
And I was untenanted too.
I stocked you; I saw that we stood, love,
On mutually suitable spots,
And I swore I would do what I could, love,
To try to unite the two lots.

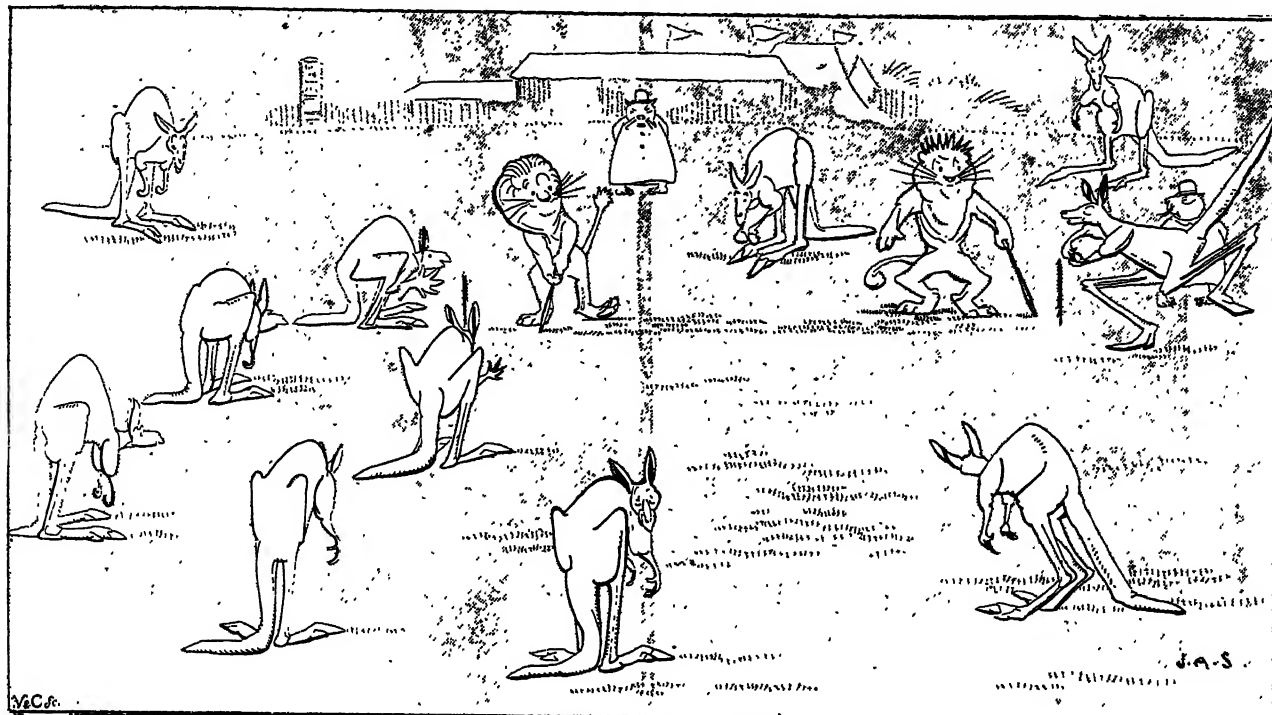
I cautiously mooted the question,
And great was my rapture to find
That my timidly-ventured suggestion
Was not quite averse to your mind.
I therefore grew bold and took heart, love,
The business was promptly despatched,
We no longer stood coldly apart, love,
For lo, we were closely attached.

'Tis long since this happened, and now, love,
Folk see us so happily matched,
They are ready to promise and vow, love,
We never were semi-detached.
Two beings were never so blended,
They say we could never be twain—
Well, so let it be, till life's ended,
And one let us ever remain!



THE SECOND MOUNT.

J. M. M. y (the Groom, to the Noble Sportsman, Sir W. V. H. re-ré), "YOU 'VE HAD A BIT OF A SPIN ON THE WELSHMAN, SIR, AND I THINK YOU 'LL FIND THE IRISHMAN PRETTY FIT!"



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. VI.—THE GREAT CRICKET MATCH. "ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA." UMPIRES, THE TWO WOMBATS.

THE SECOND MOUNT;

OR, THE NEW "GALLOPING SQUIRE" AND THE IRISH GROOM.

<i>Galloping Squire (of the St. Stephen's Hunt)</i>	S-B W. H-EC-RT.
<i>Irish Groom</i>	J-HN M-RL-Y.
<i>Welsh Horse</i>	D-S-ST-BL-SHM-NT.
<i>Irish Horse</i>	L-ND B-LL.

Galloping Squire (pounding along). Pouf! Pretty heavy going! This country doesn't seem to be what it was when I was younger, and rayther a lighter weight, in old Huntsman BILLY's days. *Laudator temporis acti?* Well, perhaps so—perhaps so. Still, neither meets nor mounts strike me as being quite up to the old form. Some of our new men have the manners of a cheeky young chawbacon on a gate. That hard rider from the Midlands, for instance! Most of our new mounts lack the blood and pace of the horses of old times. This weedy Welsh crock for example! "Kim up, ye hugly brute!" as JOHN LEECH's huntsman put it. Ah! when Old WILL took us across the Stone-Wall Country in '69 and '70, hunting *was* hunting, horses *were* horses—yes, and gentlemen of the hunt *were* gentlemen! Now, what with mixed fields, cocktail crocks, and false scents, the sport's no longer a sport for—persons of Plantagenet descent and patrician instincts.

However, *Taffy* answers gamely enough to spur and whipcord. Considering my weight and—well, other difficulties, the weedy-looking nag, is going fairly well. Fancy he'll hold out to the crest of the hill yonder, where I think I see JACK MORLEY with my second mount. Kim up! Yes, there's JACK, with the Irish horse he thinks so much of, and takes such pains with. Humph! Bit tired of Irish mounts myself, though mustn't mention it to JACK. 'Twas Irish horses brought Old BILLY his biggest croppers after all, though *he*, too, was wondrous sweet on 'em. Prefer a mount from the stable of the Predominant Partner, myself, if I *might* have my choice—which I mustn't—worse luck! Good old *Budget* strain my fancy! Not over fast, perhaps, but first-rate weight-carriers, and always in at the death—or the Death Duties, as I might say, if on a Derby platform instead of a Welsh pigskin. Ha! ha! ha!

Yes, *Taffy* will hold on to the top of the hill—(First Reading Point)—and then for a "quick-change" to the Irish horse. If I don't lose time, and have ordinary luck, the two will carry me through, ridden alternately.

Irish Groom (meditating). Ah, here comes the Guv'nor, pounding away on *Taffy*. Glad to catch sight o' me and *Paddy*, I'll warrant. He's taken about the last ounce out o' the Welsh 'un, if I'm any judge. Rides a bit lumpy, the Guv'nor does, nowadays, though his

pluck's as good as ever, I must say. Well, we're ready for him, the Irish horse and me, fit as a fiddle, and groomed to a hair, though I say it as shouldn't, p'raps. Come along, my new incarnation of good old WHITE-MELVILLE'S "Galloping Squire." (*Sings.*)

The Galloping Squire to the saddle has got,
That saddle a heavier weight has ne'er borne;
From his stable he's drafted the pick of his lot,
(Two nags by his enemies held in foul scorn,
One Welsh, t'other Irish; both likely to tire,
I must trust to these two! says our Galloping Squire.

He takes the Welsh horse by the head, and he sails
O'er this cross-street o' countries, all ear and all eye.
He takes as they come high banks, fences, and rails;
The cramped ones he'll creep, and the fair ones he'll fly.
It's a mighty queer place that will put in the mire
That artful old horseman, our Galloping Squire.

A fast forty minutes of run and of race,
And he's glad of a change, as indeed are we all.
The two he must ride are not gluttons for pace,
Still, the slow *need* not stop, and the weak *may* not fall,
His second mount's here. He may puff and perspire,
But he's game to go on, is our Galloping Squire!

Galloping Squire (coming up and preparing to change mounts). Pouf! Oh! here you are, JACK! Sharp's the wor!! Quick change, and on we go again! The Welsh horse has carried me better than I expected, though I've had to bustle him along, and he's a bit blown. [*Changes mounts smartly.*]

Irish Groom. That's right, Squire. The Welsh 'un hasn't done so badly, but I think you'll find the Irish 'un fit as a fiddle. These Irish horses— Ah! he's off. (*Looking after him, as he takes the bride of "Taffy."*) Well, he'll do his best, beaten or not, blowed if he won't! Goes well, too, he does, for an old 'un! Hope *Paddy*'ll pull him through to the end o' the run. (*Sings.*)

"And long may it be ere he's forced to retire,
For we breed very few like our Galloping Squire!"

[*Leads off "The Welsh 'un"—for the present.*]

No CROPS THIS YEAR!!—A startling announcement, founded upon the new rule of the Kennel Club, to the effect that after March no crop-eared dog can win one of the K. C. prizes. "Hoóray!" quoth the dogs. "Full ears and no crops!"



Editor of Libellous Rag (who has just received a terrific but well-deserved kick). "DUD YOU MAINE THOT?"

Colonel McMurder. "YIS, OI DUD, YOU THUNDERIN' VILLAIN!"

Editor. "OH, VERY WELL, THOT'S ALL ROIGHT. OI T'UGHT IT MOIGHT AV BEEN WAN O' THIM PRAC-TA-OLE JOKES!"

THE INTERVIEWER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is the object of an interviewer?

Answer. To show the merit of his work at the expense of the interviewed.

Q. Is there any choice in selecting a subject?

A. Very little, all that is necessary is that the name at the head of the article shall be fairly familiar to the general reader.

Q. Need the interviewer record the history of the interviewed?

A. No; unless matter grows short and the exploits of the hero are required for padding.

Q. But have not those exploits made the hero famous?

A. Yes, and consequently they have become "old matter." To be interesting, details, if frivolous, must be up to date.

Q. Which would be the better copy—an account of the subject's most successful campaign, or a description of his wardrobe?

A. Undoubtedly the latter. The exploits will certainly have been described a score of times, but a list of coats, hats and neckties will probably have the charm of novelty.

Q. Then you would not value your subject's diary?

A. Not if it merely recorded his public life. In such a case it would be distinctly less interesting than his butcher's book.

Q. Are the surroundings of a hero of moment?

A. Certainly, if they are little known. The back yard of the greatest poet becomes a spot full of interest if it has hitherto escaped description.

Q. Then a poet's staircase is more memorable than his stanzas?

A. Certainly; and the warrior's umbrella-stand than the record of his battles—a philosopher's overcoat than the tale of his scientific discoveries.

Q. If the interviewed has a dog or a cat, is it advisable to refer to the fact?

A. Assuredly, and such a reference should run to the length of half a dozen pages, and possibly a couple of illustrations.

Q. But surely the interviewed must sacrifice a fair amount of time to the interviewer?

A. Quite so; but the obligation is mutual.

Q. And yet it is only the interviewer gets a reward?

A. In money. But then the interviewed has his advertisement.

Q. Is such an advertisement very valuable?

A. If the account is published at the commencement of the season it may convert the subject into a Society lion.

Q. And what are the advantages enjoyed by such a creature?

A. Invitations to dinners, dances, and at homes, from all-but-perfect strangers—for a while.

Q. And what follow?

A. Reaction and forgetfulness.

Q. It seems that to be interviewed is not permanently beneficial to the subject?

A. Of course not; but that is a matter of small importance to the interviewer.

Q. Then what advantage does the latter obtain at the cost of the former?

A. That is a question that can best be answered by reference to the ledgers of the publishers.

Q. Why should not the interviewed turn the tables upon their visitors and become the interviewers?

A. Because an interviewer is seldom of sufficient importance to undergo the operation.

Q. Is there any other reason?

A. Certainly; and a most important one. If the interviewer became the interviewed, from the latter's point of view it wouldn't pay.

MARCH THOUGHT.

(An After-thawt.)

MARTIUS quid agam Kalendis?

First thing the broken pipes to mend is.

The leek upon St. David's day

FLUELLEN's doughty kin display,

But England, fraught with cans and pails,

This March is all at one with Wales.

While plumbers play their hide-and-seek

We all must grin and bear the leak.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SINCE it first lifted its tall head, "like a bully," as POPE rudely put it, the London Monument has been much looked at. If it is not to be superseded amid the sights of London, it is time it began to look out for itself.

A rival has been creeping

up year after year in

the bulky volume known

as *Burdett's Official Intelligence*.

The volume

just out bears the record

Fourteenth Year—a

mere child in point of

age, but a prodigy of

colossal size and almost

supernatural know-

ledge. It is perhaps

quite an accident that

the pages run up to

1899. But the fact is

fresh testimony to the

fin de siècle character of

the work. Persons about to marry would,

my Baronite says, find it a nice start in the

way of furnishing a library. In emergency,

it would serve as a dining-table, a footstool,

a four-post bedstead, or (if the pages were

cut out and distributed as tracts in the City)

the binding might be rebuilt to form a spare

bedroom. Just the book to take down with

you to Brighton, or up the river on some

of those sunny days we hope are coming.

Crammed full of information from cover to

cover. What *Burdett's Intelligence* does not

know about financial affairs and Stock Ex-

change business would make a very small

book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"THE NIGER COMPANY."—Christy Minstrels.

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

(By Ane that has kent them.)

'Tis a great thing, the Traivel! I'll thank ye tae find
Its equal for openin' the poors o' the mind.
It mak's a man polished, an' gies him, ye ken,
Sic a graun' cosmypollitan knowledge o' men!



I ne'er was a stay-at-hame callant ava,
I aye must be rantin' an' roamin' awa',
An' far hae I wandered an' muckle hae seen
O' the ways o' the warl' wi' ma vara ain een.
I've been tae Kingskettle wi' WULLIE an'
JEAMES,
I've veesited Anster an' Elie an' Wemyss,
I've walked tae Kirkca'dy an' Cupar an'
Crail,
An' I aince was awa' tae Dundee wi' the rail.

Losh me, Sir! 'The wunnerfu' things that I saw!
The kirks wi' their steeples, sae bonny an' braw,
An' public's whauriver ye turned wi' yer ee—
'Tis jist a complete eddication, Dundee!

Theer's streets—be the hunner! An' shops be the score!
Theer's bakers an' grocers an' fleshers galore!
An' milliners' winders a' flauntin' awa'
Wi' the last o' the fashions frae Lunnon an' a'.

An' eh, sic a thrang, Sir! I saw in a minnit
Mair folk than the toun o' Kinghorn will hae in it!
I wadna hae thoct that the hail o' creation
Could boast at ae time sic a vast population!

Ma word, Sir! It gars ye clap haun' tae yer broo
An' wunner what's Providence after the noo
That he lets sic a swarm o' they cratur's be born
Wham naebody kens aboot here in Kinghorn.

What?—Leeberal minded?—Ye canna but be
When ye've had sic a graun' eddication as me.
For oh, theer is naethin' like traivel, ye ken,
For growin' acquent wi' the natur' o' men.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—We think it our duty to call your attention to the appearance of a book that otherwise would have possibly entirely escaped your attention. It is called *A Neglected Incident in a Company's Career*. It is written by a gentleman with a name of historical importance, and contains, amongst other inviting matter, several letters from the author to his illustrious ancestor. It is full of the most interesting stories, although its accuracy is scarcely unimpeachable. As some of the tales are not entirely laudatory of the Company with which we had the honour once to be connected, we beg to lay our case before you.



We have approached the writer of the book, and asked him to withdraw it. We have not obtained a satisfactory answer. We have also appealed to the publisher of the book (whose name we would give in full if we did not think that you might editorially suppress it, as there is a column set apart in another portion of your issue for book advertisements), and he, too, has not seen his way to rendering us any assistance. He has referred us to the author, who still leaves us without a remedy.

However, the publisher (with whom we cannot absolutely agree) makes a suggestion which seems to us in every way admirable. As it is our wish to cause *A Neglected Incident in a Company's Career* to be as little circulated as possible, he proposes that we should write a joint letter to all the leading London papers, setting forth the highly interesting character of its contents. This we are now doing, as you will see from this communication.

Yours truly, (Signed) BENJAMIN BROWN.
JOHN JONES.
RALPH ROBINSON.

Late of the
Company.

P.S.—It is unnecessary to state, after the above ingenious explanation and gratuitous advertisement, that it is highly probable that *A Neglected Incident in a Company's Career*, once possibly little read, may now be obtained at every respectable circulating library in town or the country.



"IS IT POSSIBLE?"

"Mr. Goldenheim of London (to Mr. Bearchamp S. Potts of New York). "NOW YOU THINK THAT YOU CAN ALWAYS ALSO TELL AN ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA. I TELL YOU DAT IS A GREAT MISTAKE. I VASS DREE MONTS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND DERE VASN'T ONE MAN DAT GUESSED I VAS AN ENGLISHMAN!"

A HOPELESS CASE.

OF literary pleasures, my first and chief delight,
Was to read the thrilling serials our deft romancers write,
To follow up each hero to the altar from his teens,
By reading each instalment in the monthly magazines.



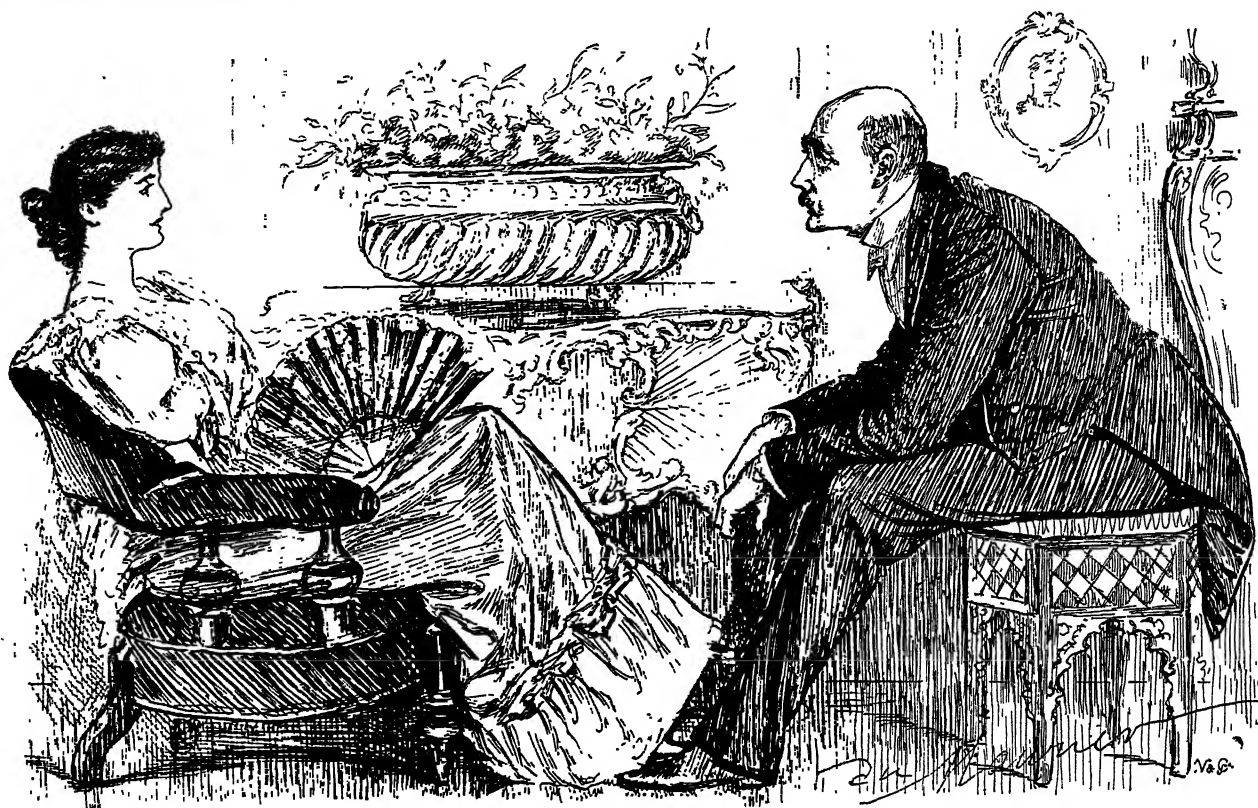
The system answered splendidly while
magazines were few,
But journal follows journal now, review
succeeds review;
And when the monthly parcel I have
carefully perused, [confused!
Alas, I find the characters are woefully

They follow me about by day, at night
they haunt me still,
A hero out from *Longman's* weds a lady
from *Cornhill*;
A villain from *Belgravia*, who a burglary
has planned, [the *Strand*.
Is suddenly arrested by detectives from

I hear a stalwart warrior from one of WEYMAN's plots
Engaged in Dolly dialogues with MARY Queen of Scots;
And persons in the *Argosy* for gold in *Harper's* toil,
Or interview physicians brought to light by CONAN DOYLE.

Not only in the fiction, too, I find my fancy trip,
The Idlers' Club are gathered at the Sign that bears a Ship,
While *Blackwood's* sober chronicler in quite a flippant way
Discusses "Without Prejudice" the topics of the day.

And so, although my intellect is reasonably strong,
It will not bear the strain of this bewilderment for long;
Please carve upon my tombstone when I quit terrestrial scenes,
"Here lies a man who perished from too many magazines!"



KNOWING WHERE TO STOP.

He. "YES, IT WAS VERY CONFUSING."

She. "IT MUST HAVE BEEN! HAD I BEEN YOU, I SHOULD HAVE BLUSHED TO THE ROOTS OF MY—ER—EYEBROWS!"

DISTURBED!

"The (Turkish) soldiers then came and promised the protection of the Imperial troops to all who should lay down arms, and seek refuge in the Turkish camp. This offer was accepted by an Armenian clergyman on behalf of 360 persons of all ages and both sexes. The Turkish colonel ordered them to be provided with supper along with the soldiers, and then at night had them escorted to a distance from camp, where they were despatched and thrown into a large pit, dead and dying together."—*Report, from Moush, of Daily Telegraph's Special Correspondent, on the Armenian Atrocities.*

"The hyæna's aspect is repulsive. Malign, inexorable, and untameably savage, its eyes shine like lucifers in the dark night; its stealthy, dusky form surprises us. It fears the light of day, and strangles what is weak and straying from the path. It mocks its prey with a laugh."—*The Book of Nature and of Man.*

UNCHANGED, unchangeable! A scourge
Attila-like from age to age;
What plea can Charity now urge
For such immitigable rage?
No rest from ravin, no surcease
Of carnage? Vain it seems to ply
Earth's butcher, foe of love, home, peace
With pleadings of humanity.

Since words avail not, any more
Than SAMPSON'S withy-hands, to bind
This worse than Erymanthian boar,
This fell, fierce foe of humankind;
What use in wasting words? The hand
Of Hercules to cleanse and slay
The monster scourges of the land
Is needful in a newer day.

Malign, inexorable, untamed,
This hoar hyæna of the East

Our skill has scorned, our wisdom shamed.
Must the implacable, fierce beast
Have room and verge for ravage still,
Unmenaced by the hunter's spear;
Blast the beginnings of goodwill,
Fill the fresh-budding waste with fear?

'Tis time, 'tis time! Incarnate crime,
Embodied cruelty and lust,
Trampler in slaughter-sanguined slime,
Mocker of loyalty and trust;
Derider of the human bond,
Befouler of barbaric faith,
Are there fanatics now so fond
As to protest against thy scath?

Seeing thine old defenders turn,
Sickened at that dread Death-Pit's sight,
And with just indignation burn,
Sure the horizon bears a light,
A blade-like beam of menace clear,
Typing the brand of Nemesis,
E'en Power's panders well might fear
To palliate such a scene as this.

The treacherous pact, the stabber's snare,
The butcher-organ, that grim grave,
From which fire would not purge the air,
That was not hidden by the wave;
The stealthy trick, the crawling lie,—
These stain the record. Can the Turk,
For all his age-learn't subtlety,
Blot out the count of such black work.

Justice will heed the faintest plea
Even from blood-stained lips, if truth
Linger upon them; but must flee
All maundering and maudlin ruth,
If this red record 'stablished stand.
The stealthy prowler loves the night,
But crouches at the threatening hand
It glimpses in the breaking light.

Disturbed! Those shining furtive eyes
Glance angrily askance—in fear!
The women's shrieks, the children's cries,
Which we in fancy still can hear,
Left that hyæna-heart unmoved;
But now a voice upon the air,—
The same stern voice which CAIN reproved,—
Frightens the ghoul in his dark lair!

THE UNEMPLOYED.

AN APPEAL.

WE've got no work to do—o-o!
Our homes are cold as the wintry air.
Our stomachs are empty, booho-o-o! booho-o-o!
And like Mother Hubbard our cupboards
are bare. [stout,
We're frozen out! Though our hearts are
And we're full of industry, zeal and thrift;
There is not the chance of a job about, [drift.
Through the hardened earth and the chilling
We do not howl as we prowling the street,
With ruddy faces and bodies plump;
Our voices though dulled by the cold are
sweet, [pump,
But the snow-spread lawn, and the frozen
The ice-bound pond, and the highway hard,
Are all our foes. And no Union door,
No Refuge warm is for us unbarred;
We, we are the helpless deserving poor:
So Christians thoughtful, gentle and good,
Warm by fire-side or snug in bed,
Be sure your bounty, of broken food,
For us on pathways and lawns is spread;
For we're poor, and hungry, and frozen out.
We may not thank you in eloquent words;
But litter your welcome largesse about,
And though cockney carols we cannot shout
We'll gather on branch and on gutter-spout,
And chirrup our thanks, *we poor London
Birds!*!!!



DISTURBED!

["It is absolutely revolting to read how the great batch of Armenian prisoners were beggled into the Turkish camp, and after having received those rites of hospitality which in the East are supposed to consecrate and protect a guest, were taken away, brutally massacred, and hurled pell-mell into a vast pit, where it was intended no avenging eye should see what was left of them. . . . It is more than ever necessary that the investigation of the European Delegates shall be genuine and searching, and that the Turkish Government, to establish proof of its own sincerity, shall assist it openly, and act upon its conclusions in a manner unmistakably honest, earnest and exemplary."—*Daily Telegraph*, February 27, 1896.]

THE FARMING OF THE FUTURE;

Or, *What British Agriculture is coming to.*SCENE—A Car on an Electric Light-railway.
TIME—The Twentieth Century.

First Farmer (recognising Second Farmer). Why, 'tis Muster FRETWELL, surelie! didn't see it was you afore. And how be things gettin' along with you, Sir, eh?

Farmer Fretwell (lugubriously). 'Mong the middlin's, Muster LACKADAY; 'mong the middlin's! Nothen doin' just now—nothen 't all!

Third Farmer (enviously). Well, you hev'n't no call fur to cry out, neighbour! I see you've got a likely lot o' noo 'oardins comin' up all along your nart o' the line. I wish mine wur arf as furrard, I know thet!

F. Fretwell. Ah, them "Keep yer 'air on"'s, you mean, RYEMOUTH. I don't deny as they was lookin' tidy enough a week back. But just as I was makin' ready fur to paint up "Try it on a Billiard Ball," blamed if this yere frost didn't set in, and now theer's everything at a standstill wi' the brushes froze 'ard in the pots!

F. Ryemouth. 'Tis the same down with me. Theer's a acre o' "Bunyan's Easy Boots" as must hev a noo coat, and I can't get nothen done to 'en till th' weather's a bit more hopen like. Don't keer 'ow soon we hev a change, myself, I don't!

F. Lackaday. Nor yet me, so long as we don't 'ave no gales with it. Theer was my height-acre pasture as I planted only las' Candlemas wi' "Roopy's Lung Tonics"—wunnerful fine and tall they was, too—and ivery one on 'en blowed down the next week!

F. Fretwell. Well, I 'ope theer wun't be no rain, neither, come to that. I know I 'ad all the P's of my "Piffler's Persuasive Pillules" fresh gold-leaved at Michaelmas, and it come on wet directly arter I done it, and reg'lar washed the gilt out o' sight an' knowledge, it did. Theer ain't no standin' up agen rain!

F. Ryemouth. I dunno as I wouldn't as lief hev rain as sun. My "Hanti-Freckle Salves" all blistered up and peeled afoor the summer was 'ardly begun a'most.

F. Lackaday. 'Tis a turrible 'ard climate to make 'ead against, is ourn. I've 'eard tell as some farmers are takin' to they enamelled hiron affairs, same as they used to hev when I wur a lad. I mind theer wur a crop o' "Read Comic Cagmag" as lingered on years arter the paper itself. Not as I hold with enamelling, myself—'tain't what I call 'igh farmin'—takes too much outer the land in my 'pinion.

F. Fretwell. Aye, aye. "Rotation o' boards." Say, "Spoooner's Sulphur Syrup" fur a spring crop, follered with some kind o' soap or candles, and p'raps cough lozengers, or hembrocation, or bakin' powder, if the soil will bear it, arterward's—that's the system I wur reared on, and theer ain't no better 'pend upon it!

F. Ryemouth. I tell 'ee what 'tis; it's time we 'ad some protection agen these yere furrin advartisements. I was travellin' along the Great Northern tother day, and I see theer was two or three o' them French boards nigh in ivery field, a downright shame an' disgrace I call it, disgurin' the look o' the country and makin' it that ontidy—let alone drivin' honest British boards off the land. Government ought to put a stop to it; that's what I say!

F. Lackaday. They Parliment chaps don't keer *what* becomes of us poor farmers, they don't. Look at last General Election time. They might ha' given our boards a turn; but not they. Most o' they candidates did all their 'tisin' with rubbishy flags and balloons—made in Japan, Sir, every blamed one o' them! And they wonder British Agriculture don't prosper more!

F. Ryemouth. Speakin' o' queer ways o' hadvertisin', hev any on ye set eyes on that farm o' young FULLACRANK'S? Danged if iver I see sech tomfool notions as he's took up with in all my born days!

F. Fretwell. Whv, what hev he bin up to now, eh?

F. Ryemouth. Well, I thought I shud ha' bust myself larfin' when I see it fust. Theer ain't not a board nor a sky sign; no, nor yet a 'oardin, on the 'ole of his land!

F. Lackaday. Then how do he expect to get a profit out of it?—that's what I want to year.

F. Ryemouth. You 'll 'ardly credit it, neighbours, but he's been buryin' some o' they furrin grains, hoats and barley, an' I dunno what not, in little 'oles about his fields, so as to make the words, "Use FADDLER'S Non-farinaceous Food"—and the best on it is the darned young fool expects as 'ow it 'll all sprout come next Aperl—he do indeed, friends!

F. Fretwell. Flyin' in the face o' Providence, I calls it. He must ha' gone clean out of his senses!

F. Lackaday. Stark starin' mad. I never heard tell o' such extravagance. Why, as likely as not, 'twill all die off o' the land afore the year's out—and wheer will he be then?

F. Ryemouth. Azackly what I said to 'en myself. "You tek my word for it," I sez, "'twun't niver come to no good. The natural crop for these yere British Hises," I told 'en, "is good honest Henglish hoak an' canvas," I sez, "and 'tain't the action of no sensible man, nor yet no Christian," sez I, "to go a drillin' 'oles and a-droppin' in houtlandish seeds from Canada an' Roosha, which the sile wasn't never intended to bear!"

Farmers Fretwell and Lackaday. Rightly spoke, neighbour RYEMOUTH, 'twas a true word! But theer 'll be a jedgement on sech new-fangled doin's, and, what's moor, you and I will live fur to see it afore we're very much older!

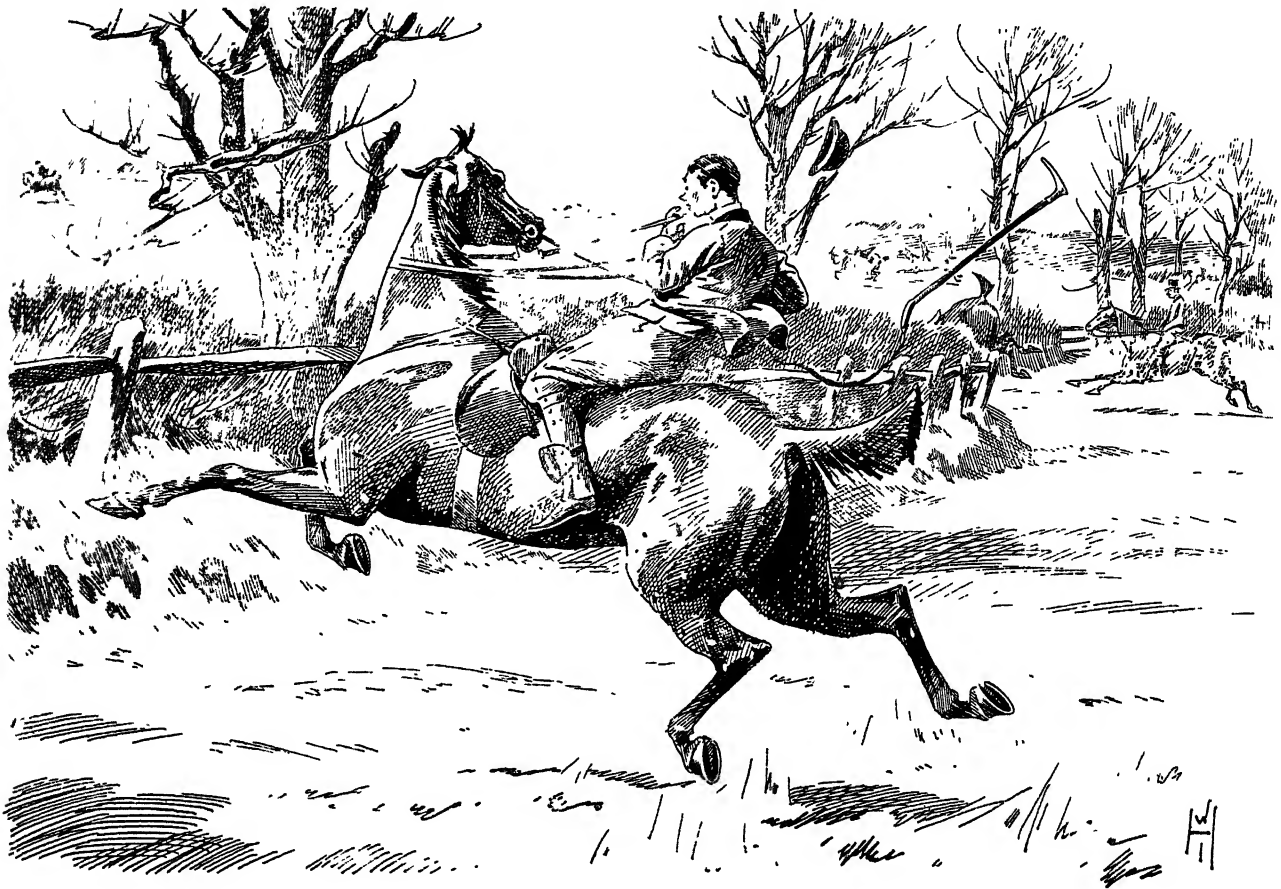
[They all shake their heads solemnly as scene closes in.]

"PISTOLS BILL."—SIR, I am not much of a newspaper reader, but I flatter myself on being a fair Shakspearian student. Judge my delight, then, Sir, on seeing that "Pistols Bill" was recently the subject of parliamentary discussion. I "read no more that day," but, satisfied with the heading, at once write to you to know if "Falstaff's Bill" (with the small item of "bread" in it) will next come under discussion? I am, indeed, rejoiced to find that our British Parliament has now before it a subject worthy of consideration.

Yours, A WORSHIPPER OF THE BARD.

SPORTING QUERY.—Why is it pretty certain that Captain GRATWICKE, of the National Rifle Association, will not run a horse, or if he does he will not employ the jockey he had originally intended, for this year's Derby? Because at a meeting of the N. R. A. it was announced that "Captain GRATWICKE withdrew his proposed rider."





'ARRY ON 'ORSEBACK.

'Arry (in extremities). "WELL, GI' ME A 'BIKE'!"

"LITERATURE AND ART."

[The Table of Contents of the *Yellow Book* has two sub-titles, "Literature" and "Art."]

No possibility of doubt
Can stop us now in finding out
What "literature" should be;
No longer dazed by rival claims,
We read a row of deathless names,
Not yet renowned, but would-be.

Not "letterpress," or other word
As modest, that would be absurd,
Contemptuous and slighting;
But "literature," which for long,
It may be right, it may be wrong,
Has meant the best of writing.

Those duller minds which once essayed
To ply the literary trade,
Poor SHAKESPEARE, DANTE, HOMER,
Did not describe their feeble work
As "literature." GIBBON, BURKE
Avoided this misnomer.

The art of writing now we learn.
Should POE or WYCHERLY return
They would not be neglected.
The corpses, tombs and worms of one,
The other's plain, outspoken fun,
Would never be rejected.

But anyone may marvel why
Sane persons read, and even buy,
A page, a word, a letter
Of this new school, yet hardly know
The works of WYCHERLY or POE,
So infinitely better.

Still literature is but a part;
These pages also teach us "art,"
Surpassing TINTORETTO.
Allegro, not in MILTON'S way,
But, with the modern meaning, "gay";
Not too gay, *allegretto*.



VELASQUEZ, you were but an ass,
Like REMBRANDT, TITIAN, alas!
All despicable duffers.
And ROMNEY, REYNOLDS (poor old fool!)
And GAINSBOROUGH, a simple school
Of blundering old buffers.

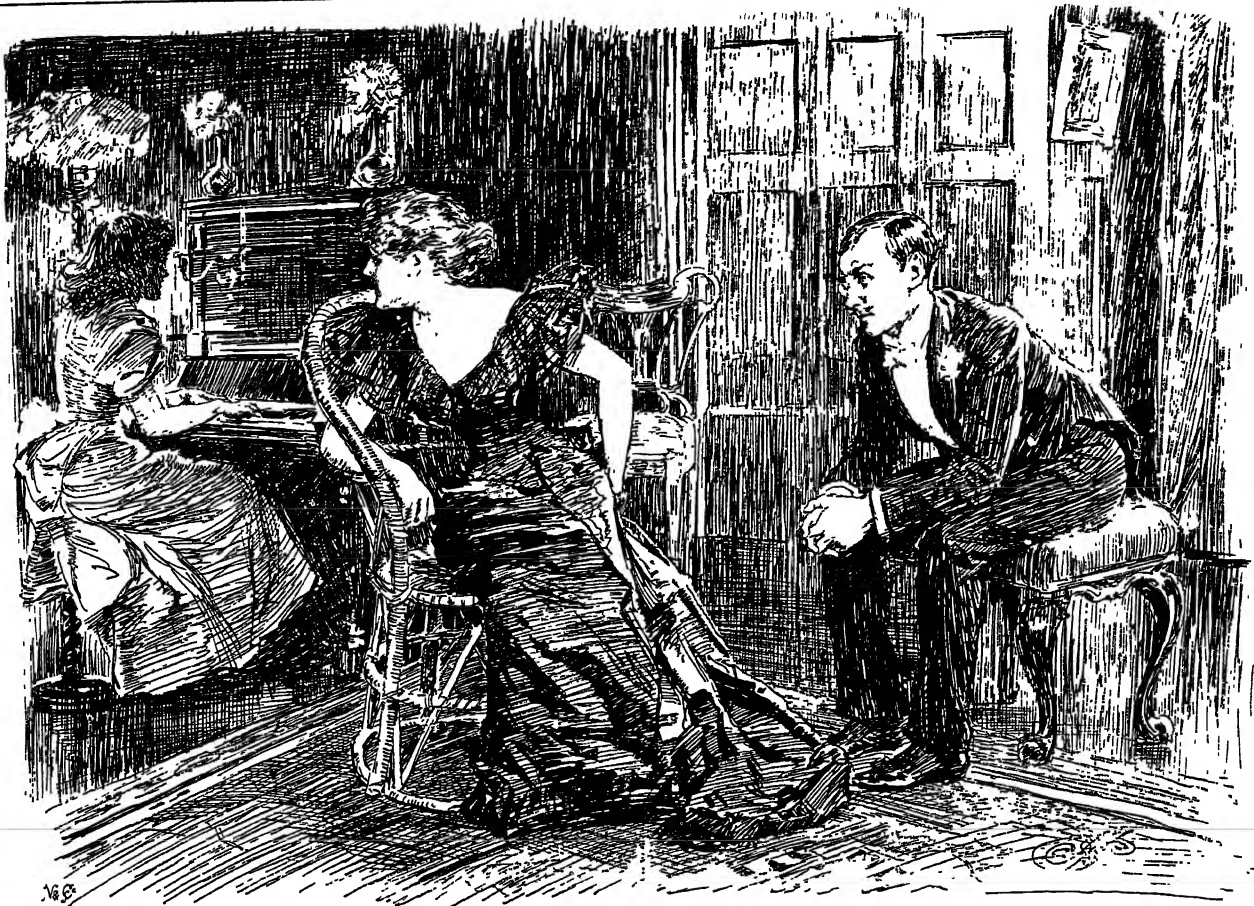
At last we know what art should be.
A subject which we cannot see,
In spite of all our trying;
The portraits not like anyone,
The landscapes, though not "well begun,"
"Half done" there's no denying.

And BEARDSLEY shows us now the nude;
It would not shock the primmest prude,
Or rouse the legislature.
An unclothed woman, ten feet high,
Could not make anyone feel shy;
She's "art," she is not nature.

TENIFICATION.

(By the Birmingham Oracle.)

THE "units" or "areas" of London,
However you turn 'em or twist 'em,
Must be ranged—or the Capital's undone—
On the (Birmingham) Decimal System,
For London's just ten times as big
As the Midland's Miraculous Model.
For the L. C. C. care not a fig,
Their "Unification" is twaddle:
Lord! what can such novices know
Of the right size for Municipalities?
Sir JOHN should take council with JOE,
Who is old, and has dealt with realities.
Great PLATO might prate about "types,"
Which were stored in some limbo ideal.
His eye modern Brummagem wipes,
'Tis the standard for all, and 'tis real.
No, London's "divides" must be Ten!
'Tis no matter what you'll be terming 'em,
But surely 'tis clear to all men
That *they mustn't be bigger than Birmingham!*



RESOURCE!

Young Mr. Softly. "ER—MISS ETHEL, THERE IS SOMETHING I—ER—PARTICULARLY WANT TO SAY TO YOU. ER—WHEN COULD I HAVE A MINUTE WITH YOU ALONE?"

Miss Ethel. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! SOMETHING FROM WAGNER, PLEASE, LUCY! NOW, MR. SOFTLY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 25.—Glasgae setting its house in order. Local authorities have drafted Bill regulating domestic institutions. One of a class that come regularly to Westminster. House knows nothing of particulars, but is final arbiter. This Bill, like many others of same kind, would have passed without notice, if lynx eye of JEMMY LOWTHER had not chanced to fall upon it. Horrified to discover its many infringements of personal liberty, Glasgae bailies well known for what ASQUITH would call their "almost convulsive" purity. Only the other day they sternly repressed artistic enterprise whose development was unaccompanied by what they regard as adequacy of clothing. In this Bill they leave nothing untouched.

Happily, whistling on the Sabbath is a crime long ago stamped out on the banks of the Clyde. But there are other habits indigenous to headlong youth which Glasgae is determined to put down. Boys have been known, for example, unlawfully to run behind a tramcar, following up the vehicle with felonious intent of obtaining a free ride, probably in the opposite way they were going when they met the conveyance, and were attracted by the opportunity furnished by the conductor collecting fares on the roof. They would be well advised, after the Glasgae Corporation Police Bill is passed, to forego that delicious delight. As CROSS, apologetically presenting himself as Glasgae citizen and Glasgae Member, put it, if the Bill passed, no cat could catch a mouse, no dog might worry a rat in Glasgae, without being subject to a penalty of forty shillings. A similar fine awaits a man upon conviction of having exposed to public view a leg of mutton, unless it be decently draped.

Effect of Bill upon CALDWELL a little painful to Members sitting near him. Lashed himself into appalling fury. Desiring, with national economic instinct, to make one effort simultaneously serve two purposes, he pitched his voice in a key upon which, whilst osten-

sibly addressed to SPEAKER in Chair, it might be heard in Glasgae. Something weird-looking about CALDWELL when he thus from his seat in House of Commons whispers in ear of constituents in far-off Lanark. The startled stranger crossing Palace Yard and hearing the voice grow more thundrous as he advances, pictures to himself a man in a towering rage. Reaching House he will find upright behind Treasury Bench a man decently dressed in black, without the slightest flash of expression on his face, roaring with volume of sound that would cause to blush any stray bull of Bashan meditatively making its way down Sausiehall Street, pricking up its ears at the reverberation brought northward across the timorous Tweed.

AS CAWMEL-BANNERMAN, suffering on the bench below, observed, "It really doesn't seem fair that a man should, with perfectly placid face and mien, continuously roar in this fashion. If he were in Glasgae under this Police Bill, he would immediately be wrapped up in a decent cloth and fined forty shillings."

Business done.—ASQUITH moves for leave to bring in Welsh Dis-establishment Bill. "Sheer political cant of the most nauseous kind," was HICKS-BEACH's genial description of HOME SECRETARY'S argument.

Tuesday.—"The world," said CHESNEY, speaking just now in debate on EVERETT's motion, "is divided into two classes, people who understand the subject, and people who do not. The former are all bimetallic, the latter are gradually going over."

I fancy I must be going over; certainly I don't understand the subject. Thankful, therefore, for opportunity to hear EVERETT discourse on it. A tall, grave-looking man, with a touch of sadness suggestive of long brooding over bimetallic theories. In fullness of design to instruct House, went back all the way to JULIUS CÆSAR. Finally arrived in Garden of Eden; recalled fact that originally, in time of primeval peace and prosperity, two people walked in it. This principle of duality ran through everything. "There are, for example," said EVERETT, swinging his pince-nez between finger and thumb in convincing manner, "white corn and red corn, white grapes and black grapes." ("White sand and grey sand," hummed



QUITE CORRECT.

Lady Visitor (looking out on playground). "AH, THERE ARE ALL THE GIRLS, AND MY LITTLE GIRL AMONG THEM! WHAT ARE THEY DOING?" *Schoolmistress*. "THEY'RE MAKING A SNOW-WOMAN."

Lady Visitor. "A SNOW WHAT?"

Schoolmistress. "MY YOUNG LADIES ARE NOT ALLOWED TO MAKE A SNOW-MAN!"

WILFRID LAWSON, waking up out of sleep.) "Nature has given to each of us two eyes for the common purpose of sight, two ears to hear withal, two hands and two legs." ("What about the Isle of Man?" asked ROCHFORD MAGUIRE. "Understand they have three legs there.")

"We are created in two sexes," EVERETT continued, half closing his eyes and paying no attention to the voice of the scornee; "whose highest purpose is fulfilled only when they are married."

Here he opened his eyes and glanced significantly at MAGUIRE. ROCHFORD blushed. Wished he hadn't interfered.

These arguments, new in controversy of long standing, proved surprisingly conclusive. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD spoke for hour and a half, vehemently declaring that he would have nothing to do with bimetalism, would not touch it with a pair of tongs.

"Sorry to interrupt the right hon. gentleman," said EVERETT; "but he has just alluded to another instance of the infinitude of the principle of duality. Did any hon. Member ever see a tong? No, always a pair. *Toujours* two, as the French say."

SQUIRE finished up by announcing he would accept EVERETT's amendment, though most careful to protest that it really meant nothing, least of all approval of the heresy of bimetalism.

"You may say what you please," said COURTNEY; "so long as you take our resolution."

Then the bimetalists jubilantly went home arm in arm.

"Arm in arm, of course," said EVERETT, driving off in a pair-wheeled hansom. "Still another illustration of the irresistible, illimitable principle of duality. Wish, by the way, I'd mentioned when on the subject that the result of marriage is occasionally twins. One of those things—or should I say two of those things?—a fellow always thinks of on the staircase."

Business done.—SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, swearing he would ne'er consent to bimetalism, consented to adopt resolution put forward by bimetalists.

Friday, 2 A.M.—Few people know, even suspect, what takes place here when we have a "nicht wi' Burns," or rather an early morning. Not known, because few Southerners remain to witness orgie; no English paper reports it. According to beneficent Standing Order, ordinary debate stands adjourned at midnight. Members go home, whether work in hand accomplished or not. One curious exception to rule. Scotch Members, accustomed to get a little more for their money than other sections of community, managed to carry amendment whereby matters relating to educational affairs North of the Tweed may be discussed all night if necessary. Accordingly, from time to time, when ordinary business of sitting wound up, Scotch Members clan together and make a night of it.

*Happened just now. At midnight Welsh Disestablishment Bill brought in; Members troop off leaving what JOKIM irreverently calls "a Piet selection of Scots." Business on hand related to Universities (Scotland) Act, 1889. So it appears on Order. First business actually is to bring in the haggis. MACFARLANE told off for this duty, because he's only member who, being resident in London, has his kilt handy. Also there is a subtle, inexpressed feeling that his flowing beard (when it can be kept out of the haggis-dish) gives a bardic appearance to ceremony. Dr. FARQUHARSON preceeds him with bagpipes, which seemed to-night to have just a slight touch of influenza. CALDWELL brews a peck o' mant; "Cald without" they call it, in spite of the rising steam and the stirred-up sugar. But a Scotchman, as DONALD CURRIE admits, is not to be done out of a joke on account of a few awkward details in the way of matters of fact. No pipes are allowed except those in FARQUHARSON's hands, but they manage to face deprivation, and have, on the whole, a merry evening. Joining hands round table, on which lay the astonished Mace, we sang "*Auld Lang Syne*" just now, and so home to bed.

Don't quite know what became of the Universities (Scotland) Act, 1889. Fancy we repealed it. *Business done* (earlier in sitting).—Welsh Disestablishment Bill brought in.

Friday, Midnight.—Best day's work since Session opened. At morning sitting ASQUITH moved for leave to bring in two important measures, and got it. If things go on at this rate HOME SECRETARY will soon be known as ASK-WITH-SUCCESS. At night useful discussion on Post Office contract with Telephone Company. When SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE interposed everybody thought he was going to show that all the evil dilated upon came from having PREMIER in the House of Lords. Didn't even mention ROSEBERRY, unless he meant to include him in condemnation of "financiers and other disreputable persons."

Business done.—Bills brought in to Amend Factories and Workshop Act and Truck Acts.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE COLD-TUBBER.

HE had read of the frigid fanatics who tub

In a pool in the Park through the ice,
So he took a rough towel his body to scrub,
He sped to the Park,—quite avoiding the
Pub,—

He stripped in a blizzard.

Which pierced to his gizzard.

And shrivelled his skin till he looked like
a lizard,

Plunged, shuddered, shrank, stammered,
"How n-n-n-ice!"

But when through the laurels I happened
to glance,

I found he was—doing the Serpentine Dance,

With a stiff frozen towel, ten paralysed toes,

And an unripe tomato in place of a nose!



QUEER QUERIES.

PURE BEVERAGES.—What is cocoa? I write to ask because our grocer says it has just been legally decided that a mixture containing eighty per cent. of flour and sago, and the rest genuine nibs, deserves to be called by that name. Is this really the law? He also tells me that in the Navy our sailors quite enjoy a cocoa that is half composed of "foreign fats." If so, is our Admiralty justified in getting its fat from abroad instead of supporting home industries? And when Jack Tar asks for cocoa, ought not he to get it? At all events, I have decided to pay my grocer's next bill with eighty per cent. of French pennies, and see how he likes *that*!—SOUL OF HONOUR.

AN ADDITIONAL "LABOUR OF HERCULES."—To fill, for the second time, the post of Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner of South Africa, to which SIR HERCULES ROBINSON is appointed.

"ALONE! ALONE!"—Very like a wail. It has a sad sound, but not a bad look when written as "A Loan in London." Specially if it be the American.



THE COMPENSATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sympathetic Visitor. "POOR DEAR MR. SMITH, HOW HE MUST SUFFER WITH ALL THAT SNEEZING AND COUGHING."

Mrs. Smith. "HE DOES, INDEED; BUT YOU CAN'T THINK HOW IT AMUSES THE BABY!"

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING CONSISTENT.

(A Dramatic Forecast of the Farce of the Future.)

SCENE — Smoking-room of the Toy Club. Reformed members sipping lemon-squashes and inhaling tea-leaf cigarettes and reading "The Happy Hearth" and periodicals of a similar character.

First Member. I am heartily glad that the committee decided to change the name of the club from the Handicap to the Toy, as it has brought an influx of such extremely eligible members. The bishop is perfectly charming.

Second Member. Quite so, and really the archdeacon's stories are first rate. I suppose you heard his anecdote about the pew-opener who thought that matins were a substitute for oil-cloth?

First Mem. Excellent, it was told me yesterday by the Lord Chancellor of British Undiscoveredland. And how much better it is that we are not allowed to bet in the old-fashioned way. When you come to think of it, there was something amazingly demoralising in permitting a Guinea Club Sweep for the Derby.

Second Mem. I should think so! I give you my word that I put my name down in every single sweep in the old Handicap for fifteen years, and never once drew a starter.

First Mem. My experience too. Have you heard whether there is to be any substitute for the sweep this year?

Second Mem. Why, yes. I was told by a member of the Recreation Committee that all members taking the bread-and-milk luncheon daily for a week are to have chances for the Grand Derby Race Christmas Tree.

First Mem. Isn't a Christmas Tree a little too late or too previous in June?

Second Mem. Well, yes; but then it was said that once the Derby was run in a snow-storm, and so we might take it that sometimes we have winter in summer.

First Mem. I see. Have you any idea what the prizes are to be?

Second Mem. Oh, some of them will be very handsome. I am told that the tree is to be decorated with tea-cozies and silver-mounted blue spectacles.

First Mem. Really! I shall not forget to take my one o'clock bread-and-milk regularly in the coffee-room for the next week. I suppose you have quite given up your betting-book?

Second Mem. Well, no, because you see the Act permits betting in moderation, and under proper restrictions. For instance, I am quite prepared to take seven to one against Snuffbox for the Hardbake Selling Stakes, only of course it must be in peppermint drops.

First Mem. (producing betting-book). Well, I would accommodate you if I were not overburdened with peppermint-drops. Make it brandy-balls, and I will do it in ounces.

Second Mem. (referring to betting-book). I am not particularly fond of that sweetstuff, but I think I can act as commissioner for my aunt. (*Enters bet.*) Is your list full for The Band of Joy Two-year-old Candle Cup?

First Mem. (after reference to betting-book). Well, I don't mind backing my opinion about the Churchwarden's County Council. Do you know his price?

Second Mem. I see in the Charity Box of last night that he was in considerable demand at Tattersall's. As much as two to one in Abyssinian sugar-sticks was taken freely. I don't mind letting you have a pound of mixed biscuits to an ounce of Everton toffy, if that will suit you.

First Mem. All right. (*Makes entry in betting-book.*) And now I really must go.

First Mem. What, are you off?

Second Mem. Why, yes. I want to see my stockbroker. I have quite a heavy flutter on in connection with these new Carbonate of Soda Mines. If they don't go up a bit before the next account I may lose a cool thousand.

First Mem. Just my case. However, I shall be able to pull through, as now that gambling is prohibited on the turf and in the club, there is more money available for different purposes.

[Exeunt for the City.]

TO CORINNA.

THE jocund spring, in season ripe,
Her reign of gladness hath commenced,
Each shepherd mends his broken pipe,
Each nymph knows well
The subtle spell

By which she'll soon be influen'ed.

Then tarry not, beloved maid,
Nor make thy worshipper endure
Such woes as haunt him who's afraid,
And yet desires
To think Love's fires

Alone have raised his temperature!

What though the crocus still delays?
No fragrance hath it sweet or rare;
The snowdrop pale let others praise;
We need not yet
The violet

When eucalyptus fills the air!

Away with winter's peevish woes!
We'll wander though the meadows green
Or where the babbling river flows,
And on the brink
We'll sit and drink
Ambrosial tincture of quinine.



"OVER!"

Mr. St-d-d-r-t, Captain of the English Eleven, with Mr. G-f-n, the Australian Captain, sing in harmony—

"THE LION AND THE KANGAROO" — THE LION LIKED THE KANGAROO—
FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN, HELPED BY MR. BROWN!"

** "Mr. Brown was 'caught' with 140 to his credit."—*Times' Report.*

"OVER!"

Or, The Battle of the Bats.
The Lion and the Kangaroo
Fighting for the Crown,
The Lion licked the Kangaroo—
Helped by Mister BROWN!

AIR—"Battle of the Baltic."

OF STODDART—splendid name!—
Sing the rapturous renown,
When our boys to battle came,
All to win the Cricket Crown;
Though Australia once again the toss had won.
But the Britons took their stand
In a bold determined band,
And the Best Bat in the Land
Led them on.

Like "Leviathan" in form,
Little GREGORY laid on,
Doughty DARLING made it warm,
And GEORGE GIFFEN, fadeless one,
Smote our trundlers with a coolness quite sublime.

Four—One—Four! The "wire" so saith!—
There was silence deep as death,
And our boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the hopes of England flushed
On that mighty Melbourne green;
How young WARD and STODDART rushed
O'er the space those stumps between!
Sixty-eight our Captain piled, and the fun
Cool MACLAREN kept alive;
With Six-Score! BOB PEEL did strive,
And our score was *Three—Eight—Five*
Ere 'twas done!

Australia once again!
And the scoring does not slack.
May kind heaven avert the rain,
Till the last bat hies him back!
At good shots how the cheers break and boom
Round the ring!—and oh! the wail
At the click of flying ball,
As the Richardsonian hail
Pelts—like doom!

Good GREY GEORGE, the Australian Chief,
Smote again his swashing blows.
Mingled sounds of joy and grief
From the Melbourne ring arose!
When the stumps again are drawn for the day
BROCKWELL, prey to bad luck's blight,
Is again out of the fight,
WARD and STODDART in, to smite
As they may.

Two—six—nine more runs to make!
And one leading wicket down!—
Old World, let thine echoes wake
With the honoured name of BROWN,
Yorkshire BROWN, the last selected, but not least,
Oh! to see him smite and run,
With Lancashire's great gun,
ALBERT WARD, to share the fun
Was a feast!

One—forty! Ninety—three!
Though, for once, stout STODDART failed,
That left few more runs, d'ye see?
And though TROTT and GIFFEN hailed
At the stumps, and JARVIS watched like a cat,
Young MACLAREN and BOB PEEL
Won the match slap off the reel,
By six wickets! How d'ye feel
JOHN, at that?

Out spake the victor then
(And we echo him o'er the wave),
"Ye are brothers, trumps, and men!
And it was the narrowest shave
That victory to us Britons did allot.
"That Crown, as is but meet,



GRATITUDE.

Patient (cured, and leaving the hospital—to Nurse). "I THANK YOU KINDLY, MISS, FOR ALL YOUR GOODNESS—I SHALL NEVER FORGET IT! IF EVER THERE WAS A FALLEN HANGEL, YOU'RE ONE!"

We will lay at England's feet,
But by GEORGE, you're bad to beat—
GEORGE'S Lot!"

Now joy, Old England raise
For the tidings of that fight.
Gallant STODDART crown with bays!
When the wine-cup brims to-night
His name will sound the loudest midst the
 roar.
Thanks to him, and Mister BROWN,
And some others of renown,
We still keep the Cricket Crown
On our shore.

But though Lion-STODDART wears
That proud wreath, the Kangaroo
("Old Man" GIFFEN) fairly shares,
With his good and gallant crew,
The best honours of the game they fought to
 save.
At the wickets far from flats,
In the field they were like cats.
So here's power to the Bats
Of the Brave

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

(Died at Edinburgh, Saturday, March 2, 1895,
in his 86th year.)

Thou brave old Scot! And art thou gone?
How much of light with thee's departed!
Philosopher—yet full of fun,
Great humorist—yet human-hearted;
A Caledonian—yet not dour,
A scholar—yet not dry-as-dusty;
A pietest—yet never sour!
O, stout and tender, true and trusty
Octogenarian optimist,
The world for thee seemed aye more sunny.
We loved thee better for each twist
Which streaked a soul as sweet as honey.
We shall not see *thy* like again!
We've fallen on times most queer and
 quacky,
And oft shall miss the healthy brain
And manly heart of brave old BLACKIE!

Mrs. R. says she wouldn't miss the Naval
and Military at Sandown for anything.



USEFUL HINT.

(For surmounting the Snow-drifts whenever they may be, as they have been till quite recently, heaped up behind most of the Fences.)
Sportsman (with Spade). "WOULDN'T BE WITHOUT IT FOR THE WORLD, OLD CHAP! HAD TO DIG MYSELF OUT NO LESS THAN THREE TIMES TO-DAY!"

IN THE COURT OF COMMON SENSE (LATE PLEAS).

(Before Mr. Justice Reason.)

His Lordship asked whether *Brown v. Jones* was ready?

Mr. Bands. No, my Lord. I am requested by my learned friend, Mr. WIGG (who is in the Strand), to say that unfortunately—

His Lordship (interrupting). Oh, very well! if the parties do not take sufficient interest in the matter to appear here at the proper time, I shall assume that the whole affair is frivolous, and strike it out. Next case please.

A Mr. SMITH rose in the body of the Court and said that he appeared in person.

His Lordship. Is the defendant here?

Mr. Bands. I appear for the defendant, my Lord, Mr. SNOOKS. Allow me to say that—

His Lordship (interrupting). No, no, Mr. BANDS; your turn will come by-and-by. I will hear what the plaintiff has to say first. Now you, Sir—I mean Mr. SMITH—what is it all about?

The plaintiff then entered into a lengthy narrative of certain negotiations about the purchase of a house.

His Lordship (interrupting). Do you want to buy the place, now?

Mr. Smith. No, my Lord, at least—

His Lordship. You said no, and I suppose you meant what you said. And now, Mr. BANDS, does your client want to sell the house?

Mr. Bands (promptly). Certainly not, my Lord; but perhaps you will allow me to explain.

His Lordship. Explanation absolutely unnecessary. No order, and Mr. SNOOKS, as he has gone to the expense of instructing (to my mind absolutely unnecessarily) counsel, will have the pleasure of paying for the luxury. Next case.

In this instance both the litigants appeared in person. The question in dispute was a right-of-way.

His Lordship. Now, gentlemen, although you have elected to appear before me without any intermediary, I am bound to tell you that if the matter is carried further—to superior courts—you will find yourselves both landed in heavy costs. What do you say, Mr. JOHNSON?

Mr. Johnson (one of the litigants). Well, of course, my Lord, I don't want that; but if I win my cause, why Mr. THOMPSON will have to pay for us both.

His Lordship. Come, come; I see there is a good deal of personal feeling in this matter. Take my advice and settle it amicably. I do not sit on this bench to encourage gambling, but if either of you has in his possession, what I believe was called by Mr. Box in the case of *Box versus Cox*, a "tossing" sixpence, you might come to an understanding in five minutes. I will wait until you have conferred with one another.

The litigants upon this invitation held a consultation.

Mr. Johnson. It is all right, my Lord. I called heads, and—

His Lordship (interrupting). I don't want to hear anything about that so long as Box and Cox—I should say, JOHNSON and THOMPSON—are satisfied, the rest is immaterial. And now, is there any further business before me?

His Lordship was informed that there were ten causes to be heard, and that all the parties were in attendance.

His Lordship. Am I to understand that not only counsel but their clients are present.

Mr. Bands (after consultation). Certainly, my Lord.

His Lordship. Then allow me to address them *en bloc*. Now I am quite sure that a few minutes' conversation amongst yourselves will set everything right. Commence with the very sensible assumption that anything is better than litigation, and see what comes of it. I will retire to my room to let you have a chat in comfort. When you are all ready, send for me. But mind, take my advice, and hold to the sensible assumption that anything is better than litigation.

His Lordship then retired, and the parties interested acted upon his suggestion. After a quarter of an hour's conference the Judge was summoned into Court.

His Lordship. Well, and what is the decision?

Mr. Bands (in a melancholy tone). May it please your Lordship all the cases have been settled out of court.

His Lordship. So much the better. And now as I have cleared off my entire list, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

The Court was then adjourned *sine die*.

SHAKESPEARE'S ADVICE AFTER THE L. C. C. ELECTION.—"Furnish out a Moderate Table."—*Timon of Athens*, Act III., Scene 4.



SO VERY NATURAL.

First Friend (sympathetically). "GOING STRONG, OLD CHAP!"

Second Friend (preoccupied with recent elections). "MODERATE. AND YOU!"

First Friend. "UM—PROGRESSING."

Second Friend (with only one idea). "PROGRESSIVE! THEN WE SHALL FIGHT IN THE L. C. C."

First Friend. "L. C. C. NO, NO! I MEANT THE INFLUENZA!"

TALL TALES OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

(By Mr. Punch's own Short Story-teller.)

I.—THE PINK HIPPOPOTAMUS. (CONCLUDED.)

A DIM mysterious light was burning in the stall of the sacred animal. By its rays I was able to see not only the hippopotamus itself, but also the gaping hole in the skylight through which GANDERDOWN and I had been thus fortuitously projected into its manger. The walls I noticed were thickly panelled with gold slabs, on which were chased mystic emblems connected with the cult of the gigantic beast. Here and there a glittering point caught the light and gave it forth again in a thousand fantastic iridescent rays. One of these was above my head, and as I gazed at it I realised that it was a huge ruby of the first water. In the manger itself were lying shivered fragments of the skylight. I picked one of these up with all possible circumspection. It was a magnificent piece of the very finest diamond. Without another word I crammed all I could lay my hands upon into my pockets and those of GANDERDOWN. Then I paused to reflect.

The situation was not an easy one. We had arrived, indeed, at our goal; but how should we contrive to get away with our booty? No doubt we could manage to elude the vigilance of the guards if we returned alone. But this was not to be thought of. Either we would take the hippopotamus with us or perish where we lay. I communicated my resolve to my companion, and, as I expected, obtained his emphatic approval. What then was to be done?

All this time, I should state, the huge object of our adventure was calmly munching his evening meal of soaked rice within three inches of the place where GANDERDOWN and I lay huddled up together. I saw his immense jaws rise and fall with the regularity of some enormous machine, and I was able to look right down into the cavernous recesses of his being. His eyes twinkled occasionally with a sidelong look at us, but he seemed calm and undisturbed, as though he felt that we could not escape him, and that when he had done

with his rice there was a double *bonne bouche* waiting for him in the corner of his manger.

At this moment the shrill voice of a Muezzin sounded weirdly through the stillness of the summer night. Three times he called, and then once again all was still. A minute or so afterwards I heard a dull tramp, as of a regiment, coming towards the place in which we were sheltered. What could it mean? I took out my watch. The hour was fifteen minutes after midnight. And then, by a sudden effort of memory, I remembered that the dear old MEEBHOY had told me that at this hour every night a crowd of fanatical priests and attendants, armed every one of them to the very teeth, came to the stable of their sacred brute in order to take him out for an hour's promenade through the groves and avenues that surround his shrine. The danger, then, was imminent. If we were discovered nothing could save us, and we should perish miserably with our prize within our grasp. My mind was instantly made up.

"GANDERDOWN," I whispered; "have you ever been inside a hippopotamus?"

"Never; but I was once told by a dirty little urchin to get inside a horse—why, I know not, as the attempt for a man of my size—"

"Enough of that, GANDERDOWN; you have got somehow or other to get inside this hippopotamus."

"All right," said the major, who, as I have said, never displayed the least trace of emotion; "all right. I suppose I had better take my boots off," and, suiting the action to the words, he did so.

"Stay," I murmured; "have you a long leather thong?"

"Here is one," he replied, producing it; "I never travel without one. You never know what may come in useful."

I took it from him and bade him prepare for the plunge. Nearer and nearer sounded the tramp of the advancing priests. I judged that we had exactly three minutes left, and I told GANDERDOWN that the next time the animal's jaws were open to their widest he was to go down head first, and trust to providence and me for the rest. GANDERDOWN needed no further incitement. Kissing a locket containing a specimen of his wife's hair he extended his arms above his head in correct diving attitude, and, as the gigantic mouth opened slowly, sprang forward and in a moment disappeared within this living vault. As he did so, I passed a loop of the leather thong firmly over the beast's lower jaw, fitting it in where there are gaps in the teeth. As I anticipated, he did not notice this, being entirely taken up with the surprise of receiving his human cargo. I then took the ends of the thong in my hands, and, as the step of the leading priest sounded at the door, I, too, leaped into the cavity in which GANDERDOWN had so bravely preceded me.

There are some things in my life that I do not care to dwell upon. Description, however vividly it may serve to paint the dauntless courage that has ever borne me safe through dangers, can only give me pain by recalling to me the horrors and the terrors through which I had to pass. The inside of the Pink Hippopotamus was one of these awful situations. Let it suffice to say that I found GANDERDOWN alive, but stertorous, and that I was able to relieve him by undoing his shirt-collar. I had my compass, I had a pair of excellent reins. Why say more? To this day the Ghazis and Mollahs, and the tribe of Hippo-worshippers who are still to be found inhabiting the rocky mountain fastnesses of Jam Tirnova, have been unable to realise why the beast they prayed to should have suddenly taken it into his head, some forty years ago, to make straight for the Diamond City instead of returning, as was his wont, to his gilded stall. But so it was.

When we arrived at my headquarters, after I know not how many days, and emerged from our close confinement it was early in the morning. But my father and the MEEBHOY were ready to welcome us.

"Sorra one av ye," said the fine old MEEBHOY, "did I ever expect to see in this vale of sorrow, where the schemes of the wicked are like a butter-slide in a pantomime.

But I guess you've put the thing through, my son and there's nane ither of a' that come ben the hoose that could have played Billy the Baker's Boy with the Ranee's Pink Hippo."

The Ranee was of course deposed, and the MEEBHOY was installed in her place. He offered me the command of his army and a salary of two hundred lacs a year. But I had had enough of the country, and soon afterwards left for England, taking the sacred animal with me. Unfortunately, however, it died at sea of home-sickness, and had to be consigned to the deep in latitude 25°1, longitude 42°3, I had grown quite attached to the poor beast, and it used to follow me about like a dog, making all kinds of funny noises to express its affection for me, and eating out of my hand with remarkable tameness. Its loss was a great blow to me.



Supporting himself on a single Tip.

[THE END.]



THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

Husband and Host (waking up from postprandial snooze). "WHAT—GOING? OH, I'M AFRAID YOU MUST HAVE FOUND IT VERY DULL. I'VE GOT A DREADFUL HABIT OF NAPPING AFTER DINNER!"

Guest. "DULL, MY DEAR FELLOW? IT'S NEVER DULL HERE WHEN YOU'RE ASLEEP!"

SILENT!

[“He (the late ISMAIL PASHA) did not conceal his opinion that Egypt should be left to the Egyptians, but admitted that a strong Government was indispensable. He thought that in any circumstances a great deal would depend upon the character of the Khedive. ISMAIL believed that if the Khedive were a competent and energetic ruler, a satisfactory state of affairs might be established in Egypt within a very short time.”—“Times” Vienna Correspondent.]

COULD PENTAOUR, the Copt poet-laureate, scribe, bard and friend of the King,
Sing now, as aforetime to RAMESES, how, and of what should he sing?

Of Nile given up to the Giaour, its increase made o'er to the Jew
Modern PHARAOH would gladly let go with his bonds and his power of screw?

Of RA superseded by APIS, of RAMESES bluffed by JOHN BULL,
Of the pride of the pashas o'erthrown, of the cup of the fellaheen full?

Should he sing of the anger of ABBAS, the fretful and furious boy,
Who with tantrums, and toys, and intrigues, would the counsels of CROMER destroy?

Nay, for he sang of heroes and men, of the might of victorious gods,
And not of a petulant child with the charge of his champions at odds,
Or of journalists juggling with words, or financiers jobbing with bonds.

Young ABBAS fares forth to the Sphinx, to the secular Sphinx, that responds
To none save the fate-ordered questioner. Look at that stony set face,

Which the passing of many an empire, the waning of many a race
Hath seen in its stare o'er the sand-wastes! It PENTAOUR beheld in its pride;

And now the boy ABBAS, in eager-eyed question, creeps close to the side

Of the age-battered Oracle! Hist! All the desert is still as the sky.

Do the voices of forty fled centuries sound on the breeze that breathes by?

Bear they meanings the Frank would acclaim, or the latter-day Hebrew approve?

Those Voices are hard to interpret, that Sphinx is not easy to move.

It would speak with the music of MEMNON, in ABBAS's ears, did it say
[away.] The Frank shall return whence he came, and the Briton betake him
Yet ISMAIL the shrewd, the unscrupulous, knew what young ABBAS must learn,
That a Government strong to subsist, which no blast of intrigue can o'erturn,
[of old,] Is not shapen of shifting Nile sands, broken reeds, which, like Egypt
But pierce through the hand that shall rest on them. ABBAS the boy may be bold,
With a thoughtless boy-boldness, but is he the Khedive keen ISMAIL foresaw,
Of character 'stablished on justice, of force firmly founded on law?
Poor boy, eager-eyed, half exultant, he lifts, half inquiry half plaint,
[faint] His Voice of Appeal to the Sphinx. On the air of the desert how Sound his words, “Is it Egypt, O Sphinx, for Egyptians?” There comes no reply,
[sky,] But straight o'er the sands, as of old, staring forth to the weird desert Unmoved, unresponsive, indifferent, gazes that stony face still.
Incarnation of calm most colossal, cold patience, immovable will,
Looking far beyond time, far above human hope, mere midge-fret of the day,
Into—what? There's no mortal who knows, and the Sphinx, if it know, doth not say.
[appeal:] 'Tis silent—with silence that means not consent to the youth's wild Still, still the set face which is stone gazes forth on a sky which is steel!

THE ONE TOPIC.

First Man (impressively). I was in bed for a week.

Second Man (indifferently). I was in bed for a fortnight.

First Man (boastfully). Ah, but I had most severe pains in my back and head.

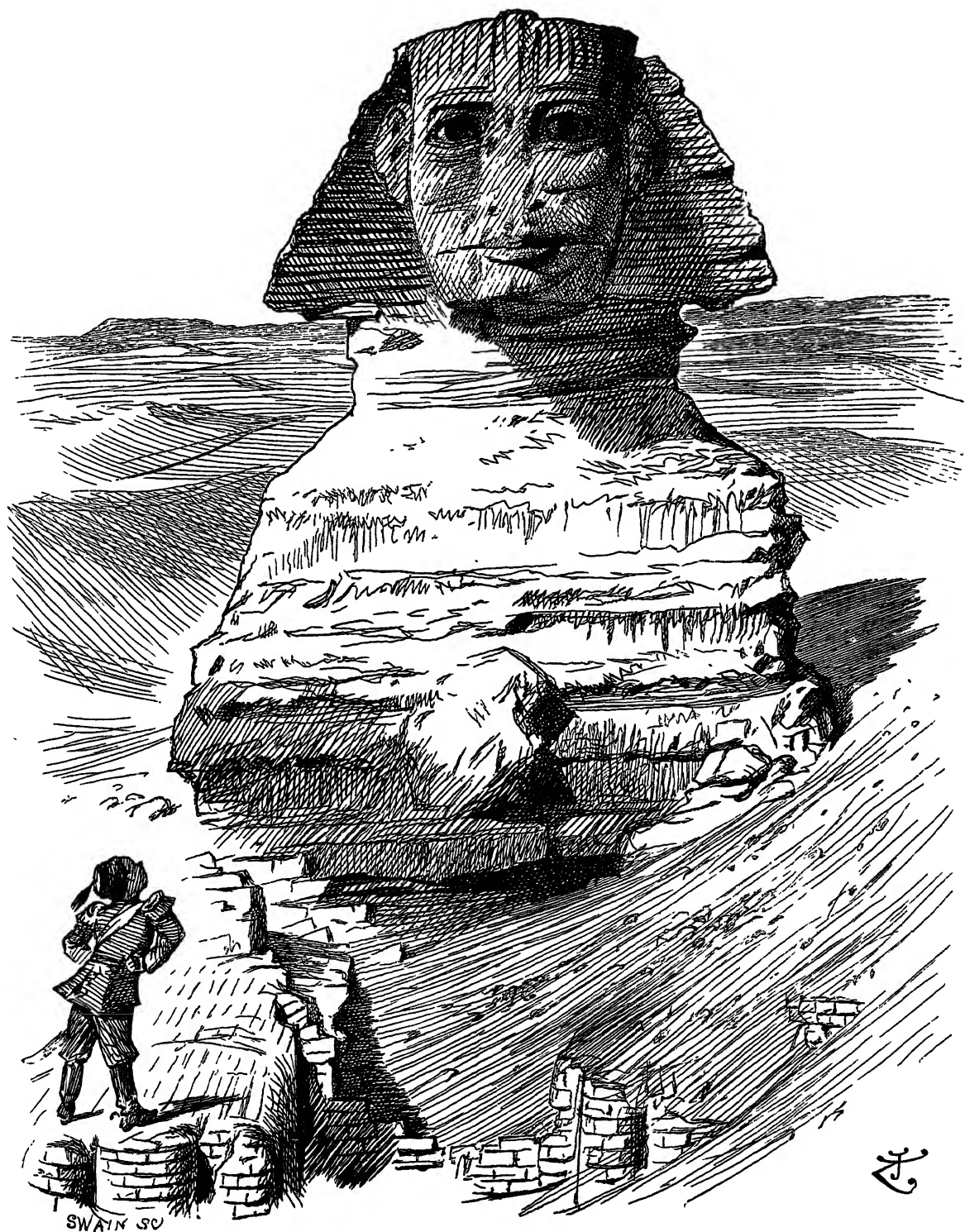
Second Man (contemptuously). Very likely. I had most severe pains all over me.

First Man (exultingly). Well, anyhow, my temperature was 103½°.

Second Man (crushingly). Oh, that's nothing! Mine was 107°.

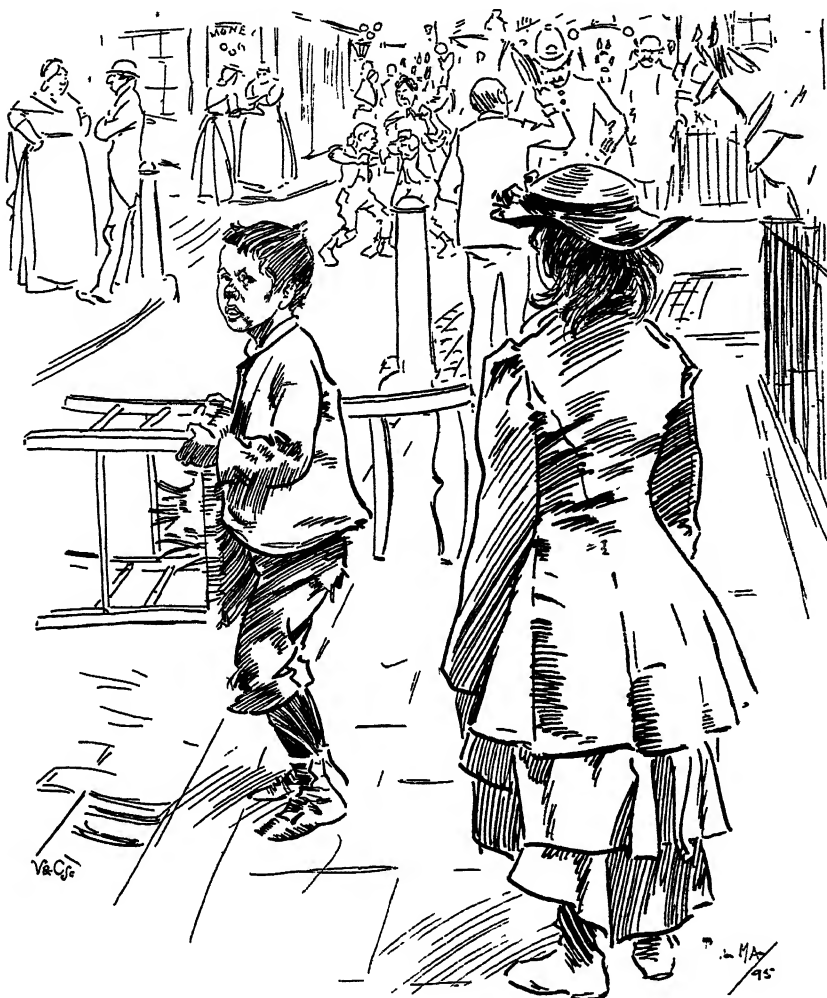
[Exit in opposite directions.]

THE “HAPPY DESPATCH” FOR THE SWAZIES.—The Convention of 1894, just signed, between Sir H. LOCH and President (D) “OOM” KRUGER.



SILENT !

LITTLE KHEDIVE. "TELL ME, GREAT SPHINX—IS EGYPT FOR THE EGYPTIANS?"



"Hi, Billy! ARE YER MOVIN'?"

BAIL UP!

A CORRESPONDENT, who has been reading GRAY's "Elegy," says there is a reference to the England v. Australia match in it. He quotes the line—

"How jocund did they drive their team afield!" as proving his point. The allusion to "drives," "teams," and "fielding," he remarks, can hardly be misunderstood. And if they could, the following line settles the matter:—

"How bow'd the wood beneath their sturdy stroke!"

Didn't the wood bow and bend when BROWN was in, he asks? Wasn't WARD's on-drive for five a sturdy stroke? We must refer him to Mr. STODDART for a reply.

PSALTER AND SALTA.—Aided by the careful arrangement of "contents" (and with regard to "Mr. G.'s" latest publication there are no "non-contents") the reader can easily find any passage in this "Psalter." At this moment there is another "Salta" to which the attention of not a few is directed, and the non-contents or anti-Jabezites know that it is very difficult to get at *him*, or to find a passage out of that Salta for J. B.

If ever there were a clergyman's name, and title, suggestive of the Militantest of the Church Militant, it is "Canon GORE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron is not aware whether the volume before him, *Japhet in Search of a Father*, is the first of Captain MARRYAT's works re-issued by MACMILLAN; but the Baron, speaking on behalf of *Mr. Punch*, is indeed delighted to welcome a very old friend, and hopes to see many more of Captain MARRYAT's able and amusing crew. "If the gallant Captain, R.N., with his true British sailors, cannot command a sale, who can?" asks the Baron, and pauses not for a reply. It is to be hoped that *Midshipman Easy* is still on board. The Baron anticipates great pleasure from renewing the acquaintance of that gay sea puppy. Quite a *Happy Thought*,—"Why not republish MARRYAT? We will." So all hands to the re-issue, and success to it, quoth the nautical BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

GOOD OMEN.—One of the Directors of a New Water Company is Sir SPENCER WELLS. Everyone well knows the genuine value of the Sparkling Wells. Will the worthy Bart., as the Mädhens do at the Elisa Fountain, serve out "the Harefield" (not Hare-aërated) "and Springwell" waters at a much-frequented bar, and be thenceforth known as Sir Dispensary WELLS? We wish them all success. "Water, water, everywhere, and plenty fit to drink!"

TO MRS. KEELEY.

["Some time ago HER MAJESTY inquired after Mrs. KEELEY, and was informed that she was well and in her ninetieth year. The QUEEN expressed a wish to see her, and Colonel COLLINS arranged for Mrs. KEELEY to have the honour of being received at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon, when she was presented to HER MAJESTY. The welcome given to the gifted lady, who so wonderfully preserves her health, intelligence, and vivacity, was most graceful and cordial; and the QUEEN was pleased to recall to mind several interesting incidents of the past."—*Daily Telegraph*, Thursday, March 7.]

Oh, when I was a little Eton boy,
With a heigho! I need not explain,
"The KEELEYS" were a wondrous joy,
For they were so droll in every play.

But now I am at mid estate,
With a heigho! I need not explain,
Here's Mrs. KEELEY tête-à-tête
With our Gracious Queen VIC-TO-RI-A.

No Betsy Baker ere like you!
With a smile, smirk, I need not explain!
That rascal, gay Jack Sheppard, too,
With a "Nix, my dolly! fake away!"

I've seen you dance and heard you sing
With a sly eye, I need not explain,
How well you acted everything
In whatever part you chose to play!

That you're about and well we know,
With a Hooray! a cheer once again!
And may you long continue so,
Till the curtain falls and ends the play.

"Heard in Court."

Counsel. Now tell me, while you were standing as you say just in front of the defendant, did anything remarkable strike you?

Pat. It did, Sorr.

Counsel. And what was that?

Pat. His fist.

THE LAY OF THE BIMETALLIST.

I.

Who is Silver?—what is she,
That all our swells commend her?
Very tough and bright is she;—
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That adopted she might be—
That adopted she might be!

II.

Is she constant as she's fair?
Or is she light and heady?
Gold might to her arms repair
To help him to keep steady;
And, being helped, inhabit there—
And, being helped, inhabit there.

III.

Then, if Silver plays mad tricks,
Or Gold is always changing,
So that none their price can fix,
From par to premium ranging—
Let us both together mix!—
Let us both together mix!

FITTING FINISH.—The Portuguese financial agent wrote last week to the *Times* to contradict the report as to a "further issue" by his Government of "tobacco bonds." So this ends in smoke.

A BLUE "TIP" FOR THE UNIVERSITY RACE.—With GAME rowing and HOPE in the bow, the Cambridge Eight this year ought to make a close race of it.



IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A SOLUTION OF THE HAT DIFFICULTY.

WHY NOT KEEP ON THE PREMISES PORTABLE REPLICAS OF ALL MEMBERS, CAREFULLY MODELLED IN WAX, WITH APPROPRIATELY PADDED FIGURES, WHICH CAN OCCUPY THEIR PLACES DURING ANY TEMPORARY ABSENCE. WHEN *IN SITU* THE DIFFERENCE IS SCARCELY PERCEPTIBLE.



“ANIMAL SPIRITS.”

No. VII.—WHILE FROZEN OUT. A RECENT SKETCH AT THE ZOO.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 4.—PRINCE ARTHUR still away, dallying with influenza. Recent experience of carefully considered, but not altogether successful effort at leadership by other wing of allied army doesn't make Opposition irrepressibly anxious for more. At least, not just at present. JOKIM shunted off the main line; HICKS-BEACH takes charge of train in temporary absence of regular guard. To-night Ireland coyly comes again to front; JOHN MORLEY brings in still another Land Bill. In such circumstances PRINCE ARTHUR'S absence, always regrettable, becomes peculiarly unfortunate. He knows Ireland thoroughly, and where knowledge fails he supplies the lack with inflexible opinion; which, in an Irish Minister or Ex-Minister, is the next best thing to knowledge.

Happily there is CARSON and ST. JOHN BRODRICK. They represented Front Opposition Bench in Committee on Land Question which sat last year. At one crisis, things not going in Committee exactly as they desired to conduct them, they haughtily rose and left the room. A striking scene, never to be effaced from memory of those who witnessed it. It was, or should have been, like withdrawal of props that sustain mighty masonry. The temple should forthwith have toppled, burying in its ruin the ten or twelve Members who had differed from middle-aged youth. Nothing happened except the Committee went on with its work just as if it were still sustained by presence and counsel of the retiring two. Report was completed in sense of majority, and here was presented to House a Bill founded on its recommendations.

To-night the two props of the Constitution resumed their useful service of sustentation. CARSON, as he mentally struggled with the problem of governing Ireland, unconsciously fell into PRINCE ARTHUR'S early but now abandoned trick of sitting with his feet on the table. Near him, diligently making notes whilst JOHN MORLEY expounded his Bill, sat ST. JOHN BRODRICK. "There," said CARSON who has not forgotten his POPE—

"There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The brew thus blended did not prove very exhilarating. Word passed round Opposition benches Land Bill not to be ruthlessly opposed at this stage. With Boanerges RUSSELL approving it on behalf of Ulster farmers, won't do for Unionists to show themselves implacable. So the friendly bowl turns out to be something of the texture of a cup of tea, lukewarm and oversweetened withal. More sad even than compulsory meekness of two statesmen on front bench is depression of SAUNDERSON. The Colonel must needs ramp in on such a question, but is pledged to fight with button on his foil. After this unwonted spectacle House could stand no more; gratefully gave leave to bring in Bill.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—Quite like old times to-night. The hum of the B's is heard once more in the land, albeit the thermometer registers ten degrees of frost, and every other Cabinet Minister is down with influenza. It is true **BYRNE** and **BUTCHER** have not yet put in appearance; but **BARTLEY** is here and **TOMMY B.**, and Private **HANBURY**, who is perhaps more of a wasp than a bee. It is the sunshine of Committee of Supply that has brought them out. Came to the front in discussion round money voted for improvements in arrangements of House of Commons completed in recess. These were undertaken by direction of Select Committee, which thoroughly went into matter. **HERBERT GLADSTONE**, who has taken to delicate duties of First Commissioner as if he had been born in one of the Parks, devoted much time and personal attention to seeing improvements carried out. Members coming back to labours of new Session found House swept and garnished. New dining-room and large smoking-room; baths and wash-houses, where Parliamentary dirty linen may be renovated.

HEBBERT too modest to anticipate vote of thanks for his labours, though almost any other man would in circumstances look for such recognition. Still, if something of that sort had been incidentally done, no one would have been much surprised. So far from any little embarrassment of that kind arising here, HANBURY, in deepest chest notes and most inflated manner, accusing him of undertaking large and costly works without first obtaining sanction of House.

"Most unconstitutional!" cries TOMMY BOWLES, in severest tones.



THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

SIMPLE SUGGESTION TO MASTERS OF HOUNDS (FOX OR HARRIERS) FOR INSURING THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THEIR PACKS SHOULD RUN.

["If persons went out hunting, and, by means of their hounds, did damage to other people who were in proper use of the highway, they must take the consequences. There ought to be such command over hounds that they should not be allowed to rush over the highway."—*Opinion of His Honour Judge L-w-s in Action brought by Mr. H-gh M-r-r-s against Hon. C. H. W-m.*—"Yorkshire Post."]

Ministry gone through long succession of crises since Session opened. Pulled through somehow; but this new unsuspected flank attack seemed irresistibly fatal. The buzzing of the B's was so interminable, HANBURY was so hangry, that it seemed there really must be some fire under the smoke. SIDNEY HERBERT chivalrously came to assistance of political adversaries, thanking First Commissioner on behalf of Kitchen Committee for what he had done.

The B's, fearful of consequences of this diversion, hurried on division; if the thing was to be done must be done quickly. Approach of dinner-hour had drawn away Members; critical division unexpected. HANBURY beheld vision of butler in Berkeley Square entering PREMIER'S sick room with basin of beef-tea and the message, "My Lord, the Government's hoff." TOMMY BOWLES began to think what coat he should wear when the QUEEN sent for him. House cleared for division; tellers returning made known that twenty-four had voted with the busy, now belated bees, 173 against, rushing the ministerial majority at a single bound up to 149.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Another pleasing night in Committee of Supply. Opportunity favourable for showing how varied, comprehensive, illimitable is knowledge of the Busy B's. On Supplementary Estimates, the business of to-night, variety of topics succeed each other. Private HANBURY at home with every one of them. There is nothing TOMMY BOWLES doesn't know. If there were, BARTLEY would supply omission. Performance a little hampered by accident of GOLDSMID'S being in Chair. Something about JULIAN depressing to high spirits. When he takes Chair and submits vote, he succeeds in some subtle way in investing the proceedings with unmistakable church service associations. He intones the vote, and when, having put the question, he adds, "The Ayes have it," it is exactly as in another place it is remarked, "Here endeth the first lesson."

TOMMY B. doesn't mind that. He would as soon gambol in a church as on the quarter-deck. But it's different with GEORGE CRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, who was brought up respectably, and Private HANBURY is not altogether comfortable.

Besides this, GOLDSMID has a way of spoiling sport unknown under the more benignant sway of MELLOR, whom, every one is sorry to know, is down with influenza. To-night, after three hours' discussion upon amendment to vote for expenses in extradition proceedings against JABEZ BALFOUR, Committee divided; amendment negatived; VICARY GIBBS proposes another amendment on exactly same lines. Had it been put from the Chair, another three hours might have been pleasantly spent repeating what had earlier been said. GOLDSMID positively declined to submit amendment, and before astonished, outraged B's had recovered their breath the main question was put; Committee divided; no chance of returning to subject.

Then he's depressing in other ways. When vote been talked round for an hour, he attempts to put question. Up jumps TOMMY BOWLES.

Chairman. "The question is that a sum of—"

Tommy Bowles. "Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID."

Chairman (continuing, without noticing him). "—£70,000 be granted—"

Tommy (raising his voice). "Sir JULIAN!"

Chairman. "—to HER MAJESTY to complete the sum of—"

Tommy (in default of a speaking-trumpet, putting his hand to his mouth). "Sir JULIAN, I would like to—"

Chairman (looking round, and throwing into his voice tone of infinite pathetic, despairing reproach). "Mr. BOWLES!"

Then TOMMY, thus called upon, makes his speech.

Business done.—Very little in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Success attending new device of issuing tickets whereby seats may be appropriated before prayers, naturally leads to further development. Now proposed that replica in wax shall be made of all Members. These stored in crypt. When Member arrives just takes up his wax image, carries it under arm, pops it down on his seat, and is at liberty to wander about at pleasure. Of course, if Member intends to be in his place continuously, won't bring out the wax figger; he in his seat himself. But five times out of six only looks in now and then, and likes to know that his seat is being kept.

New custom will be particularly convenient on Treasury Bench. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD frets at continuous absence of his colleagues during debate. Sometimes goes out to look for them, and stays away long time himself. With wax figgers all this trouble obviated. Treasury Bench always full, either with flesh or figger. If Minister called away, pulls out label, hangs it over figger's neck with legend; "Back in ten minutes," or the like. Whilst convenience of Members thus cared for, satisfaction of strangers in galleries largely increased. No more beggarly array of empty benches. Possibly during dinner-hour there may be noticeable a certain fixed smile on faces along crowded benches; but that better than what we've long been accustomed to.

Business done.—Busy B's took care that not too many Votes in Supply should be granted.

A WARM LAMENT.

(In one of the recent Intervals of Sunshine.)

O PASSER-BY, I prithee hark to me!

You wonder, maybe, why my eyelids glisten

With clinging dewy teardrops, salt as sea.

I'll tell the story of my sadness. Listen!

The Arctic cold we've had so much of late

Made every fibre of my body quiver;

I struggled hard against relentless fate,

Then I decided I would no more shiver.

And that's just it. My grief now knows no bounds

It crushes me; I don't know how to bear it.

I bought a new fur coat for fifteen pounds,

And now it's got so hot I cannot wear it

QUEER QUERIES.—DAMP AND DEPRESSION.—I see that they have discovered a "Marsh Village" near Glastonbury. Would it be of any use to write to the Society of Antiquaries and tell them about our village, and ask them to come and inspect it? I don't think anything could well be much marshier. Even the ducks here suffer badly from rheumatism (which they don't try to suppress). We live all the year round on deep clay, and just at present on charity. The one thing that Soke-in-the-Mire never sees is dust. But it would gladly see the antiquaries, who would impart a much-needed stimulus to local trade, and could be well housed at the village inn, which is kept by my brother-in-law, so I know it to be a good one.

RUSTICUS EXPECTANS.

TO A BAD SHILLING.

I CONFESS, "when first I saw your
Face," I swore—
One or two mild oburgations,
Nothing more.
When and where I got you I can
Not divine,
All I do know is the fact that
You are mine.
Yes, I *was* an unsuspecting
Sort of muff,
Everybody else suspects you
Fast enough.
Bus-conductors, shopmen, cabbies,
Booking-clerks
All decline you, sometimes adding
Rude remarks:
You have danced on sundry counters,
And advice
Not to "try it on" 's been given me
Once or twice.
Were you not a paltry "bob," but
Half-a-crown,
You might be of use and save a
Nimble "brown":
For you'd find yourself right quickly
In the slot,
Were you of the right dimensions—
But you're not.
I'm beginning to assume a
Hang-dog air,
For I feel my conduct's hardly
"On the square."
Now I leave church early (though I
Get there late),
Lest I may be moved to put you
In the plate!
That last spark of decent feeling
I possess,
But my character you've ruined,
More or less:
So it's time, old pewter shilling,
We should part,
Which—I lose at least a cab-fare—
Breaks my heart.



PRIOR CLAIMS.

Harold, "YES, AUNTIE CONNIE, I DO LOVE YOU VERY
MUCH; BUT I LOVE MAMMA BEST." (*Apologetically.*) "YOU
SHE I MET HER FIRST!"

There! I've thrown you in the river,
And at last
I can thank my stars devoutly,
You are "passed"!

MORAL.

"Change upon the counter should be
Strictly eyed;
Afterwards mistakes can not be
Rectified."

THE NEW HEN.

(*A Fable.*)

A New Hen wandering disconsolately in a country farmyard once made the acquaintance of a cock of the old school, when both fell into some discourse concerning the changes of the modes.

"Ah," said the former, arrogantly addressing the latter, "times are indeed a good deal altered since you were a cockerel, and all for the better, thank goodness! Time was, and not so very long ago either, when I was expected to do nothing save lay eggs and breed chickens: now, however, my mistress must know better than to expect such degrading offices of me, for I will neither lay the one nor breed the other."

The old cock was about to offer some remarks in ridicule of these sentiments, when the housewife came into the yard, and, snatching up the New Hen, wrung her neck, remarking to herself as she did so, that a fowl that could neither lay eggs nor rear chickens, had obviously no place in the economy of nature.

NEW READING.—"A bull in a china shop" may be Latin-Americanised with a considerable amount of truth as "The 'bos' of the show."

THE MENU A LA MODE.

COME, DAMON, since again we've met
We'll feast right royally to-night,
The groaning table shall be set
With every seasonable delight!
The luscious bivalve . . . I forgot,
The oyster is an arch-deceiver,
And makes its eater's certain lot
A bad attack of typhoid fever.

With soup then, be it thick or clear,
The banquet fitly may commence—
Alas, on second thoughts, I fear
With soup as well we must dispense.
The doctors urge that, in effect,
Soup simply kills the thoughtless glutton,
It's full of germs. I recollect
They say the same of beef and mutton.

Yes, each variety of meat,
As you remark, is much the same,
And we're forbidden now to eat
Fish, oysters poultry, joint or game.
But though a Nemesis each brings,
The punishment, the doctors tell, is
As nothing to the awful things
Awaiting all who toy with jellies.

"Cheese—that is not condemned with
these?"

Yet ample evidence we find
To make us, DAMON, look on cheese
As simply poison to mankind;
While those who may desire to pass
Immediately o'er Charon's ferry,
Have but to take a daily glass
Of claret, hock, champagne or sherry.

And therefore, DAMON, you and I,
Who fain would live a year at least,
Reluctantly must modify
The scope of our projected feast;
A charcoal biscuit we will share,
Water (distilled, of course,) we'll swallow,
Since this appears the only fare
On which destruction will not follow!

SHAKSPEARE REVISED BY AN ALDERMAN.

"MAY I ask," said the worthy Alderman DAVIES, and he might have added, "I ask because '*DAVIES sum, non Oedipus*,'"—but he didn't, and it was a chance lost, "what salary you [the witness under examination] received for this conduct of yours while secretary?" To which witness answered, "£500 a year, and a bonus of £200." Whereupon the Alderman remarked, "Then all I can say is, you could have got many honest men to do the work for much less."

Quite so, Mr. Alderman, true for you; but if a man will act honestly for a sovereign, what might not the addition of ten shillings do? It ought to make him more honest comparatively, while another ten shillings would make him superlatively honest. But how if there were an obligation attached to the increase? Just a trifling deviation out of the straight course to begin with, to oblige a patron?

Let honesty be the drug in the market, and the rare herb dishonesty will be at a premium. It is gratifying to be assured, on aldermanic authority, that SHAKSPEARE was wrong, and that in future for *Hamlet's* well-

known dictum, "For to be honest as this world goes is to be as one man picked out of ten thousand," we must read "For to be dishonest as this world goes is to be as one man picked out of ten thousand."

Happy Alderman DAVIES! In what paradisiacal pastures must he have moved and breathed and earned his livelihood!

CIRCLING THE SQUARE.

STANDING awhile at the corner crossing,
Watching a van as it lumbers past,
Something impels me to turn and saunter
Down to the Square, where I met you last.
Down to the Square with its formal garden
Slowly I pace—yet I scarce know why;
Somehow I never have since been near it,
Things have all changed since last July!

There is the gate, where you fumbled sadly
Turning the key—though I lent my aid—
There are the paths, where we strolled in sunshine,

There is our seat in the chestnut shade.
Borders all empty, and paths uncared for,
Bleak, bare branches, and murky sky—
This is the "garden I love" no longer,
How it has changed since last July!

All that we spoke of, or left unspoken,
All that our tongues or our eyes could say
Comes to me now, as the Square I circle,
Clear as events but of yesterday.
Vain to remember, to care still vainer,
You have been married a month, and I—
I'm a misogynist—just at present,
How we have changed since last July!



"FULL SPEED AHEAD!"

Britannia (to Lord Spencer).

TO "HEAR OLD TRITON BLOW HIS WREATHED HORN,"
MY SPENCER, IN THIS CLEAR DETERMINED MANNER,

IS SPIRIT-GLADDENING; SHOWING YOU WERE BORN
TO BACK MY POWER AND UPBEAR MY BANNER!

"FULL SPEED AHEAD!"

["The essential thing is that the party now in office has loyally followed the example of the party in opposition, and, 'neglecting party considerations, and provincial interests, has,' as the Civil Lord claimed for it, 'risen to the full height of its Imperial responsibilities.'"]—*The "Times" on the Navy Estimates.*

Britannia (cheerily). To "hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

My SPENCER, in this clear determined manner,

Is spirit-gladdening; showing you were born To back my power and upbear my banner!

Triton-Spencer. You do me proud, Ma'am!

Rootle-tootle-too!

Foghorns not in it, eh? As for those sirens!

Aha! Ulysses made a great to-do,

But by the blue brine that your coast environs

Our marine music beats 'em out of sight!

Britannia. Especially now you blare so well together

You rival conch-performers. Ah! that's right.

Now I'm prepared for any sort of weather!

Triton-Spencer sings:—

BRITANNIA'S Sea-Lady-in-Chief,

Rootle-toot!

And I'm her First Lord, and a ripper.

Our chumminess passes belief,

Rootle-toot!

Lor! When she appointed me skipper

Some fancied I'd dawdle—at least, so they said—

[Ahead—

Now they see that my motto is—Full Speed

GEORGE HAMILTON there with his glass,

Rootle-toot!

Would spy out the flaws if there were any: EDDARD REED wouldn't let blunders pass,

Rootle-toot!

They're critical coves, and won't spare any. But bless 'em, their scrutiny I do not dread.

My motto, you see, Ma'am, is—Full Speed Ahead!

Of course, that won't do in a fog,

Rootle-toot!

But I think there's a clear course afore us! Give way to old-fashioned jig-jog?

Rootle-toot!

Nay, not by the mothers who bore us!

With a sharpish look-out, but without stint or dread,

We blow up our horn, Ma'am, for—Full Speed Ahead!

Old Nep may regard us with glee,

Rootle-toot!

Amphitrite may shout an "Ahoy," Ma'am.

If you're still on for Ruling the Sea,—

Rootle-toot!

To back you in that I'm the bhoys, Ma'am.

By my heart ('tis true blue), by my beard (it is red),

My motto, BRITANNIA, is—Full Speed Ahead!

Britannia. Bravo, my ruddy-bearded, brave old Triton!

Nep shouts approval from his deep-sea grotto.

Friends need not fear for me, foes shall not frighten,

While you, and all my sons, stick to that motto!

A PARLIAMENTARY PARADOX.—Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (*alias* "SILOMIO") begs the Government to suppress the Boers.

CONVALESCENT.—After "a bout" of influenza, the best thing for the patient is to be "about again."



A FIN-DE-SIÈCLISM!

LENT.

Sunday Visitor. "Is MRS. BROWN AT HOME?"

Servant. "No, SIR. MRS. BROWN IS PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS NEXT DOOR."

Sunday Visitor. "ARE THE YOUNG LADIES AT HOME?"

Servant. "No, SIR; THEY ARE AT CHURCH!"

MY PARTNER.

You would not guess which one I mean,
Sweet girl in white, sweet girl in green.
Perhaps not either, do you think
O even sweeter girl in pink?
It's just as well I should not tell
Which seemed the belle, sweet girl in pink.

So, safely vague, I simply say
Her face was fair, her laugh was gay.
A lively dance with her would cure
The worst of human ills, I'm sure.
Her pretty face would soon replace
The saddest case with health I'm sure.

A cripple, if he had the chance,
Would try undoubtedly to dance;
The dullest fool, the saddest cur,
Might both be charmed to dance with her;
And here's a tip, don't let it slip,
To cure *la grippe* just dance with her.

The other two might like me less
If I described the charmer's dress;
I will not name a single stitch
To show which of them may be which;
Pink, white or green, each one has seen
That I must mean *she* may bewitch.

THE ORIGINAL ARYAN TO THE PROFESSOR.

I AM the Ancient Aryan,
And you have done me wrong—
I did not come from Hindostan,
I've been here all along.

I never travelled from the East
In huge successive waves.
You'll find your ancestors deceased
Inside your own old caves.

There my remains may now be
sought,
Mixed up with mastodons,
Which very long with flints I fought
Before I fought with bronze.

In simple skins I wrapped me round,
Ere mats I learned to make;
I dug my dwellings in the ground,
Or reared them on a lake.

I had no pen—I'm sure of this,
Although you say I penned
All manner of theologies
In Sanskrit and in Zend!

My nature you've misunderstood.
When first I sojourned here,
I worshipped chunks of stone or
wood,
My rites were rather queer!

The more my little ways you scan
The less you'll care to praise
And bless the dear old Aryan
Of Neolithic days.

They've mixed me up, till I declare
I hardly can report
Whether I first was tall and fair!
Or I was dark and short.

But on two things I take my stand,
Through all their noise and strife,
I didn't come from Asia; and;
I had no Higher Life!



THE TIP OBLIQUE.

Verger (to over-generous Visitor). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR,
NO GRATUITIES—ER—AT PRESENT. BUT—ER—THE DEAN WILL
HAVE PASSED IN TWO MINUTES, SIR!"

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

SCENE—*Author at his desk, with Newspaper Cuttings before him.*

Author.

"THE Critics' comments I'll peruse,
And I will profit by;
I'll find out what they most
abuse,
And strive to rectify!"

First Critic.

"His work unequal as we read,
We think upon the whole
This author almost would succeed
If nearer to his goal."

Second Critic.

"His serious pages suit us well,
Revealing thought and heart;
But he is quite unbearable
When trying to be smart!"

Third Critic.

"Some sprightly pages from his pen
With pleasure we have read;
But if he moralises, then
He's heavier than lead!"

Fourth Critic.

"We by the eye of faith can see—
It isn't from his books—
He is not such a fool as he
Invariably looks."

Fifth Critic.

"This author's pages needs must
A sympathetic mind,— [thrill
Of subtle knowledge, tender skill,
Deep pathos, wit refined.]"

Sixth Critic.

"A mass of folly more intense
Experience can't recall.
We tried to find one shred of
sense.

There is not one at all!"

[Exit Author, tearing his hair.]

THE SONG OF THE SLUGGARD.

"A medical contemporary (*The British Medical Journal*) asserts that 'The desire to rise early, except in those trained from youth to outdoor pursuits, is commonly a sign, not of strength of character and vigour of body, but of advancing age.'"*Daily Telegraph.*

"TWAS the voice of the sluggard, I heard him hooray
As he turned in his bed at the dawning of day;
"At last early rising—that fraud—is found out!
Henceforth prigs will leave me alone, I've no doubt!"

"They've preached at me ever since SOLOMON'S time,
And no doubt before it, in prose and in rhyme.
Yet truth will prevail, and now Science hath said
That for early morning there's no place like bed!"

"With their early to bed and their early to rise,
They've tortured the good, and tormented the wise.
In sermons, and spelling-books, proverbs and tracts,
And now they just find they've mistaken the facts!"

"It's just like those moralists! Talk stilted bosh
For an aeon or two, and then find it won't wash!
Lord! how they have stuck up their noses, the prigs,
And compared us to sloths and to somnolent pigs."

"What price now the ant, and that huge bore the bee?
Whilst our old foe, the lark, proves pure fiddle-de-dee.
Their healthy, and wealthy, and wise, and what not,
Is exploded at last; it is all tommy-rot!"

"A man's not a black-beetle, to find it a lark
To go crawling about chilly rooms in the dark;
And if you must rise in the gloom and the cold,
The fact only proves that you're foolish or old!"

"No more, then, need man feel constrained in the least
To turn out like an insect, a bird, or a beast;
For Medical Science has spoken, and said
That the sluggard is right, and there's no place like bed!"

[Curls up, and snores with a clear conscience.]

THE DRAMATIC COMMON SENSER-SHIP.

LAST week the name of Mr. REDFORD as newly-appointed Licensor of Plays was announced. This is just to the late Licensor's assistant and deputy. But if the office is to be continued, why should it not be thrown open to competitive examination? A paper of such questions as the following would secure a learned Theban for the office:—

1. Who was the Licensor of Plays in the time of SHAKESPEARE?
2. Translate passages (given) from (a) French dramatists, (b) Italian, (c) German, (d) Spanish, (e) Norwegian, (f) Russian, (g) Japanese.
3. Translate passages (given) from the works of English dramatists into the above-mentioned languages.
4. Give your opinion on the following "situations" and "plots," and say whether you consider it in the interests of public morality that they should be licensed for performance or not:
5. State your reasons for such opinions.
6. Is it your opinion that an officer of the Licensing (Play) Department should be in attendance every night at every theatre (a stall being kept for him by the manager on pain of fine or forfeiture of licence) to note if any change or any introduction be made in the dialogue or in any part or portion of the play already licensed? And if not, why not?
7. Would it be, or not, advisable in your opinion that every author, or all the authors when collaborating, should read their own pieces aloud to the Licensor, giving as much action and dramatic illustration as space will allow? And that the low comedians and eccentric comedians, male and female, with songs and dances, should attend, and show (a) what steps they propose taking in the new piece, (b) what words, (c) winks, (d) becks, and (e) wreathed smiles they intend giving in order to point an innuendo or adorn an apparently harmless joke?
8. Do you think that, as an assistant judge on such occasions, one or more experts (at so much an hour) should be present?
9. (a) In your opinion should not every play be seen by the Licensor, duly acted, with the costumes, before a licence can be granted? (b) and then that the licence be granted only on the condition that no alteration in word or action be made at any time, and under no pretence whatever, during the run, on pain of forfeiture of licence?

The above suggestions will serve as a foundation for some future Licensing Exam.-paper.

COURTLY QUADRUPEDS.

(To the Editor of the "Sp-out-tor.")

SIR,—I am sure you will be glad to have another veracious story about Animal Etiquette. During the recent frost we hung a bone up in the garden for the starving birds to peck at, and one of our dogs—a collie—was mean enough to steal it. Next day we noticed him limping, and were surprised to find a great gash across one of his paws. I at once understood what had happened. Our other dogs had evidently thought stealing the bone under the circumstances was very bad form, and the collie had been cut by them!

Yours sympathetically,
PARISH PUMP.

SIR,—I find that even kittens have a code of etiquette, and understand the niceties of social rank. The other day our kitten was on the table, when a winged creature which I took for a fly settled just in front of it. Pussy immediately gracefully retreated backwards till, on arriving at the edge, she slid to the ground. At first I put down her behaviour to fright, but it was

CLASSICAL CAB STRIKE AT ATHENS.



["Tourists and foreigners . . . in Athens have been put to great inconvenience on account of the cab strike."—*Standard*, March 14.]

nothing of the sort. It was a pure act of courtesy. The supposed fly was a lady-bird! Our intelligent little animal had shown her instinctive respect for title and sex, which was naturally very gratifying to an ardent

PRIMROSE LEAGUER.

SIR,—Our terrier killed a rat yesterday. To-day we saw him, for no obvious reason, approach the rat-hole again. We all agreed that he must be paying a visit of condolence to the bereaved relatives!

COUNTRY CUSS.

"THE PROPOSED COMMONS PRESERVATION BILL."—Seeing this heading to an article, an eminently well-informed Conservative politician, whose zeal was in excess of his knowledge, exclaimed, "Ah! I thought it would come to this! The Ultra-Radicals are not going straight for the abolition of the Upper House, but have decided on undermining it, by doing away with the Lower One to begin with. Fancy its being necessary for the Commons to bring in a Bill for their own self-preservation!!"

VADE MECUM FOR A CERTAIN COURT OFFICIAL.

Question. Your duty, I believe, is to protect the public from receiving impressions—from your point of view—of a pernicious character?

Answer. Certainly; and this I accomplish by reading and rejecting what I think the public should avoid.

Q. How long has the office been in existence?

A. About a century or so.

Q. How did the public get on before your office came into existence?

A. Fairly well, especially in the days of SHAKESPEARE.

Q. Had the Bard of Avon to obtain a licence for the production of his plays?

A. No; they were then practically edited by the public.

Q. Could not the public edit plays in the reign of Queen VICTORIA with the intelligence displayed in the days of "Good Queen Bess"?

A. It is impossible to say, as the question has not been tested by experiment.

Q. You say that your duty is to preserve the purity of the public taste; was that also the object of the earlier of your predecessors?

A. Seemingly not, as the office was called into existence to serve as a bar to the dissemination of opinions of an entirely political character.

Q. But that is not now the *raison d'être* of the appointment?

A. Oh, no; for nowadays, thanks to the newspapers, politics enjoys free trade.

Q. But still, the right of interference exists?

A. Yes, but it is only used to prevent a performer from "making up" as a Cabinet Minister, to the annoyance of the right hon. gentleman favoured with the attention.

Q. Is there any rule to guide the use of the official blue pencil?

A. None in particular. That emblem of concrete authority may be diligently used for a decade, and then be laid aside for a quarter of a century.

Q. Then there is no policy in the office?

A. None to speak of. What was wrong in 1875 may be right in 1895, and may be wrong again at the commencement of the next century.

Q. But surely such an office has not gained the entire applause of the London Press?

A. On the contrary, the all but universal condemnation.

Q. And yet when the office became vacant there were many journalistic applicants?

A. Because journalists accept the situation of the hour, and make the best of it.

Q. Is it possible that the candidates who have failed may find their objection to the existence of the office stronger than ever?

A. It is not only possible, but probable.

Q. And thus any non-journalist who accepts the appointment may not have a very pleasant time of it?

A. So it would appear to the casual observer.

MY INFLUENZA.

Monday.—This is the day I promised to go with my aunt to the first meeting of that new Society for the Propagation of Female Suffrage amongst the Turks. Wish I'd never promised. Don't see how I can escape. Why, yes, good idea—the influenza! I'll have it. Almost fancy I have a slight pain in my back, which would certainly be a symptom. I will decide that I have a pain in my back. Send note, saying, in uncertain weather caution is necessary; fear that I'm attacked by the prevailing epidemic; wish every success to the good cause, and so forth. Then, relieved in my mind, down to the club, and forget all about the old lady.

Tuesday.—Shall have a melancholy time this evening. Mrs. Pogson's At Home, with recitations. Oh lord! Daren't offend old Pogson by refusing. It would not be so bad if there were not the five Miss Pogsons. Of all the awful, middle-aged young women—! Ha, by Jove! Never thought of it. Of course. The influenza. Telegraph at once. Deeply regret, illness, and so forth. I really have a slight pain in my back. Wonder what it is. Put on my thickest coat when I go out.

Wednesday.—Awful joke this influenza. Shall escape old BLODGETT's dinner to-night. Should have been bored to death. Now sixpenny telegram settles it all. The only thing is I really have a pain in my back. Reminds me of boy crying "Wolf" in the fable. Shall stay in this evening, and keep warm by the fire.

Thursday.—Do not feel much worse, but pain still there. Shall not venture out. Can therefore, quite truthfully, excuse my absence from BOREHAM's *matinée*. Good enough fellow, BOREHAM, but can't write a tragedy at all. So shall escape the awful infliction of his mixed imitation of IBSSEN and SHELLEY. The worst of it is that, with this beastly pain in my back, I begin to think my influenza is no sham at all. Stop in all day in warm room. In the evening feel headache, as well as pain in back. Fear the worst.

Friday.—No doubt about it. In bed. Must see the doctor. Letter from GADSBY. Wants me to go to the theatre to-night. Jolly party. Supper after at his house. Little dance to finish with. Jolly, lively fellow GADSBY. Knows lots of pretty actresses, and has all sorts of larks. Would have been good fun. And here am I in bed! Hang the influenza! But cannot risk anything. Get JONES fetched—JONES, M.D., my old chum. Tell him how I feel, and say I have the influenza. "Bosh!" says he, "you've been sitting in a draught somewhere, and got a little lumbago in your back. It's nothing. And you've stuck in a hot room till you've got a headache for want of fresh air. Get up and go out as soon as you can." Feel better already. Show him GADSBY's letter. "The very thing," says he; "I'm going. We'll go together. With that influenza of yours, you oughtn't to go out without someone to watch the case."



THE "SEXO-MANIA."

"We think *Lips that have Gone Astray* the foulest novel that ever yet defiled the English tongue; and that in absolute filth its Author can give any modern French writer six and beat him hollow!"—*The Parthenon*.

Fair Author (to her *Publisher*, pointing to above Opinion of the Press quoted in his advertisement of her Novel). "AND PRAY, MR. SHARDSON, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY INSERTING THIS HIDEOUS NOTICE?"

Publisher. "MY DEAR MISS FITZMOBSE, YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT WE'VE PAID YOU A LARGE PRICE FOR YOUR BOOK, AND BROUGHT IT OUT AT GREAT EXPENSE—AND WE NATURALLY WISH TO SELL IT!"

THE EASY CHAIR;

OR, MR. SPEAKER'S VALEDICTION.

"According to present arrangements the SPEAKER will deliver his valedictory address on the eve of the adjournment for the Easter recess." *The Times*.]

AIR—"The Cane-bottom'd Chair."

AH-H-H-H!!! Farewell to the Chair, to the Mace, to the Bar!
To tedious twaddle and purposeless jar!—
Away from the House, and its toils, and its cares,
I hope to sit snug in my snuggest of chairs.

To mount that old Chair was my pride, to be sure;
But—the House got ill-mannered, its air grew impure:
And the sights I have seen there on many a day
Were worthy a lot of young Yahoos at play.

Ah! yet that old Chamber had corners and nooks,
Which seemed haunted by friendly, familiar old spooks.
The GOSSETTS, O'GORMANS, and GLADSTONES! All ends!
But escaping old bothers means missing old friends.

Old chums, like old china, though possibly cracked,
With rickety tempers, and wits broken-backed,
Old memory treasures. And when shall men see
Such champions as DIZZY and W. G.?

No better divan need young ABBAS require
Than this snug Easy Chair well drawn up to the fire.
Off robes! Wig avant! Now I'm cosy!—And yet,
If there's something to gladden, there's much to regret.

Why is it one clings to some genial old scamp?
Why is it one sticks to a worn-out old gamp?
Why is it, despite my relief, I feel drawn
To that hard high-backed Chair I so long sat upon?

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes
Have I sat, yawned and ached in the tiresome old times,
When faction and fog filled the House, and for me
The Chamber was pitiless pur-ga-to-ree!

Now comfort and quiet will gladden my rest,
And tedium no longer will torture my breast,
For that finest of Seats ever padded with hair
I am going to exchange for my own Easy Chair!

If Chairs had but speech it would whisper alarms
To him who's next clasped in its stuffy old arms.
How long there I languished, and lolled in despair—
Till I wished myself wood like the rest of "the Chair!"

A decade and more since I first filled the place! *
There's many a form and there's many a face
Have vanished since I donned the wig of grey hair,
And sat and looked stately, at ease in that Chair.

Men say I have honoured that Chair ever since,
With the poise of a judge and the mien of a prince.
Perhaps! But I'm weary, and glad, I declare,
To make now a change to my own Easy Chair.

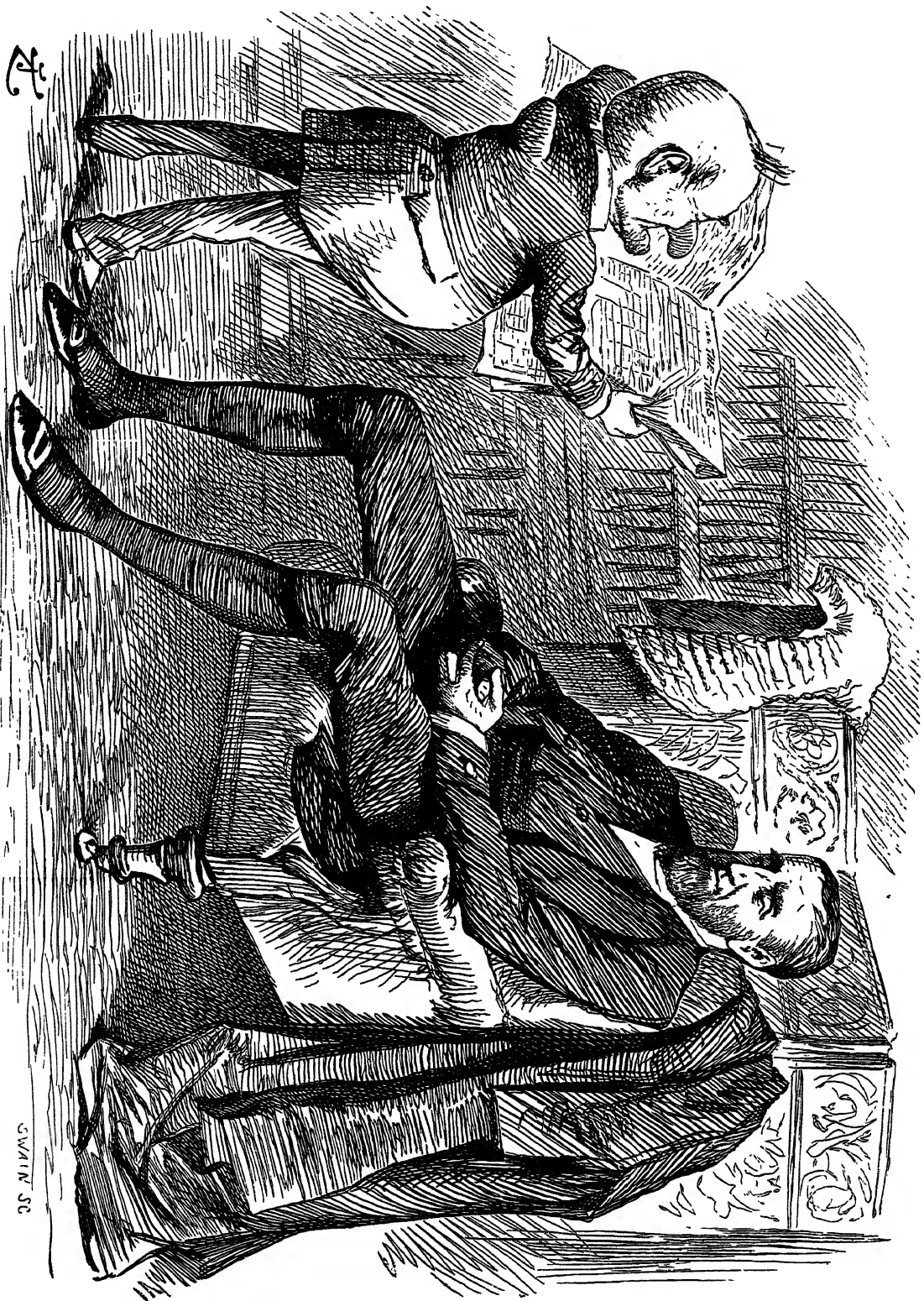
When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night I shall sit here alone,
Or with you, *Mr. Punch*, many-memored pair,
And muse on old days in that high Speaker's Chair!

Eh? What, *Mr. Punch*? Read me last night's debate?
Oho! Order! Order!! I'm drowsy, 'tis late.
For Ayes and for Noes, *Punch*, no more need I care;
I may take forty winks in my own Easy Chair!

[Left taking 'em.

* MR. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PERL was elected Speaker at the opening of the Session of 1884, upon the retirement of Sir HENRY BRAND.

ANCIENT CUSTOM.—"A quaint practice exists" at the Episcopal Palace, Fulham, "of waking up the domestics by means of a long pole." "Stirring them up," apparently, as the keepers do the beasts at the Zoo. *The Sun* reminds us of the existence of "*rousing staves*" for waking sleepers in church. About Regatta time riparian dwellers are frequently disturbed in their slumbers by "*rousing staves*," which, however, are sung by jolly young watermen, canoeists and house-boaters.



RETIREMENT; OR, THE EASY CHAIR.

MR. P. "WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO READ YOU LAST NIGHT'S DEBATE, SIR?"

MR. HON. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL (*drowsily*). "ORDER! ORDER!"

["The original arrangement that Mr. Peel shall retire on the eve of the Easter holidays still holds good."—*Times*, March 16.]

CHECK !

"We air governed too much."—*Artemus Ward.*

No! The old spirit is not dead,
Though long it, trance-like, slept,
While Peter Putright reared his head,
And venom'd vigil kept.

Their despot yearnings retrograde
Our tyrants label "Progress";
In specious robes of light array'd
They hide a horrid Ogress;

And many simple souls and true
By guile seduced to err,
Or fondly trusting something new,
Fell down and worshipp'd her.

And o'er their prostrate senses roll'd
A monstrous idol car,
Whose priests, in frenzy uncontroll'd,
Still know not where they are.

The doughtier freeman of the past
With wrath such bondage sees;
Who freedom won with pike and gun
From nobler foes than these.

Some bygone champions' pow'r benign
Our waning strength restores;
They forced from kings what we'd resign
To County Councillors.

The heirs of those who won our right
Inherit such a soul
They'd starkly fight by day and night,
But quite neglect to poll.

And so, in Law and Order's day
The brazen crew intrudes,
And London nigh becomes the prey
Of pedants, prigs, and prudes.

But lo! the slip 'twixt cup and lip
Has made their glory dimmer;
Down, down goes the dictatorship
Of *Stiggins* and of *Trimmer*.

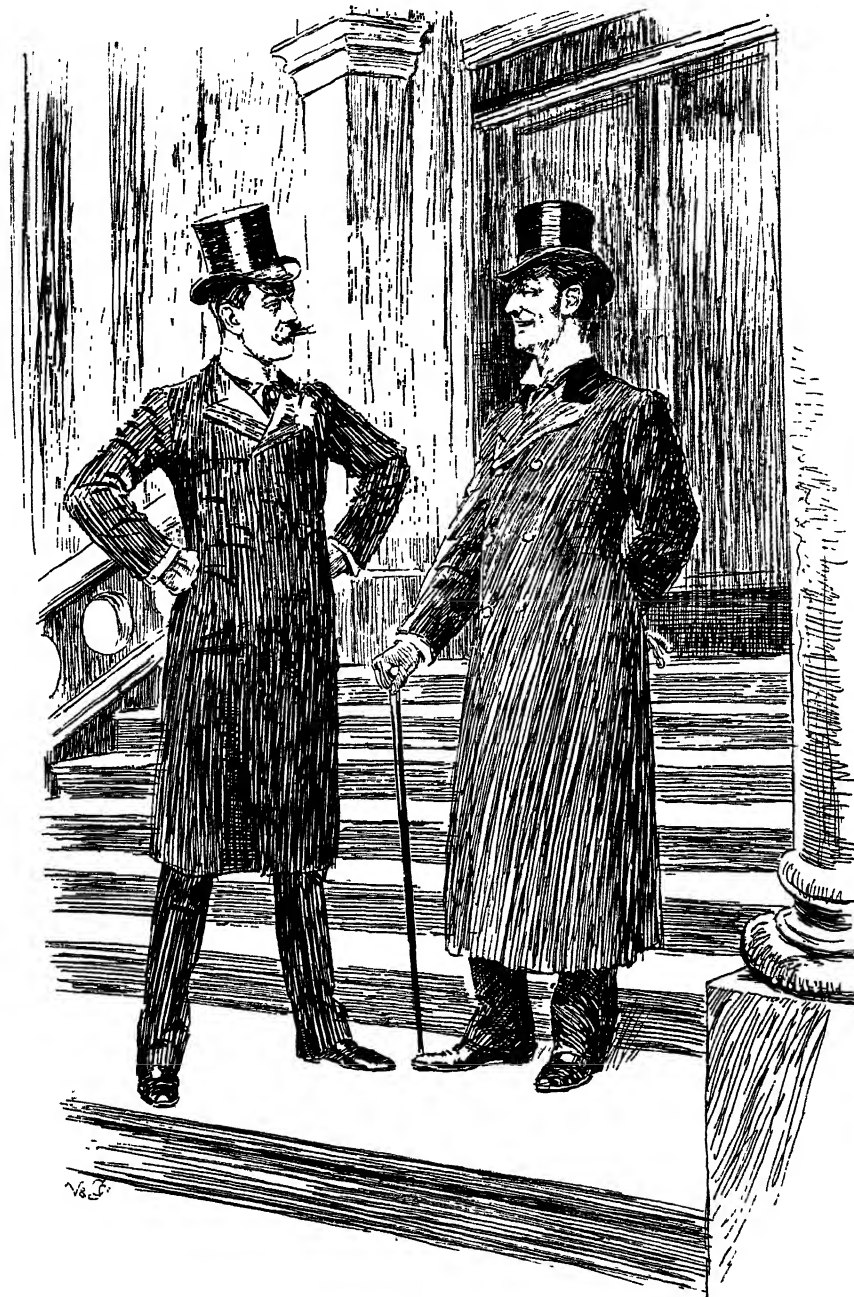
And threaten'd London joys to find
The Incubus o'erthrown,
The gang whose mandate 'tis to mind
All business but their own.

With "shoulders to the wheel" always,
The grannies in a batch
Can suck such comfort as they may
From eggs they must not hatch.

A SUGGESTION FOR IMPROVING THE STAGE.
—M. COQUELIN for having played truant—not an absolutely new part for him—from the House of MOLIERE has been condemned by the Court of Appeal to pay five hundred francs every time he performs away from the Comédie Française. This may, or may not, be hard on M. COQUELIN, an artist whose absence from the stage would be much deplored: but could not there be, in England, some Court of Public Appeal, empowered to condemn an actor or two, *not* artists like M. COQUELIN, in similar penalties for appearing at all? Great opportunity for a new court and new procedure. Witnesses for prosecution from stalls, dress circle, gallery, pit, upper boxes. Witnesses to be heard in defence of course also; and let the best evidence win.

A GOOD BANK NOTE. After the recent meeting of the gentlemen who manage the affairs of The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, the Bank of England may now be considered not as a bank which may be of sand or mud, but as a rock, and as firm. The Baring Straits having been safely passed, the look-out man cries, "All's well that ends well!"

THE HIGHLY-ROUGED LADY'S CLAIM TO LITERARY DISTINCTION.—That she is well-read.



"WELL, HOW DID THE NEW PLAY GO OFF LAST NIGHT?"

"OH, THERE WAS A SLEEP-WALKING SCENE IN THE THIRD ACT THAT WAS RATHER EFFECTIVE."

"A LA LADY MACBETH, EH?"

"WELL—NOT EXACTLY. IT WAS THE AUDIENCE THAT GOT UP IN ITS SLEEP AND WALKED OUT!"

TO A FLIRTGIRL.

A Poem of Platitude.

Yes, girls will be girls, and flirts will be flirts,
And coquette to the end of the chapter!

"There's safety in numbers," the proverb asserts,

And I'm sure that no saw could be apter.

The safety, I fear, is that DICK will fight shy,
When he hears that you're flirting with HARRY;

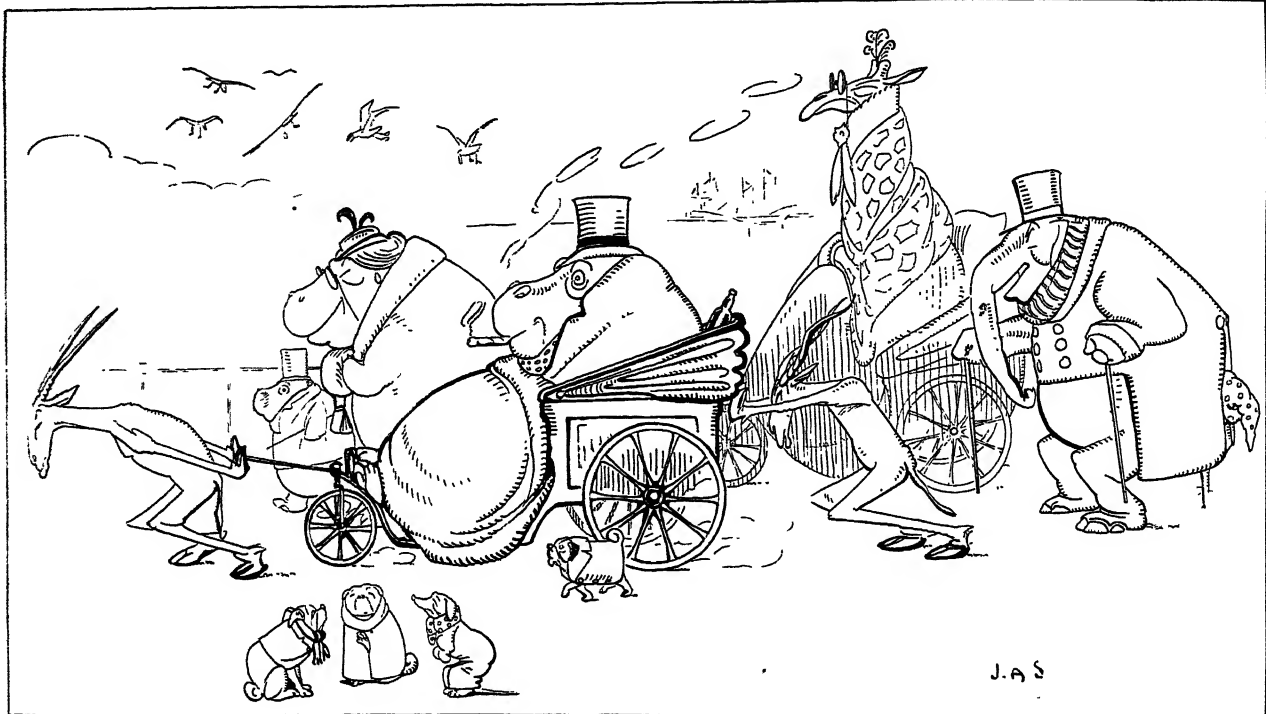
And HARRY will think, when you've TOM in your eye,
That you're safer to flirt with than marry!

Nay, then you don't rest till you've JACK at your feet.

Till he finds that he's WILLY for rival;
The odds are that both, like the rest, will retreat,
And at last there'll be *no* one's survival.

For flirting's a game that is risky to play,
At least from the standpoint of wedlock;
When each is afraid your affection will stray
To some other, the end is a deadlock!

THE BOOT WAR.—"In consequence of the strike," observed Mrs. R., "I am afraid a great many hardworking men will be left with boots on their hands."



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. VIII.—AFTER THE INFLUENZA.

LETTERS FROM THE SHADES.

HAVE just perused report of Commission on Library Wall-flowers. Appears that enterprising book-shop, resort of fashionable world for past century, has sent round urgent whip to Representative Men of Letters (and also Mr. LE GALLIENNE) asking for short list of best neglected books. Find that answers cover fairly wide ground, from HOMER to New English Dictionary. Feeling that it might please general public to have some expression of opinion from various defunct authors described with faint praise as undeservedly neglected, and finding it inconvenient to arrange personal interview, by reason of distance and other difficulties, have sent out circular requesting that they would interview themselves on the subject and kindly let me have result. Some answered evasively through secretaries. Subjoin small assortment from letters of those who responded frankly:—

HOMER OBLIGES WITH A FEW HEXAMETERS.

Lo! in the hollows of Hades I hear the lamenting of LUBBOCK, Bart., who declares that HOMERUS (or somebody else of the same name, One or the other, or both, or perhaps a collection of poets)—LUBBOCK, I say, who declares that the sale of my poems is paltry, Says he is sorry to see me reduced to the state of a wall-flower! But as a matter of fact I have got an immense circulation, Chiefly in Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and other *palestræ*. SOPHOCLES pushes me close, but PINDAR is out of the running, Being a bit too stiff, though the cost is defrayed by the parents. As for the rest, I consider HERODOTUS very deserving; Quaintly enough at this moment I see he is writing about me, Writing to say he considers HOMERUS exceedingly clever. Who, by the way, is a Mr. LE GALLIENNE? He, as they tell me, Prattles a lot on his private affairs for the good of the public.

HERODOTUS FORWARDS A TRIFLING BROCHURE.

To me for my part it appears that of the other poets, both those before and after, no one, as the saying is, can hold a two-penny torch to HOMERUS. He, in the language of the Far-Western people, whips cosmos. But of those that write things not to be mentioned, no Then Man dwelling in the nether world can surpass the Now Woman. So at least they that are over the book-market tell me; but them I cannot easily believe. Further, to speak of such as collect history, but, being unworthy indeed of neglect do yet escape the notice of those that appoint to office, I give the front row to Mr. OSCAR BROWNING.

SHAKSPEARE SENDS AN OCCASIONAL SONNET.

Had I survived my well-contented age
And lived to see the bettering of the times,
And witnessed HENRY ARTHUR on the stage,
Or read the latest confidential rhymes;

Small marvel were it that my tragic art
Should lapse among a race of larger build;
Or that the sonnet-echoes of my heart
Should fail before the booming Bodley guild.

Yet have I lovers still, a faithful few;
And here I take occasion for observing
How greatly I have been indebted to
The Cambridge Locals and to Mr. IRVING.

Post-script.—The Temple SHAKSPEARE for the pocket
Is selling now; I know of none to knock it.

LORD VERULAM KINDLY QUOTES HIMSELF.

You shall not ask better from me than that I should distil you these two extracts from my Standard Essays, amended to date.

1. *Of Studies.*—Reading, and namely of the kitchen ware of AUTOLYCUS, maketh a full man; reviewing maketh a puffy man; and my *New Organ*, now old and strangely unpopular, maketh an harmonious man.

2. *Of Gardens.*—Very delightful for sweetness is the Wall-flower; likewise the Bonny Briar-Patch. But of those flowers such as the Aster and the Carnation, of which the perfume is such that they are best trodden upon and bruised, there is yet another that you shall take heed of. It is the Sweet Earl Lavender. You shall pass by a whole alley of them and find nothing of their sweetness: they are like precocious odours, most desirable when incensed or crushed.

Sortes Shakspearianæ.

SHAKSPEARE in the Commons—

"God speed the Parliament! Who shall be the Speaker?"

Henry the Sixth, Part I., Act iii., Sc. 2.

A FORGOTTEN MELODY.—A once popular negro song that might come in as a chorus if Mr. BANNERMAN does not accept the Speakership, is to the tune of "*Old Bob Ridley, O!*" and could be evidently neatly adapted to "*O WHITE RIDLEY, O!*"



SITTING ON HIM.

Mr. Slowman Sopht. "OH COME, I SAY, MISS MAWY, YOU ON FOOT? WHY, IF HOUNDS RUN, A FELLAH 'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN ALL DAY!"

Miss Mary. "DEAR, DEAR, HOW TRYING IT IS! BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, WHEN I RIDE AND HOUNDS RUN, I NEVER SEEM TO SEE YOU AGAIN ALL DAY!"

AWFUL REVELATIONS!

[Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, speaking at Toynbee Hall the other day, stated that the members of the Athenæum had deserted the classics for the pages of *Punch* and the latest French novel.]

SCENE—The Library of a well-known Club, where are discovered a few Bishops, Judges, M.P.'s, and other persons "distinguished in literature or art."

Academician (chuckling over MARCEL PRÉVOST'S latest audacity, to M.P., who is puzzling out the "Journal du prince" in DAUDER'S "La Petite Paroisse"). I say, old man, lend me your pocket dictionary for a moment, will you?

M.P. Certainly; only it doesn't give half the words. (*Sighs, aside.*) Why didn't I learn more French at Eton! These *mœurs conjugales* beat me every now and then at the most interesting point! A Professor of Metaphysics (who has concealed J. H. ROSNY'S "Renouveau" behind a file of the "Times," and is sitting on LAVEDAN'S "Les Marionnettes," to himself). I really cannot go home till I have cleared up the relations between Chagny and Madame d'Argonne!

A Judge (caught reading "Le Mariage de Chiffon" by a Bishop, apologetically). Ah, I find my French gets rusty without systematic daily practice. Why, would you believe it, I found yesterday I had forgotten what *en goguettes* meant!

Bishop. Ahem, I believe it is a synonym for *en ribote*, with nearly the vulgar connotation of *gris* or *soul*—tipsy, you know! (*Hastily, to Waiter, aware that he has displayed a rather too close acquaintance with Gallic slang.*) Kindly fetch me to-day's number of *Punch*.

Waiter. They are all engaged, my Lord.

Bishop. Then let me look at last week's issue again.

Head Master of Public School (dubiously). Dare I be seen with Madame Chrysanthème? (Noticing that all the quiet corners are occupied with students of French literature.) No—another time!

Leading Novelist. Here's LESLIE STEPHEN been betraying us! He says, what is only too true, that we've abandoned the standard authors, including myself, for *Punch*!

Cabinet Minister (as a *deus ex machina*). Well, Mr. *Punch* is a classic. To read him is a liberal education!

[They do so, with a general sigh of relief.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 11.—A great cloud fallen over House to-day. Soon the stately presence that fills the Chair will step forth, never to return. The sonorous voice that can still the storm in its angriest mood will no more resound through the hushed Chamber. The best Speaker the House of Commons in its long history has known, will be merged in the mediocrity of the House of Lords. A hard succession of blows to fall on an assembly. First Mr. G., then GRANDOLPH, and now ARTHUR PEEL, three men of wholly varied type, each unique, in his way reaching the highest level.

Suppose we shall get along somehow, though for all concerned in business of House, in maintaining its usefulness and supporting its dignity, the future without PEEL in the Chair not to be regarded without foreboding. He has every quality and gift that go to make the ideal Speaker. A noble presence, a fine voice, a courtly manner, a resolute will, a full knowledge of the forms of the House, a keen though decently suppressed sense of humour—a scholar and a gentleman. These things are seen and recognised from outside. Only those who live and work in the House of Commons know how marvellous is the combination, how infinite in its magnitude the loss impending.

Tuesday.—Talk to-night all about successor to the SPEAKER. A dozen names mentioned; general conclusion that whoever may be selected, he's not to be envied. The Member for SARK, turning up to-night for first time this Session, brings strange news. Has been on the Riviera, daily expecting influenza. Saw Mr. G. yesterday; the talk at Cap Martin, as here, all about the soon-to-be emptied Chair, and who is to fill it. SARK tells me he is quite certain Mr. G. is thinking of coming forward as candidate; is (so SARK says, and he is a most reliable person) evidently eating out his heart in voluntary retirement. Now he's got his Psalter out, doesn't know what to do next.

"I asked him," SARK says, "whether there was any precedent for an ex-Prime Minister, however young in years and untamed in energy, becoming Speaker."

"Not exactly," he said; "but there is the case of a Speaker who

became Prime Minister. ADDINGTON, you will remember, Speaker in 1789, was Premier at the turn of the century. It was said of him, by the way, that he never quite overcame the force of old habits. When engaged with the Cabinet in consideration of foreign affairs he had difficulty in refraining from saying 'The French to the right, the Austrians to the left.' Don't see why the case shouldn't be taken the other way about, and an ex-Premier become Speaker. Fancy I may take it that I have some qualifications for the post. Know the House pretty intimately; have been familiar with it for some years. Am told I never looked so picturesque as when, on public occasions, I wore official gown of Chancellor of Exchequer. Think the Speaker's dress would suit me. But that a mere trifle. What I hanker after, at my time of life, at the close of a career not absolutely free from hard work, is some post not too arduous. Seems to me the Speakership would be the very thing; just enough to do, and not too much."



Mr. G. (disguised in Speaker's wig and gown). "Rather fancy the costume would suit me down to the ground!"

If it had been anyone but SARK had said this, would have listened with incredulity. But SARK most respectable man.

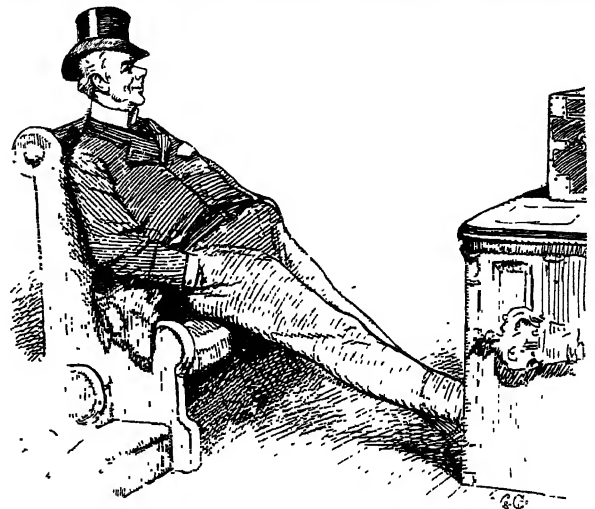
Business done.—ROBERTSON in excellent speech explained Navy Estimates.

Thursday.—The Silence of SILOMIO. No, it's not the title of a novel. You're thinking of the late Dean MATTLAND. This quite another story; equally tragic. Came about this way. House met to deal with Army Estimates. CAWMEL-BANNERMAN in his place, after ten days in his bedroom with a cold. The cold must have had most amusing companion, that is if CAWMEL was as pawky with it as he was to-night with the semi-military horde led by Private HANBURY, who swooped down and barred approach to Committee. These deployed in the open; placed their amendments on the paper. House knew what to expect. Never suspected SILOMIO in ambush.

As soon as questions over, plot disclosed. COCHRANE, a harmless, perhaps necessary, man, put up to move adjournment, in order to discuss the Swazi question. That in itself a stroke of genius. Had SILOMIO personally moved, game would have seemed too stale. Probability is forty Members not been found to stand up in support of motion. Looks much better to have such action taken on one side of House and supported from the other; invests it with air of impartiality and unanimity. On challenge from the SPEAKER, Conservatives rose in body to support COCHRANE's request. Having secured that object, and being on their legs, they strolled out, leaving SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, SYDNEY BUXTON, and about a score of others all told, to listen to COCHRANE's urgent message. Amongst them sat FRANK LOCKWOOD, with tender gleam in eyes that roamed with curious intentness about Speaker's chair.

Whilst COCHRANE spoke, SILOMIO sat with inspired look on his face, making voluminous notes. He would come on by-and-by. Let others keep the thing going as long as possible; just when

hapless Ministers thought it was over, and they might get to business, they should hear a well-known war-whoop; should discover SILOMIO at the table, in for a good hour's speech. Meanwhile he



"Our Artist"—Sir Frank Blockwood, Q.C., M.P.

sat piling notes upon notes, pausing occasionally to cheer COCHRANE, anon humming softly to himself

"Swaziland, my Swaziland!"

UNDER SECRETARY FOR COLONIES deprecated in public interest irregular discussion of question at present time. GORST, hampered by this responsibility, made curiously halting speech. BADEN-POWELL spoke "as one who had been in South Africa"; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD more gravely repeated SYDNEY BUXTON's warning. Now was SILOMIO's time. But before he could move PRINCE ARTHUR was on his feet, positively, with some commonplaces about respecting Ministerial responsibility, consenting to close the conversation!

SILOMIO gasped for breath; instinctively felt for his assegai; clutched at his notes dripping with the gore of SYDNEY BUXTON. When he had partially mastered his emotion the amendment was withdrawn and opportunity had fled.

"*Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves*," said PLUNKET soothingly. "But never mind. You remember that in the end VIRGIL got his own, and BATHYLLUS was basted." SILOMIO stared.

Business done.—SILOMIO contrives a debate and others talk.

Friday Night.—Policemen in lobby much startled by incident that preceded arrival of SPEAKER to resume sittings at nine o'clock. The steady tramp of a column in marching order broke on the ear. Came nearer and nearer from direction of dining-room; swinging doors flung open; Colonel of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers entered. Behind him, in close order, tramped something like score of members. At word of command they took half turn to right and passed into House, as in earlier days another British column swung through the gates of Delhi.

Ten minutes later, more than half the force were observed to come out of the House, look furtively round, and dash off in various directions, some to smoking-room, some to reading-room, and some clear off the premises. But they had done their appointed work, and HOWARD VINCENT, an old campaigner, had secured opportunity for delivering his speech on hostile tariffs and bounties.

Grave doubt at morning sitting whether House could be made for the alluring joy. VINCENT took up position in lobby much as recruiting-sergeant shows himself near Trafalgar Square. Accosted all Members passing by. Offered them free rations and front seats for the lecture if they would stay. Soon picked up enough men to reduce chances of count out. Dinner, I am told, a little exciting, especially towards the end. Several Members discovered straying towards the door. But the ex-captain of the Royal Berks Militia not to be trifled with. Kept them together past the cheese; delivered every man in the House one minute and thirty seconds before the SPEAKER took the Chair. If any skulked out when the Colonel was once embarked on his lecture he, of course, couldn't interfere. But they mustn't suppose their departure wasn't marked. No more free rations for them.

Business done.—By reason of CAWMEL-BANNERMAN's great persuasiveness men and money for Army voted at morning sitting.

SEASIDE MEM.—The Society recently started to abolish Tide-houses will not include Bathing Machines within the scope of its operations.



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

NO. IX.—AWKWARD POSITION OF HIPPOLICEMAN AMONG THE WILD BULLS AND BEARS IN THROGMORTON STREET.
(*Vide Papers, March 22.*)

AN ELECTION ADDRESS.

[MR. RIDER HAGGARD has become the accepted Conservative candidate for a Norfolk constituency. The following is understood to be an advance copy of his Address.]

INTELLIGENT electors, may I venture to present
Myself as an aspirant for a seat in Parliament?
The views of those opponents who despise a novelist,
Are but the foggy arguments of People of the Mist!

No writer, I assure you, can produce a better claim,
A greater versatility, a more substantial fame;
My candidature, though opposed by all the Yellow gang,
Has won the hearty sympathy of Mr. ANDREW LANG.

And if what my opinions are you'd really like to know,
They're issued at a modest price by LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co.;
The Eight Hours Bill, for instance, I'm prepared to speak upon
From a practical acquaintance with the Mines of Solomon.

Whatever my intentions as to Woman's Rights may be,
I yield to none in honouring the great immortal *She*
While, as to foreign policy, though Blue Books make you yawn,
You'll find the subject treated most attractively in *Dawn*.

When I am placed in Parliament, I'll speak with fluent skill,
And show (like Mr. MEYERSON) I've a most effective will;
And if there is a special point for which I mean to fight,
It is for legislation to protect my copyright.

If chance debate to matters in South Africa should tend,
My anecdotes will cause the Speaker's wig to stand on end;
And if an opportunity occurs, I'll rouse the lot
By perorating finely in impassioned Hottentot!

So, Gentlemen, I beg you, let my arguments prevail,
Shame would it be if such a cause through apathy should fail,
Shame on the false elector who his honest duty shirks!

Believe me,
Yours,
The Author of *She*, *Dawn*, and other works.

SUGGESTED REVIVAL OF AN OLD FORM OF PUNISHMENT FOR
FUTURE OBSTRUCTIONIST SPECULATORS IN THROGMORTONIAN KAFFIR
LAND.—"Put 'em in the Stocks."

"WHEN ARTHUR FIRST AT COURT."

LAST week the Court Theatre was advertised as a "Company, Limited." The cast in the bill was given as Chairman, ARTHUR W. PINERO; First Director, Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN (with a song?); Second Director, HERBERT BENNETT (Director also of HARROD'S Stores, Limited, the success of which establishment has been so great as to now out-HARROD HARROD); and then ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH (who was jointly lessee at one time with Mrs. JOHN WOOD), as Director and Acting Manager. The Solicitor is down as ARTHUR B. CHUBB ("little fish are sweet"), and the Secretary is Mr. A. (presumably ARTHUR?) S. DUNN. Most appropriate this name to finish with; "and now my story 's DUNN." Fortunate omen, too, that there are two "n's" in DUNN, which otherwise is a word associated with a Court not quite so cheerful as the Court Theatre.

But the curious note about it is the preponderance of "ARTHURS." ARTHUR PINERO, ARTHUR SULLIVAN, ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, ARTHUR CHUBB, and ARTHUR (?) DUNN. If they have power to add to their number, why not take in ARTHUR JONES, ARTHUR LLOYD, and ARTHUR ROBERTS? That would make the Dramatic ARTHURS and the Musical ARTHURS about equal.

MATILDA CHARLOTTE WOOD is mentioned as having had an agreement with one of the ARTHURS yept CHUDLEIGH, and probably also a disagreement too, as their once highly prosperous joint management came to an end. But now "she will return," at least, everyone hopes so, as, after her capital performance of the Sporting Duchess at Drury Lane, she has shown us that she is as fresh and as great an attraction as ever. Some of the ARTHURS will write for her, one ARTHUR will compose for her, two ARTHURS will act and sing with her, and ARTHUR, the managing director, will direct and manage her. May every success attend the venture! But how about authors and composers offering their work to so professional a board of directors? Doesn't *Sir Fretful Plagiary's* objection to sending his play in to the manager of Drury Lane, namely, that "he writes himself" hold good nowadays? Hum. A difficulty, most decidedly; still, not absolutely insuperable.

Which Settles It.

Over-enthusiastic Person (speaking confidentially of his absent Friend to the young Lady to whom absent friend is going to propose). Everybody speaks in his praise. He is an exceptionally good man. Sharp Young Lady. Ah, then he is "too good to be true." I shall refuse him!
[Exit separately.]



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

H.R.H. THE DUKE, ACCOMPANIED BY DRUMMER-BOY HERBERT GLADSTONE, LEADS THE SUNDAY PARK BAND.

"The Duke of CAMBRIDGE takes the liveliest personal interest in the proposal made by Mr. JOHN AIRD, and supported by Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, First Commissioner of Works, that military bands should perform in the Royal Parks on suitable occasions during the season."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 20.



QUITE A CATCH.

Young Splinter (driving Nervous Old Party to Covent). "YES, I LOVE A BARGAIN IN HORSEFLESH! NOW, IF YOU BELIEVE ME, I PICKED THIS LITTLE BEGGAR UP THE OTHER DAY FOR A MERE SONG. BOLTED WITH A TRAP—KICKED EVERYTHING TO SMASH. BID THE FELLOW A TENNER FOR HER, AND THERE SHE IS!" [*Old Party begins to feel that "E don' know where 'e are," or will be presently.*]

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

A SONG FOR A SUMMER DAY, 1895.

(*A Very Long Way after Dryden.*)

["MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, in reply to Mr. ARD, said he was glad to tell the hon. gentleman that he had been informed by his Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE that arrangements were being made for a military band to play in Hyde Park on certain days in summer."—*Parliamentary Report.*]

I.

In harmony, in public harmony,
This bit of pleasant news began.
St. Stephen's underneath a heap
Of burning questions lay,
When HERBERT raised his head
His tuneful voice was heard on high,
And this is what it said:
That Great GEORGE RANGER could descry
A chance of making a big leap
To pop-u-lar-i-ty.
That Music's power should have full summer
And the bands begin to play! [sway,
With harmony, with general harmony,
Around the information ran
That harmony, sweet harmony,
Should stay mere rumpus with its rataplan,
And make Hyde Park a pleasant place to Man!

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When HERBERT thumps the side-drum well
The listening nursemaids well may stand
A-wondering at that curly swell, [around,
A-worshipping the rattling sound.

Less than a dook they think can hardly dwell
In that drum-major's toffy togs.
He startles even the stray dogs!
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The brass band's loud clangour
The populace charms,
The kettledrum-banger
The baby alarms.
At the double, double, double beat
Of young GLADSTONE's drum.
The Socialist spouters from back street and
Cry, "Hark! our foes come!" [slum
Way oh! *We* 'ad better retreat!"

IV.

The shrill and sprightly flute
Startles the secularist spouts and shovers.
The crowds of music-lovers
Flock to its sound and leave tub-thumpers
mute.

V.

Dark Anarchists proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depths of spite and heights of passion.
Music mars *their* little game.

VI.

Yes, Music's art can teach
Better than savage ungrammatical speech.
Young HERBERT let us praise,
"The dear Dook" let us love.
The weary wayfarer, the wan-faced
slummer, [Drummer,
Beneath the spell of Music and the

Feel rataplans and rubadubs to raise
Their souls sour spleen above.

VII.

"Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre."—
Precisely, Glorious JOHN! Yet 'twere no
lark
To see the trees cavorting round the Park.
No! Our CECILIA's aim is even higher.
To soothe the savage (Socialistic) breast,
Set Atheist and Anarchist at rest,
And to abate the spouting-Stiggins pest
Young HERBERT and grey GEORGE
may well aspire.
The "Milingtary Dook"'s permission's
given
That the Park-Public's breast, be-jawed and
beered,
May by the power of harmony be cheered,
And lifted nearer heaven!

GRAND CHORUS.

(*By a Grateful Crowd.*)

"This 'ere's the larkiest of lays!
Things *do* begin to move!
'ERBERT and GEORGE let us praise,
And all the powers above.
We've spent a reglar pleasant 'our
Music like this the Mob devour.
Yah! Anarchy is all my hey.
That cornet tootles scrumptiously.
Go it, young GLADSTONE! Don't say die
Dear Dook, but 'ave another try.
'Armony makes disorder fly
And Music tunes hus to the sky!

"THE 'KEY-NOTE'-ORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH"

MR. PINERO's new play at the Garrick Theatre is a series of scenes in dialogue with only one "situation," which comes at the end of the

several languages, and evidently only lugged in under the mistaken impression that thereby a touch of "local colour" is obtained.

As it is the audience wearies of the long speeches, and there is nothing in the action that can rouse them as there was in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, a play that Mr. PINERO has not yet equalled, much less surpassed.

But what is a real pleasure, and what will attract all lovers of good acting, is, first of all, Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON's admirable impersonation of the difficult, unsympathetic rôle of a despicably selfish, self-conceited, cowardly prig; and, secondly, to a certain extent, the rendering of the heroine by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, who, however, does not come within measurable distance of her former self as *Mrs. Tanqueray*—her "great stove scene" being about the weakest point in her performance. But there cannot be a divided opinion as to the perfect part given to Mr. JOHN HARE, and as to the absolutely perfect manner in which it is played by this consummate artist in character. All the scenes in which he appears are admirably conceived by the author, and as admirably interpreted by the actor.

Mr. HARE's performance of the *Duke of St. Olpherts* is a real gem, ranking among the very best things he has ever done, and I may even add "going one better." It is on his acting, and on the acting of the scenes in which he appears, that the ultimate popularity of the piece must depend. The theatrical stove-cum-book situation may tell with some audiences better than with others, but it is not an absolute certainty; while every scene in which the *Duke of St. Olpherts* takes part, as long as this character is played by Mr. HARE, is in itself an absolute isolated triumph. Mr. AUBREY SMITH, as the modern young English moustached parson, *en voyage*, with his pipe, and bible in his pocket (is he a *colporteur* of some Biblical Society, with a percentage on the sale? otherwise the book is an awkward size to carry about, especially if he has also a *Murray* with him), is very true to life, at all events in manner and appearance; and Miss JEFFREYS, as his sister, who looks just as if she had walked out of a fashion-plate in *The Gentlewoman*, or some lady's journal, plays discreetly and with considerable self-repression. Of course it will remain one of the notable pieces of the year; but what will keep it green in the memory of

playgoers is not the story, nor its heroine, nor its hero, but the captivating impersonation of the *Duke of St. Olpherts* by Mr. JOHN HARE.



The Dowdy Mrs. Ebbsmith makes it hot for her young man.

third act, and was evidently intended to be utterly unconventional, dreadfully daring, and thrillingly effective. "Unconventional?" Yes. "Daring?" Certainly: for to burn a bible might have raised a storm of sibilation. But why dare so much to effect so little? For at the reading, or during rehearsal, there must have been very considerable hesitation felt by everybody, author included, as to the fate of this risky situation—this "*momentum unde pendet*"—and for which nothing, either in the character or in the previous history of the heroine, has prepared us. Her earliest years have been passed in squalor; she has made a miserable marriage; then she has become a Socialist ranter, and hopes to achieve a triumph as a Socialist demagogue. Like Maypole Hugh in *Barnaby Rudge* she would go about the world shrieking "No property! No property!" and when, in a weak moment, she consents to temporarily drop her "mission," she goes to another extreme and comes out in an evening dress—I might say almost comes out of an evening dress, so egregiously *décolleté* is it—to please the peculiar and, apparently, low taste of her lover, who is a married man,—"*which well she knows it*," as Mrs. GAMP observes,—but with whom she is living, and with whom, like GRANT ALLEN's *The Woman who did* (a lady whom in many respects Mr. PINERO's heroine closely resembles), and who came to grief in doing it, she intends to continue living. This man, her paramour, she trusts will be her partner in the socialistic regeneration of the human race. At the close of the third act *Mrs. Ebb-smith*, being such as the author of her being has made her, is presented with a bible, and, in a fit of ungovernable fury, she pitches it into the stove "with all her might and main"; and then it suddenly occurs to her that she has committed some terrible crime (more probably it occurred to the author that he had committed the unpardonable sin of offending his audience)—and so she shoots out her arm into a nice, cool-looking stove (suggestive of no sort of danger to her or the book), and drags out the pocket volume apparently quite as uninjured as is her own hand at the moment, though this is subsequently carefully bound up with a white handkerchief in the last act. Well—that's all. There is the situation. The Key-note-orious *Mrs. Ebb-smith* is supposed to repent of her sins against society; and off she goes to become the companion of the unmarried parson and of the lively widow his sister. What the result of this arrangement will be is pretty clear. The Key-note-orious One will soon be the parson's bride; but "that is another story."

To carry out this drama of inaction, as it is schemed, should occupy eight persons something under two hours; but it takes thirteen persons three hours to carry it along. Five of these *dramatis personæ* are superfluous; and much time is wasted on dialogues in Italian and French that could be "faked up" from any conversation-book in



Transformation Scene. The Rowdy-Dowdy Mrs. Ebbsmith fascinates the Dook.

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

(By One who has Played it.)

ASSUME that I am living in Yokohama Gardens (before the pleasant change from winter to spring), and that I am conscious of the near approach of the North Pole. The fires in the grates seem to be lukewarm, and even the coals are frozen. My servants have told me that the milk had to be melted before it could adorn the breakfast-table; and as for the butter, it is as hard as marble. There is only one thing to do, to send for that worthy creature Mr. LOPSIDE, an individual "who can turn his hand to anything."

"Well Sir," Mr. LOPSIDE arrives and observes after a few moments spent in careful consideration of the subject from various points of view, "of course you feel the cold because there is five-and-twenty degrees of frost just outside."

I admit that Mr. LOPSIDE's opinion is reasonable; and call his attention to the fact that a newspaper which is lying on the floor some five yards from a closed door is violently agitated.

"I see Sir," says he promptly. "If you will wait a moment I will tell you more about it."

He takes off his coat, throws down a bag of tools (his chronic companion), and lies flat on the floor. Then he places his right ear to the ground and listens intently, pointing the while to the newspaper that has now ceased to suffer from agitation.

"There you are, Sir!" he exclaims triumphantly. "There's a draught there. I could feel it distinctly."

He rises from the ground, reassumes his overcoat, and once more possesses himself of his bag of useful instruments.

"Well, what shall I do?" I ask.

"Well, you see Sir, it's not for the likes of me to advise gentry folk like you. I wouldn't think of presuming upon such a liberty."

"Not at all, Mr. LOPSIDE," I explain with some anxiety.

"Then Sir—mind you, if it's not taking too much of a liberty—I would, having draughts, get rid of them. And you have draughts about, now haven't you?"

I hasten to assure him that I am convinced that my house is a perfect nest of draughts.

"Don't you be too sure until I have tested them," advises Mr. LOPSIDE.

Then the ingenious creature again divests himself of his overcoat and workman's bag and commences his labours. He visits every door in the house and tries it. He assumes all sorts of attitudes. Now he appears like JESSIE BROWN at Lucknow listening to the distant slogan of the coming Highlanders. Now like a colleague of GUY FAWKES noting the tread of Lord MONTEAGLE on the road to the gunpowder cellar beneath the Houses of Parliament. His attitudes, if not exactly graceful, are full of character.

"There are draughts everywhere," says Mr. LOPSIDE, having come to the end of his investigations.

"And what shall I do?" I ask for the second time. Again my worthy inspector spends a few minutes in self-communing.

"It's not for the likes of a poor man like me, Sir, to give advice; but if I were you, Sir, I would say antiplutocratic tubing."

"What is antiplutocratic tubing?"

"Well, Sir, it's as good a thing as you can have, under all the circumstances. But don't have antiplutocratic tubing because I say so. I may be wrong, Sir."

"No, no, Mr. LOPSIDE," I reply, in a tone of encouragement. "I am sure you are right. Do you think you could get me some antiplutocratic tubing, and put it up for me?"

"Why, of course I could, Sir!" returns



SO LIKELY!

SCENE—Bar of a Railway Refreshment Room.

Barmaid. "TEA, SIR?"

Mr. Booby. "TEA!!! ME!!!!"

my worthy helper, in the tone of a more than usually benevolent Father Christmas. Then he seems to lose heart and become despondent. "But there, Sir, it's not for the likes of me to say anything."

However, I persuade Mr. LOPSIDE to take a more cheerful view of his position, and to undertake the job.

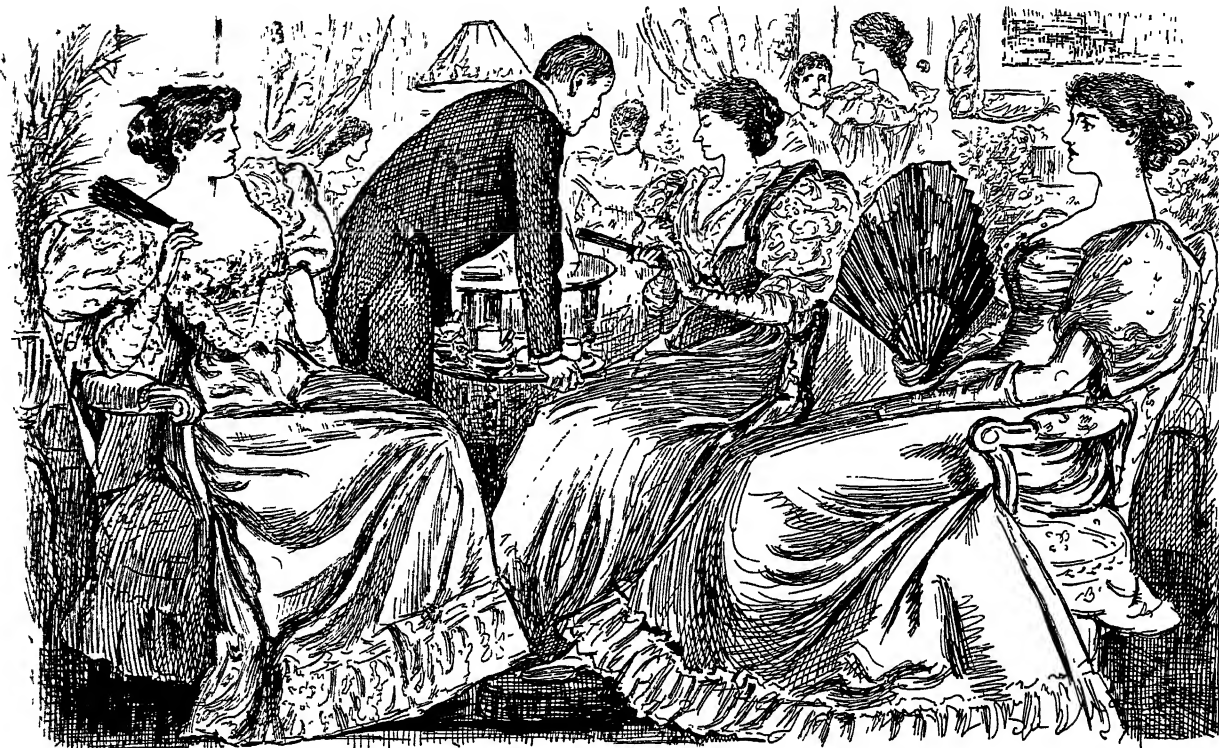
For the next three hours there is much hammering in all parts of the house. My neighbours must imagine that I have taken violently to spiritual manifestations. Wherever I wander I find my worthy assistant hard at work covering the borders of the doors with a material that looks like elongated eels in a condition of mummification—if I may be permitted to use such an expression. Now he is standing on a ledge level with the hall lamp; now he is reclining sideways beside an entrance-protecting rug; now he is hanging by the bannisters midway between two landings. The day grows apace. It is soon afternoon, and rapidly becomes night. When the lights are beginning to appear in the streets without, Mr. LOPSIDE has done. My house is rescued from the draughts.

"You won't be troubled much more, Sir," says he, as he glances contemptuously at a

door embedded in antiplutocratic tubing. "Keep those shut and the draughts won't get near you—at least so I think, although I may be wrong. Thank you, Sir. Quite correct. Good evening."

And he leaves me, muffled up in his overcoat, and still clinging to his basket, with its burden of saws, hammers, chisels, and nails of various dimensions. I enter the dining-room with an air of satisfaction as I hear his echoing footsteps on the pavement without, and attempt to close the door. It will do almost everything, but it won't shut. I give up the dining-room, and enter my study. Again, I try to close the door. But no; it has caught the infection of its neighbour and also declines to close. I try the doors of the drawing-room, bedroom, and the dressing-room. But no, my efforts are in vain. None of them will close. The wind howls, and the draughts rush in with redoubled fury. They triumph meanly in my despair.

There is only one thing to do, and I determine to do it. I must send for Mr. LOPSIDE to take away as soon as possible his antiplutocratic tubing. After all he was right when he had those, alas! unheeded misgivings. He said "he might be wrong"—and was!



THINGS ONE SAYS WITHOUT THINKING.

"I'M SO SORRY YOU'VE HAD TO COME AND DINE WITH US WITHOUT YOUR HUSBAND, LIZZY. I SUPPOSE THE REAL TRUTH IS THAT, BEING LENT, HE'S DOING PENANCE BY DINING AT HOME!"

"OH, NO! I ASSURE YOU! HE THINKS IT A PENANCE TO DINE OUT!"

QUARTER-DAY; OR, DEMAND AND NO SUPPLY.

Resentful Ratepayer loquitur:—

"DEMAND and Supply!" So economists cry,
And one, they assure us, must balance the other.
I fancy their doctrines are just all my eye,
But then I'm a victim of bad times and bother.
At least, friend Aquarius, you'll understand
That Jack Frost and you have between you upset me.
You are down on me—ah! like a shot—with Demand,
But as to Supply—ah! that's just where you get me.

Water? You frosty old fraud, not a drop,
Save what I have purchased from urchins half frozen,
I've had for six weeks for my house and my shop,
And they tell me the six weeks may swell to a dozen!
Call that Water-Supply, Mister Mulberry Nose?
Why, your oozy old eyelids seem winking in mockery,
My cisterns are empty, my pipes frozen close,
I've nothing for washing my hands, clothes or crockery.

As to flushing my drain-pipes, or sinks, why you know,
I might as well trust the Sahara for sluicing.
A bath? Yes, at tuppence a pailful or so.
Good gracious! we grudge every tumbler we're using.
Your stand-pipes and tanks compensate for such pranks?
Get out! You are playing it low down, Aquarius.
Be grateful for mercies so small, Sir? No thanks!
My wrongs at your hands have been many and various.

But these last six weeks, Sir, are just the last straw
That break the strong back of the rate-paying camel,
I do not quite know what's the state of the law,
But if yours is all freedom, and mine is all trammel,
If yours is Demand, and mine is not Supply,
As 'twould seem by the look of that precious rate-paper,
Aquarius, old boy, I have plans in my eye
For checking your pretty monopolist caper.

Pay up, and look pleasant? Ah yes, that's my rule
For every impost, from Poor Rate to Income.
But paying for what you don't get fits a fool,
Besides, you old Grampus-Grab, whence will the tin come?

Supply discontinued? Aquarius, that threat!
Is losing its terrors. I don't care a penny,
'Twon't frighten me now into payment, you bet,
When for the last six weeks I haven't had any.

Whose fault? Well, we'll see. But at least you'll agree
When Supply's undertaken, and paid, in advance, for,
A man expects something for his L. S. D.
Then what have you led me this doose of a dance for?
That question, old Snorter, demands a prompt answer,
And Taurus expects it of you, my Aquarius,
Or else, Sir, by Gemini, I shall turn Cancer,
And then the monopolists mayn't look hilarious.

How do the Water Rates come to my door?
'Twould furnish a subject for some brand-new SOUTHEY.
Your dunning Demand Notes are always a bore,
But when one is grubby, half frozen and drouthy,
When cisterns are empty and sinks are unflushed,
And staircases sloppy, and queer smells abounding,
To be by an useless Aquarius rushed
For "immediate payment" is—well, it's astounding.

How will the water come down through the floor
When mains are unfrozen and pipes are all "busting"?
Why spurring and squirting, with rush and with roar,
The wall-papers staining, the fire-irons rusting,
And rushing, and gushing, and flashing and splashing,
And making a sort of Aix douche of the bedroom,
And comfort destroying, and every hope dashing,
And leaving one scarce a square yard of dry head-room.

'Twill leak, spirt and trickle, and, oh such a pickle
Will make of my dwelling, from garret to basement,
Well, that's after thaw. But, by Jove, it does tickle
My fancy, and fill me with angry amazement,
To see you there standing ice-cool, and demanding
Prompt payment—for what? Why, long waterless worry!
Aquarius, we must have a fresh understanding;
Till then—"Call again!" and don't be in a hurry!
[Slams door, and retires in dudgeon.]

MOTTO FOR STOCKBROKERS.—A mine in the Randt is worth two in the Bush.



QUARTER-DAY; OR, DEMAND AND NO SUPPLY.

RATEPAYER. "WHAT'S THIS FOR? *WATER!* WHY I HAVEN'T HAD ANY!"

THE WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T DO.

(She-Note Series.)

THE two were seated in an untrammelled Bohemian sort of way on the imperturbable expanse of the South Downs. Beneath them was a carpet of sheep-sorrel, its orbicular perianth being slightly depressed by their healthy weight. In the distance they noticed thankfully the saucer-shaped combs of paludina limestone rising in pleasant



strata to the rearing scarp of the Weald. PERUGINO ALLAN was the gentleman's name. He had only met PSEUDONYMIA Bampton the day before, but already from mere community of literary instincts they were life-long friends. She had reached the trysting-place first. All true modest women do this.

"PSEUDONYMIA!" said PERUGINO, blushing easily to his finger-tips.

"PERUGINO!" said PSEUDONYMIA, blushing to hers. It was early, of course, for Christian names, but then the Terewth had made them Free-and-Easy.

"PERUGINO!" said PSEUDONYMIA, bringing her eyes back from the infinite to rest without affectation on her

simple Greek chiton, "I have often wanted to meet a real man who had written a book with a key to it on the back of the cover. Now tell me frankly some more beautiful things about our present loathsome system of chartered monogamy, so degrading to my sex. Talk straight on, please, pages at a time. Never mind about Probability. Terewth is stranger than Probability; and the Terewth, you know, shall make you Free!"

PERUGINO sank back into the spongy turf, leaning his cheek against an upright spike of summer furze of the genus *Ulex Europæus*. "Some men," he began, "ignoble souls, 'look about' them before they marry. Such are calculating egoists. Pure souls, of finer paste, are, so to speak, *born married*. Others hesitate and delay. The difficulties of teething, a paltry desire to be weaned before the wedding, reluctance to being married in long clothes, the terrors of croup during the honeymoon—these and other excuses, thinly veiling hidden depths of depravity, are employed to defer the divine moment. I have known men to reach the preposterously ripe age of one-and-twenty unwedded, protesting that they dare not risk their prospects at the Bar. These men can never mate like the birds, never be guide-posts to point humanity along the path of Terewth."

"But," interrupted PSEUDONYMIA, rose-red to her quivering finger-tips with shame at the bare mention of marriage; "but I thought you disapproved of the debasing principle of wedlock."

"Do not interrupt," said PERUGINO, kindly; "I will come to that two or three pages later on. To be prudent, I was going to say, is to be vicious and cruel. Of course it is not given to all to be *born married*. But this natal defect one can easily remedy. I knew a young fellow who did. The indispensable complement crossed his path before it was too late. He was still at his preparatory school; he married the *matron*. True, there was disparity of age, but it was a step in the right direction; though the head-master, a man of common conventional ideas, gave the boy a severe rebuke."

"But to push on at once to contradictions. Marriage, I have said elsewhere, is a degrading system, nurtured under the purple hangings of the tents of iniquity. In my gospel Love, like Terewth, should be Free; ever moving on, moving on. Now, Italy is the home—"

"Ah!" cried PSEUDONYMIA, "Italy! That reminds me of sun-burnt Siena. What a wonderful Peruginian chapter that was in your book. Like a leaf torn out of the live heart of BARDEKER!"

"Italy," continued PERUGINO doggedly, "is the home of back-grounds. I would like everyone to have a background—a past; the

more pasts the better. Is not that a beautiful thought? Ever moving on to something different!"

"That has been the dream of my childhood," said PSEUDONYMIA, her white Cordelia-like soul thrilled through and through with sacred convictions. A ripe gorse-pod burst in the basking sunlight. ("I never remember seeing sunlight bask before," she thought.) A bumble-bee said something inaudible. "But why," she added, "did you never give this pure sentiment to the world before? You who have written so many, many books?"

"My child," replied the artist, "I was compelled to write down to the public taste. One must consider one's prospects. This, you will say, seems to clash with what I said before about calculating egoists. But profession and practice are ever divorced under our depraved system of civilisation. At last, having established myself, I rose superior to sordid avarice, and wrote for once solely to satisfy my own taste and conscience."

"A noble sacrifice!" said PSEUDONYMIA, suppressing her dimples for the moment. "As the physically weaker vessel, I could only have done it under an assumed name. But tell me of one difficulty which you have so cleverly avoided in your book. This question of the family. Will not a confusion arise in another generation when nobody quite knows who and how many his or her half-brothers and half-sisters are?"

"PSEUDONYMIA!" said PERUGINO, and his voice broke in two places, "I am pained. I had thought that you, so pure, so emancipate, would have had a soul above blithering detail. Besides, do you not see that in this way the whole world will eventually become one family? We may not live to see this Millennium, but future Fabians may. What we want is a protomartyr in the cause. SHELLEY promised well, but he ultimately reverted to legal wedlock. As for me, I have been deemed unworthy of the crown. I am, alas! happily married. But you, you are single; why should you not set to all your sister-slaves a high example of that martyrdom of which the glory, as well as the inconvenience, has been denied to me?"

"Ah, dear PERUGINO!" she cried, visibly affected for the third time to her finger-tips, "must it ever be so? Profession, as you say, divorced from practice? Must one more noble name be added to the list of those that shock the world so fearlessly with their books and live such despicably blameless lives? I myself, too, am misleading in print. You judged me by my pseudonymous publications to be single and unscrupulous. But you were wrong. I also am unequal to the weight of that crown. How can I be your martyr in the cause—I who these many years have worshipped the very dust on which my husband deigns to tread? Can you and I ever be forgiven for thus sinning against the light?"

PERUGINO rose to go, indignant, disillusioned. "*Et tu, PSEUDONYMIA!*" he bitterly cried. (She had been at Girton and could follow the original.) "Then I give you up. You are, I grieve to think, a woman who won't do." And he made a she-note of it.

"WITH WHAT PORPOISE?"

[A porpoise has been seen gambolling in the Thames at Putney.]

SUCH a sea on at the North Foreland! Glad to get out of it. Nice river coming down from somewhere. Must explore it.

Near some town. No end of oysters about. Oysters say it's Whitstable. Seem dreadfully depressed. Ask them if the late cold was too much for them? No, it's not that, they say, but injurious stories have been circulated about them by medical men. Been called "typhoidal." Nobody patronises them, and they've "lost their season in town." What do they mean?

Off Southend. Friendly sole advises me not to venture further. "Tempt not the Barking Outfall," he says, and adds that the "water at London will poison me, and I shall be made into boots." London! Always wanted to see it. What's the good of being called "a kind of gregarious whale" by the dictionaries if I avoid society?

Got past Barking safely! Who is it—BROWNING I think—wrote a poem about "Sludge, the Medium." Must have written it near Barking. Arrived off Wanstead Flats. See a respectable man on banks being chivied by a mob. Told (by a sprat) that "it's Mr. HILLS, of the Thames Ironworks, who's been helping the unemployed." Now the unemployed seem helping him! Tower Bridge rather fine.

Westminster. Big building. Curious scent in air. Told it's the Houses of Parliament, and scent is eucalyptus, "because of the influenza." Curious word—wonder what it means.

Up at Putney. See University Boat-Race, if I can stay long enough. Feel sleepy. Must be the amount of bad water I've drunk. Knock up against an ice-floe. Two men in boat try to shoot me. They seem unemployed. Do they want to make me into soup for the poor? Not if I know it. Trundle back seawards. Meet a sea-gull. Says somebody tried to hook him from embankment. Says he "doesn't like London." Rather inclined to agree with him.

Back at sea. Know now what influenza means—because *I've caught it!* Awful pains in my hide! Must consult a leech.

THE INTROSPECTIVE BARD.

PERSISTENT self-analysis,
Perfected more and more,
The mirror to my spirit is,
Which it performs before.

For "progress" let reformers
pine,
Let merchants toil for self—
The study of a soul like mine
Is certainly itself!

For girls who at my shrine will
burn

An incense delicate,
I'll lightly probe the problems
stern

Of Love, and Life, and Fate;
And as their darkness I dis-
perse,

I mark with interest
The diverse chords that girls
diverse

Awaken in my breast.

Not having known a broken
heart,

Nor any seething pain,
I can afford, in life and art,
The pessimistic vein.

In many a literary gem,
Polished with care supreme,
Mildly, but firmly, I condemn
So poor a mundane scheme.

And yet, a modest competence
My pensive mood provides,
My sentiments—like speci-
mens

On microscopic slides—
When I on woven paper fair,
In woven words illumine,
I make a kind of subtle, rare,
And Esoteric Boom!

POLICE CHARGE AGAINST
EXCITED THERGOMORTONIAN
JOBBER.—"He jobbed me in
the eye."



IN THE VESTRY.

Minister (who has exchanged pulpits—to Minister's Man). "DO YOU COME
BACK FOR ME AFTER TAKING UP THE BOOKS?"

Minister's Man. "OU AY, SIR, I COMES BACK FOR YE, AND YE FOLLOWS
ME AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE!"

A BYE-ELECTION LAY.

(By a disappointed Western
Wire-puller.)

AFTER a conflict such as this,
Some moralising's due;
And we in Bristol of the fight
Can take a "bird's-eye"
view.

The poll we cannot truly call
The pleasantest of pills;
It's really rather sad our
"won'ts" ["WILLS,"

Should come so near our
Yet there's some comfort in
the fact,

Some salve for spirits sore,
That Bristol nobly has not
shrunk

From spilling of its "GORE."

A BALFOURIAN QUERY.—
"No possibility of any return
to the shareholders," was, in
the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the
heading of a report of a meet-
ing of the members of the
"Liberator Company." What!
no possibility of any return?
Yes, surely, the return of
JABEZ. But even then—*cui
bono?* or *Cui Buenos Ayres?*
Who of the unfortunate losers
would not far rather get back
something than get back some-
body, and that somebody JABEZ.

THE EARLY BIRD.—Mr.
GOSLING, British Minister, has
demanded an indemnity from
the Nicaraguans of £15,000 for
the expulsion of Mr. HATCH,
British Vice-Consul at Blue-
fields. GOSLING is no goose,
that's clear. He offers the
Nicaragamuftins a Hatch-way
out of the difficulty of their
own making.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WHAT so interests you?" asked the visitor. Replied the Baron,
"Japhet in *Search of a Father*. I have not read it since my
school days." "You find it old-fashioned, eh?" "Well," answered
the Baron, "the first few chapters are certainly old-fashioned, and
recall to my memory the italicised, punning style of THEODORE
HOOK and of *Tom and Jerry*. But Captain MARRYAT soon gets
away from this sort of thing; and when he has once fairly started
his hero and his companion on their adventures, the interest of
the story is never allowed to flag for a minute. I may add that I have
not enjoyed any modern story of adventure so much as I have this
one—always barring the romances of RIDER HAGGARD, STEPHENSON,
'Q,' SHORTHOUSE, and PARKER—as there is about it an old
Georgian-era flavour, with its duels, its gambling-houses, its *Tom-
and-Jerry* episodes, its occasional drop into melodrama, its varied
characters of the period, its animal spirits and 'go,' that makes it
—to me, at least—thoroughly fascinating." The illustrations, by
H. M. BROCK—which are specified as separately the property of
Messrs. MACMILLAN—bring vividly before the reader the manners
and customs of the time. "In these days of morbid yellow-jaun-
diced sensationalism, and of 'The New Woman,' I am delighted,"
quoth the Baron, "to recommend, and strongly, too, this first of the
series of Captain MARRYAT's works, now in course of republication
chez MACMILLAN." The visitor thanked his noble friend, and
withdrew. Then the Baron finished the novel. "Good!" quoth
the Baron, closing the book with regret at parting with a long-
forgotten but now recovered friend; "but 'tis odd how one lives and
learns. I do not remember having ever heard that *Bottom* the
weaver had been christened 'WILLIAM' by SHAKESPEARE. Nor can
I find that bully *Bottom* was so addressed by his friends. And if I
have missed it, how came WILLIAM to be the *prénom* of the Athenian
weaver in the time of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta*? I should as soon
expect to discover that Hercules was known to his companions as
Henry Hercules. However, this by the way, and only *a propos* of
a remark as to *William Bottom*, the weaver, made by MARRYAT.

I anticipate with pleasure re-making the acquaintance of *Jacob
Faithful* and *Midshipman Easy*."

The Banishment of Jessop Blythe, written by JOSEPH HATTON,
and published by HUTCHINSON, belongs to the *Yellow Book* series,
only, that is, as far as the cover is concerned, which is of a startlingly
jaundiced tone and does not in the least represent the kindly author's
views of life. The story is about the ropemakers by one who clearly
"knows the ropes." This industry, as will be gathered from the
present romance, is not confined to Ropemaker's Walk, E.C., but
was for two centuries carried on by Troglodytes or Cave-dwellers in
Derbyshire. The hero *Blythe* is turned out from the roping com-
munity as a thriftless drunkard, emigrates, is poor and wretched, but
returns *Blythe* and gay, with a lot of money, to find. . . "But
here," quoth the Baron, "I must pause, or the surprise will be
heavily discounted, and the reader's pleasure spoilt. Thus far, no
farther. 'Tolle; lege.'" So recommends the

JUDICIOUS BARON DE B.-W.

Shakspeare and the A-br-y B-rdsl-y Yellow
"She" Book.

DIVINE WILLIAMS knew the kind of unwholesome woman above
mentioned. In *Love's Labour's Lost* he makes *Biron* say—

"A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard."

Is not this the living picture of the woman who would, or could,
but who shouldn't and oughtn't?

CHOOSING THE SPEAKER.—A suggestion was made last week that
the competitors for the Speakership should draw lots. Now, if it
came to "drawing lots," all in the House and out of the House,
having seen "lots" of Sir FRANK BLOCKWOOD's drawing, would of
course place him first. So the drawing lots plan was abandoned.

THE FLIRTGIRL'S REPLY.*

A Poem of Common Sense.

DEAR Sir, I've read through your delectable lines—

Though the cap doesn't fit, I will wear it;
And hope (though I don't know your private designs)

You regret that such verses were e'er writ!

There's flirting *and* flirting, you don't seem to know,

Nor need a young woman be heartless,
Who thinks that, by having *five* strings to her bow,

The four she rejects will thus smart less.

Pray how can I help, if my features attract
And my sympathy wins each fond lover?

Alas, when they're conquered, I own 'tis the fact

That their weak points I sadly discover!

It may be, in spite of your captious alarm,

I shall yet enjoy bliss hymeneal;

If *this* is my aim, not to jilt, where's the harm
In my search for a husband ideal?

* See page 141

"ALAS POOR YORICK!"

IN "DICK GRAIN" all have lost a "fellow of infinite jest" and a friendly critic who scourged our pleasant vices with such genial criticism that everyone, hearing him, charitably applied the moral to his, or her, neighbour. With Mrs. GERMAN REED, the Miss PRISCILLA HORTON of the stage, and her son "TAFF REED," the old Gallery of Illustration Company comes to an end. CORNEY GRAIN successfully succeeded JOHN PARRY.

"C. G." *Ci git.*

TO ISISTA.

(A Topical Explanation.)

Your dark blue eyes are doubtless very sweet,
And I could hear without the least surprise
That connoisseurs declare it hard to beat
Your dark blue eyes.

How is it if so much of magic lies

In your two "orbs" I deem them incomplete?

Why with disdain—I'm going to poetise—

Do I your "heavenly windows" ever treat?

The explanation Saturday supplies.

I'm Cambridge. That's why I'm so loth to meet
Your dark blue eyes.

Note.—"Dark blue." In view of the coming Boat Race this may be taken as a prophecy, or tip.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

SIR.—The following may be of service to your non-mathematical readers:—

Q. "The hands of a clock are between 2 and 3; and in ten minutes' time the minute hand will be as much in front of the hour hand as it is now behind it. What is the time?"

A. "Ask Policeman X."

The crass mediævalism of the Oxbridge don, I regret to say, failed to see this solution, and I am again coaching with old DRUMMER.—Yours theoretically and problematically,

PRACTICAL Y. Z.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In consequence of recent events crowded into one place, the name of Throgmorton Street shall be changed into Throgmorton Street.



UNKIND.

Our Minor Poet. "I BELIEVE I SHOULD ENJOY MY HOLIDAYS MUCH MORE IF I WENT INCOGNITO."

Friend. "TRAVEL UNDER YOUR NOM DE PLUME, OLD MAN!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 18.—Navy Estimates on again, with the First Lord listening patiently from otherwise empty Peers' Gallery, and ROBERTSON making admirable play from Treasury Bench. Chivalrous soul of Cap'n TOMMY BOWLES moved to admit that, after all, there had been worse First Lords than SPENCER, and more uncivil Lords than ROBERTSON. Private HANBURY thinks this is weakness. If his colleague in charge of the Navy is to talk like that, he (the Private) will be expected, when the Army Estimates came on, to say something nice about CAWMELL-BANNERMAN, to acknowledge WOODALL's keen grip over the business of his department, and the courtesy with which he discharges his Ministerial duties.

ALLAN o'Gateshead on again with more "Rough Castings." Last time House in Committee on Navy Estimates he spread

feeling of genuine alarm by denouncing the British boiler. "Who," he thundered, "is responsible for the engines of the Royal Navy? Where is the *Hornet* you trumpeted so loudly a year ago? Where," he continued, bending beetling brows on Civil Lord of the Admiralty, "are her boilers?"

"Bust," said GORST, with guilty look. Not that he had had anything to do with the business, but because at this moment ALLAN o'Gateshead chanced to fix a pair of flaming eyes upon his shrinking figure, seated almost immediately opposite at end of Front Bench.

"Where is the *Hornet* now? Why, lying in Portsmouth Yard, with her boilers out of her, a useless hulk."

ALLAN is so big, so burly, wears so much hair, writes poetry, is understood to be in the boiler business himself, and, withal, addresses the Chairman with such terrific volume of voice, that a panic might have ensued only for JOHN PENN. PENN head of great engineering firm of old standing and high repute. Understood to have engined fleet of five ships

with which DRAKE made things hot for Spain along the coasts of Chili and Peru. However that be, PENN now made it hot for ALLAN o'Gateshead. Showed in quite business-like fashion that ALLAN's poetic fancy had run away with him. Convinced grateful Committee that British boiler, on which safety of State may be said to rest, is all right. A model speech, brief, pointed. A man with something to say, who straightway sits down when he's said it. As the poet (not ALLAN o' Gateshead) says,

He came as a boon and a blessing to men,
The modest, the lucid, clear-pointed J. PENN.

Business done.—Committee voted trifle over four millions as wages for JACK.

Tuesday—Alderman COTTON, once Lord Mayor of London, a prominent and popular member of the DISRAELI Parliament, left behind him the memory of one of those things we all would like to say if we could. In the long series of debates on resolutions moved from Front Opposition Bench challenging Jingo policy of the day, the Alderman interposed. "Sir," he said, "this is a solemn moment. Looking towards the East we perceive the crisis so imminent that it requires only a spark to let slip the dogs of war."

That was, and remains, inimitable. But to-night the MACGREGOR

came very near its supreme excellence. Stirred to profoundest depths by demands upon Naval Expenditure. Popping up and down like piston in the engine-room of Clyde steamer; wrath grew as MELLOR, failing to see him, called on other speakers. The MACGREGOR knew all about that; a reckless corrupt Government, afraid of hearing the voice of honest criticism, had suborned Chairman of Committees to prevent his speaking. But they didn't know the MACGREGOR. After something like two hours physical exercise in the way of jumping up and down he caught the Chairman's eye, and (in Parliamentary sense, of course) punched it. Then "passing from point



MacGregor (as "The Dougal Creature"). "I'll pass from that point."

to point," as he airily put it, he went for ROBERTSON. Asked the appalled Civil Lord of the Admiralty what he supposed his constituents in Dundee would say when they read his speech, in which bang went millions as if they were saxe-pences? "What will the worthy citizens say, Mr. MELLOR?" he repeated. "Why they will say, 'Ma conscience!'"

Never since *Domine Sampson* made this remark has so much fervour and good Scotch accent been thrown in. "Where's the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?" MACGREGOR presently asked, evidently eager for fresh blood.

"That has nothing to do with the question," said the Chairman, severely.

"Oh, hasn't it?" jeered the MACGREGOR. "I want to ask him what he has done with our money?"

Vision instantly conjured up before eyes of Committee of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD prowling about town with his pockets loaded with £4,132,500, voted to defray the charge for wages in the Navy, flinging the cash about like JACK ashore, making the most of his time before Local Veto became the law of the land.

It was later that the MACGREGOR came in unconscious competition with Alderman COTTON. Leaving the Navy for a moment he surveyed the Continent of Europe peopled with armed men. "Why!" he cried with comprehensive sweep of his arm, "these great armies are like fighting cocks. The least spark blows them up like magazines of powder."

Not quite so good it will be seen as the Alderman, but good enough for these degenerate days. Effect on Admiral FIELD so exciting that he was presently discovered chasing the SAGE OF QUEEN

ANNE'S GATE all over House, desiring, as he said, to "pin him to his words." *Business done.*—Supplementary Estimates voted.



Admiral Field pinning the Hon. Member to his words.

Thursday.—Curious to note the coviness with which House approaches real business. To-day Welsh Disestablishment Bill comes on for Second Reading. Its passing this stage a foregone conclusion. The work of criticism, correction, possible re-moulding, will be done in Committee. Committee is the Providence that shapes the ends of Bills, rough hew them how we may in the draughtsman's hands or on the second reading. For all practical purposes second-reading debate might be concluded at to-night's sitting. It extended over seven clear hours. Given twenty minutes per speech, the maximum length for useful purposes, twenty-one members, more than the House cares to hear, might have spoken. The time saved, if necessary, added on to opportunity in Committee.

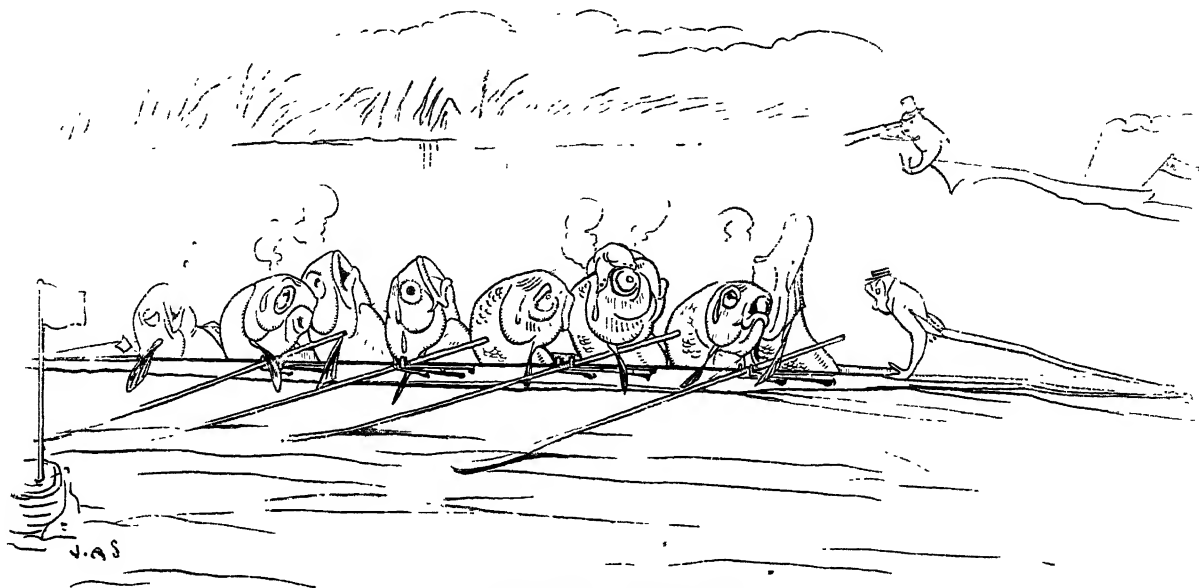
That, however, not the way we do business here. Disestablishment Bill a measure of first importance; must be treated accordingly. So after ASQUITH talks for an hour and a quarter, HICKS-BEACH caps him by speech hour and half long, which nearly empties House. Afterwards a dreary night. Papers on subject read by Members, who rise alternately from either side. Few listen; newspaper reports cruelly curt; nevertheless, it's the thing to do, and will go on through at least four sittings. On last night men whom House want to hear will speak, as they might have spoken on first night. Then the division, and minor Members who have missed their chance will endeavour to work off their paper in Committee.

Business done.—Second reading Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill moved.

Friday.—Shall M.P.'s be paid out of public purse? Dividing to-night 176 say Yes, 158 stern patriots say No. GEORGE CURZON, fresh from the Pamirs and still later from a sick bed, leads opposition. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD is in favour of payment; darkly hints that when the time comes he will find the cash. This, though a little obscure, looks like business.

"I expect," said the Member for SARK, "we shall live to see the day when, on Friday afternoons, Palace Yard will be crowded with Members waiting to take their weekly money. Suppose they'll go the whole hog, give us what the navvies call a 'sub,' that is, let us draw in middle of the week something on account. Of course we shall have the full privilege of strikes. We'll 'go out' if we think our wages should be raised. Sure to be some blacklegs who will skulk in by central lobby and offer to do a day's talking on the old terms. But we'll have pickets and all that sort of thing. Sometimes we'll march in a body to Hyde Park, and Baron FERDY will address us from a waggon on the rights of man and the iniquity of underpaying M.P.'s. I see a high old time coming. Shall put in early claim for a secretaryship. Always a good billet."

Business done.—Welsh Disestablishment Bill threw a gloom over morning sitting. GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN, supporting Bill, mentioned that in episcopal circles he is regarded as "a profligate"! There is, sometimes, a naughty look about him. But this is really going too far, even for a bishop.



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. X.—"EASY ALL!" PUMPED OUT!

THE STUDIO SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. On what occasions do you particularly seek the studios?*Answer.* On two Sundays in the year—the consecutive sabbaths devoted to the exhibition of proposed academy pictures by "Outsiders," and "A.'s," and "R.A.'s."*Q.* Do you haunt the abodes of artists at other times?*A.* Never; or, to cover all possibilities, hardly ever.*Q.* Then you are not a lover of paintings for their own sake?*A.* Certainly not; on the contrary, I am, as a rule, a better judge of frames than canvases.*Q.* Then why do you go to St. John's Wood, Chelsea and West Kensington?*A.* To see and be seen.*Q.* Is it necessary to know the artist whose pictures are "on view"?*A.* Certainly not. You can usually single him out by the absence of an overcoat, and can generally spot his wife and daughter by the non-appearance of promenading head-gear.*Q.* What have you to do when you have discovered your involuntary host and hostess?*A.* To shake hands with them with condescension, and partake of their refreshments with gusto.*Q.* Will this invasion of the domestic circle be resented?*A.* No; because it is highly probable that you will be mistaken for a newspaper Art critic, and respect for the Press in Art circles is universal.*Q.* Are not artists, as a body, a community of highly accomplished gentlemen?*A.* Certainly; and, consequently, on ordinary occasions entitled to well-merited respect.*Q.* Then why should that "well-merited respect" be refused to them a month before the May opening of Burlington House?*A.* Because it is the fashion.*Q.* Surely this fashion does not exist amongst the better classes of the community?*A.* To some extent; although it certainly is in greatest favour with cads and snobs, to say nothing of their female relations.*Q.* Has any effort been made to stem this tide of unauthorised and unwelcome invasion?*A.* In isolated cases the master of the studio has sought the protection of the police to keep his studio free of the unknown and the unknowable.*Q.* But could not the scandal be removed with the assistance of the leaders of Society?*A.* Assuredly. It would only have to become unfashionable to visit studios on the Show Sundays for the painter to be left at peace.*Q.* Would that be pleasing to the artists?*A.* That is the published opinion, but the matter has not been put absolutely to the test. However, the pleasure of the artists is not to be considered when the recreations of Brixton and Tooting are at stake.

APRIL FOOLOSOPHY.

(By One of Them.)

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Well, this only shows our valiant disregard of danger, our readiness of initiative, our championship of forlorn hopes. We are the heaven-sent leaders of all "New" enterprises, whether literary, theatrical, or artistic. It is we who penetrate the mysteries of Bodleyosophy, Beardsleyotechny, and Yellow Astrology. We are the real and only Mahatmaniacs, Sexomaniacs, Miasmaniacs. Among our ranks you will find the Women who Did, the anticonjugallias, the shedonKeynotes, and all their attendant and Discordant tribe of Jack-asses. We are the elect and proper bell-wethers of mankind. Come to us, then, for guidance.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. Folly is therefore the true wisdom. However, this is an Oscarian paradox, which the Divine WILLIAMS has previously plagiarised, and enlarged on at some length, so we will pass on.

Fools build houses, but wise men live in them. Exactly so; we are the architects of this generation. The wise man depends on us for his roof and lodging; and without us he would be homeless. We have built "Snookson's Folly" and "Babel Mansions"—half of London, in fact. The jerry-builders have done the rest.

A fool and his money are soon parted. A compliment to our open-handed and indiscriminate generosity. It is we who swell the subscription list for the last new gold mine or building society; who subsidise insolvent South American Republics; who support the mendicant tramp and the deserving blackmailer.

There is no fool like an old fool. That is, the quality of folly improves with keeping, like that of wine. The seniors of our class are thoroughly reliable old fools, and Past Grand Masters in the art of ineptitude. We, fools as we are, know how to pay the proper respect that is due to senility and second-childishness.

A fool at forty is a fool indeed. This is a corollary of the preceding aphorism, for it is only at the age of two-score that we attain to years of full indiscretion. We develop later than the rest of humanity; we undergo a severe probation before our claim to the title of complete nincompoop is recognised. Before forty there is yet a chance that the budding ninny may desert, and degenerate into a prig, a Philistine, or a physician. After that age he is safe, and can be depended on for unwisdom, whereas your ordinary wiseacre cuts his back teeth and graduates in common-sense at twenty-one.

Lastly, *Fools stand in slippery places*—where wise men tumble down; but this needs no further illustration than that provided years ago by C. K., in *Mr. Punch's* pages.

NOT FOR THEIR "BEN."—Judging from some of the evidence at the recent trial of *Tillet v. "The Morning" (Limited)*, it probably occurred to the unemployed dockers that they might have been well employed in "docking" B. T.'s salary.

DOING A CATHEDRAL.

(A Sketch from the Provinces.)

SCENE—The interior of Dulchester Cathedral. TIME—About 12.30. The March sunshine slants in pale shafts through the clerestory windows, leaving the aisles in shadow. From without, the cawing of rooks and shouts of children at play are faintly audible. By the West Door, a party of Intending Sightseers have collected, and the several groups, feeling that it would be a waste of time to observe anything in the building until officially instructed to do so, are engaged in eyeing one another with all the genial antipathy and suspicion of true-born Britons.

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[He breaks off abruptly, finding that the chops are reverberating from column to column with disproportionate solemnity; a white-haired and apple-faced verger rustles down from the choir and beckons the party forward benignantly, whereupon they advance with a secret satisfaction at the prospect of "getting the cathedral 'done' and having the rest of the day to themselves;"] they are conducted to a desk and requested, as a preliminary, to put sixpence apiece in the Restoration Fund box and inscribe their names in a book.

Confused Murmurs. Would you put "Portico Lodge, Camden Road, or only London?" ... Here, I'd better sign for the lot of you, eh? ... They might provide a better pen—in a cathedral, I do think! ... He might have given all our names in full instead of just "And party"! ... Oh, I've been and made a blot—will it matter, should you think? ... I never can write my name with people looking on, can you? ... I'm sure you've done it beautifully, dear! ... Just hold my umbrella while I take off my glove, MARIA. ... Oh, why don't they make haste? &c., &c.

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The Spect. S. Oh? Baptists!

[She sets down the Early Christians as Dissenters, and takes no further interest in them.

The Verger. At the back of the choir, and immediately in front of you, is the shrine, formerly containing the bones of St. Chasuble, with relics of St. Alb. (An Evangelical Sightseer snorts in disapproval.) The 'ollow depressions in the steps leading up to the shrine, which are still visible, were worn away, as you see, by the pilgrims ascending on their knees. (The party verify the depressions conscientiously, and click their tongues to express indulgent contempt.)

The spaces between the harches of the shrine were originally enriched by valuable gems and mosaics, all of which 'ave now long since disappeared, 'aving been removed by the more devout parties who came 'ere on pilgrimages. In the chapel to your left a monument with recumbent effigies of Bishop BUTTRESS and Dean GURGOYLE, represented laying side by side with clasped 'ands, in token of the lifelong affection between them. The late Bishop used to make a rather facetious remark about this tomb. He was in the 'abit of observing that it was the honly instance in his experience of a Bishop being on friendly terms with his Dean. (He glances round for appreciation of this instance of episcopal humour, but is pained to find that it has produced a general gloom; the Evangelical Sightseer, indeed, conveys by another, and a louder snort, his sense that a Bishop ought to set a better example.) In the harched recess to your right, a monument in painted halibarster to Sir RALPH RING-

DOVE and his lady, erected immediately after her decease by the disconsolate widower, with a touching inscription in Latin, stating that their ashes would shortly be commingled in the tomb. (He pauses, to allow the ladies of the party to express a becoming sympathy—which they do, by clicks.) Sir RALPH himself, however, is interred in Ficklebury Parish Church, forty mile from this spot, along with his third wife, who survived him.

[The ladies regard the image of Sir RALPH with indignation, and pass on; the Verger chuckles faintly at having produced his effect.

The Evangelical S. (snuffing the air suspiciously). I'm sorry to perceive that you are in the habit of burning incense here!

[He looks sternly at the Verger, as though to imply that it is useless to impose upon him.

The Verger. No, Sir, what you smell ain't incense—on'y the vaults after the damp weather we've bin 'aving.

[The Evangelical Sightseer drops behind, divided between relief and disappointment.

A Plastic S. (to the Verger). What a perfectly exquisite rose-window that is! For all the world like a kaleidoscope. I suppose it dates from the Norman period, at least?

The Verger (coldly). No, ma'am, it was on'y put up about thirty year ago. We consider it the poorest glass we 'ave.

The Plast. S. Oh, the glass, yes; that's hideous, certainly. I meant the—the other part.

The Verger. The tracery, ma'am? That was restored at the same time by a local man—and a shocking job he made of it, too!

The Plast. S. Yes, it quite spoils the cathedral, doesn't it? Couldn't it be taken down?

The Verger (in answer to another Inquirer). Crowborough Cathedral finer than this, Sir? Oh, dear me, no. I went over a-purpose to 'ave a look at it the last 'oliday I took, and I was quite surprised to find 'ow very inferior it was. The spire? I don't say that mayn't be 'igher as a mere matter of feet, but our lantern-tower is so 'appily proportioned as to give the effect of being by far the 'ighest in existence.

A Travelled S. Ah, you should see the continental cathedrals. Why, our towers would hardly come up to the top of the naves of some of them!

The Verger (loftily). I don't take no notice of foreign cathedrals, Ma'am. If foreigners like to build so ostentatious, all I can say is, I'm sorry for them.

A Lady (who has provided herself with a "Manual of Architecture" and an unsympathetic Companion). Do notice the excessive use of the ball-flower as a decoration, dear. PARKER says it is especially characteristic of this cathedral.



"What did 'e want to go and git the fair 'ump about?"

Unsympathetic Companion. I don't see any flowers myself. And if they like to decorate for festivals and that, where's the harm?

[*The Lady with the Manual perceives that it is hopeless to explain.*

The Verger. The dog-tooth mouldings round the triforium arches is considered to belong to the best period of Norman work—

The Lady with the Manual. Surely not Norman? Dog-tooth is Saxon, I always understood.

The Verger (indulgently). You'll excuse me, Ma'am, but I fancy it's 'erringbone as is running in your 'ed.

The Lady with the M. (after consulting "Parker" for corroboration, in vain). Well, I'm sure dog-tooth is quite *Early English*, anyway. (*To her companion.*) Did you know it was the interlacing of the round arches that gave the first idea of the pointed arch, dear?

Her Comp. No. But I shouldn't have thought there was so very much in the idea.

The Lady with the M. I do wish you took more interest, dear. Look at those two young men who have just come in. They don't look as if they'd care for carving; but they've been studying every one of the Miserere seats in the choir-stalls. That's what I like to see!

The Verger. That concludes my dooties, ladies and gentlemen. You can go out by the South Transept door, and that'll take you through the Cloisters. (*The Party go out, with the exception of the two 'Arries, who linger, expectantly, and cough in embarrassment.*) Was there anything you wished to know?

First 'Arry. Well, Mister, it's on'y—er—'aven't you got some old carving or other 'ere of a rather—well, *funny* kind—sorter thing you on'y show to gentlemen, if you know what I mean?

The Verger (austerely). There's nothing in this Cathedral for gentlemen o' your sort, and I'm surprised at your expecting of it.

[*He turns on his heel.*

First 'Arry (to Second). I spoke civil enough to 'im, didn't I? What did 'e want to go and git the fair 'ump about?

Second 'Arry. Oh, I dunno. But you don't ketch me comin' over to no more cathedrils, and wastin' time and money all for nuthink—that's all!

[*They tramp out, feeling that their confidence has been imposed upon.*

TO A GREEK AT "THE ORIENT."

At your dress I marvel mutely—

Green and white, with gold about;

Grandly gay, you absolutely,

Cut me out.

Like a lamp-shade is that nether

Garment, yet, without a doubt,

You look fine, and altogether

Cut me out.

I, dull Englishman, am neatly

Clothed in black and grey, without

Any colours. You completely

Cut me out.

She, whose smile is sweetly dimply,

Pretty, even though she pout,

Seems entranced. With her you simply

Cut me out.

She admires you, and she barely

Looks at me, a sombre lout.

Hang you, in that dress you fairly

Cut me out.

GENTLE AND SOOTHING OCCUPATION FOR AN OARSMAN.—"Stroking an eight."



BOTANY; OR, A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"SAY, BILLIE, SHALL WE GATHER MUSHROOMS?"

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MEETING A VERY OLD FRIEND.

(*A Postscript to a Well-known Work.*)

ALICE was delighted with all she saw. Statesmen, generals, celebrities of every kind. Then there were marvellous animals—some ferocious, others satirical, every one of them as true to nature as could be.

"Where am I?" asked ALICE.

"In the gallery of the Fine Arts Society, 148, New Bond Street."

"And, please, who has done all these wonderful things?"

"The great J. T.," was the reply.

And then she fell to admiring them. She had some difficulty in getting to the drawings, for every picture was surrounded by a little crowd of worshippers. And she was not in the least surprised, because the devotion had been justly earned. Before her she found a specimen of the labours of nearly half a century. Everything good and beautiful.

"Dear me!" she murmured, as she ap-

proached No. 160 in the Catalogue. "Why here I am myself! I am so glad I am like that. What should I have been had I not had so kind an artist to sketch me?"

And the possibility opened out such a vista of disasters that ALICE was almost moved to tears. But she soon regained her gaiety when she had glanced at "*Winding 'em up*" (No. 161), "*A Bicycle built for Two*" (No. 148), and "*The Mask of Momus*" (No. 99).

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A Stodgy Sightseer (to his friend). Disgraceful, keeping us standing about like this! If I'd only known, I'd have told the head waiter at the "Mitre" to keep back those chops till—

[He breaks off abruptly, finding that the chops are reverberating from column to column with disproportionate solemnity; a white-haired and apple-faced verger rustles down from the choir and beckons the party forward benignantly, whereupon they advance with a secret satisfaction at the prospect of "getting the cathedral done" and having the rest of the day to themselves; they are conducted to a desk and requested, as a preliminary, to put sixpence apiece in the Restoration Fund box and inscribe their names in a book.

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THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

She. "I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOUR WIFE IN SUCH A VERY LOW GOWN THIS COLD EVENING, BARON! I HEARD SHE WAS DELICATE."
He. "ACH, NO! SHE VOS. BUT NOW, SANK HEAFEN, SHE IS KVITE INDELICATE AGAIN!"

"QUOUSQUE TANDEM?" OR, ONE AT A TIME.

Duologue in a Dog-cart.

Driver. To-o-c-h-k! To-o-c-h-k!!

Officious Friend. Steady there! Wo-o-o-a!!

Driver (aside). Confound the fellow! I wish he wouldn't fidget so.

Officious Friend (aside). He drive tandem? Wish he'd hand the ribbons to me!

Driver (aloud). Leader steps along, doesn't he?

Officious Friend (aloud). Ya-a-s. Bit too fast, I fancy. Forgets that the wheeler has to do the work.

Driver. Humph! Not so sure of that, in this case. Rather weedy, you know, and just a bit of a slug, if you ask me. I think they'd do better reversed—this journey, anyhow.

Officious Friend (testily). Nonsense! You never have done that wheeler justice. Fact is you don't understand the horse's character, or how to get the best out of him. Now I—

Driver (adapting old Trm. Coll., Cam., Recitation).

"Fact is, he understood computing
 The odds at any bye-election;
 Was a dead hand at elocuting,
 Satire, and candidate-selection;
 But, like his parallel, Lord RANDOM,
 He couldn't, somehow, drive a tandem."

Officious Friend. What are you muttering about? You know I'm not up in poetry. As to poor Lord RANDOM, he was a smart whip, anyhow, and though I don't agree with "Z" in his impertinent comparisons, still—

Driver. Still? Well, I wish you'd sit still, old fellow, and not fidget with the reins. You're fretting that leader awfully.

Officious Friend. Confound the leader! Leaders, equine or—otherwise—(sotto voce: I was going to say asinine!)—are so apt to give themselves airs, and fancy they're pulling all the weight. Old G., for example!

Driver. Ah! and he's not the only instance.

Officious Friend. If G. had taken my tip, he'd never have upset the coach as he did. But handlers of the ribbons are always so obstinate. Look out! Mind that finger-post! Why, the leader nearly ran into it.

Driver. Not at all, dear boy. But we'll run into something, and be both split if you don't leave off twitching at the reins.

Officious Friend (reading finger-post). Leamington! Hythe! Aha! Now I think—as I know these roads well—if you'd just let me—

Driver (decisively). Look here, old man! You remember our Compact?

Officious Friend (impatiently). Oh, of course, of course. But—I don't quite understand it as you seem to do.

Driver. Humph! (Again adapting.)

"Your Rule of the Road seems a paradox, quite;

For, in tooling our dog-cart along,

If you're left with the reins you are sure to be right,
 If the reins are my right, it's all wrong."

Officious Friend. Oh, more poetry! What a chap you are for Metaphysics and the Muses! Now the foundations of my belief are facts and figures.

Driver (meditatively). It's a fact that the Tory total figures out much larger than the Liberal Unionist.

Officious Friend. Oh, bother! What's that got to do with it! Our Compact—

Driver. Is ours—not Leamington's it seems.

[Hums.]

"There was a man at Leamington,

Who thought it would be nice

To jump into a Tory seat

By help of Tory "ayes."

But if those "ayes" should be "put out,"

It may prove no great gain

Jumping into a Tory seat

To please J. CH-MB-RI-N!"

Officious Friend (grabbing reins). Here, I say! Whilst droning out your doggerel you're forgetting your driving. Where are you going? Look at that dashed leader!

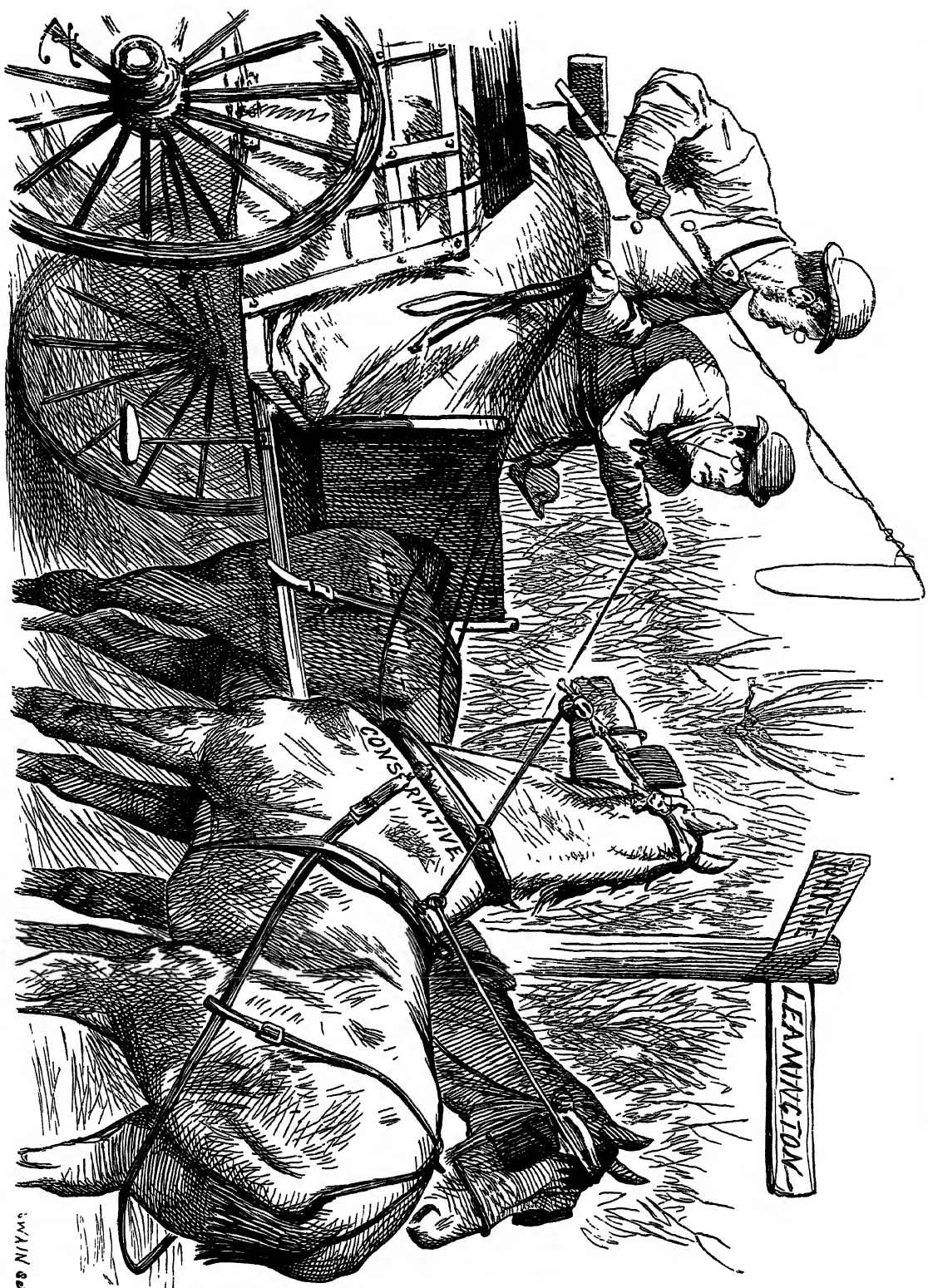
[Leader faces sharp round and fidgets.]

Driver (sharply). No wonder! Woa, lad, woa! Why on earth did you tug at the reins like that. I tell you that horse won't stand much more of it. Do you want a spill as well as a split?

Officious Friend. Why, no! But according to our Compact, the wheeler—

Driver. According to our Compact it's my turn at the ribbons to-day. One at a time, if you please. Do you call this driving tandem? We shall never get on like this! Are you driving this dog-cart, or am I?

[Left setting it.]



“QUOUSQUE TANDEM?” OR, ONE AT A TIME.

ARTHUR B. LIFF (driver, so obvious friend, JOE CHAMBERLAIN), “LOOK HERE! WE SHALL NEVER GET ON LIKE THIS! AM I DRIVING OR ARE YOU?”



Mrs. Smith. "I THINK IT DREADFUL THAT YOUR DIVORCE LAWS IN AMERICA SHOULD BE SO MUCH MORE LENIENT THAN THEY ARE IN ENGLAND."

Mr. Van Rensselaer. "WELL, YOU SEE, MY DEAR MADAM, IN ENGLAND D'VORCE IS A LUXURY—WHILE WITH US IT IS—ER—A NECESSITY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARCO POLO ULYSSES HENRY NORMAN, having returned from a comprehensive tour in foreign parts, has set forth his experience in a handsome volume published by FISHER UNWIN. *The Far East* is its alluring and well-sustained title. But why drag in ULYSSES and MARCO POLO? Their journeyings were on the scale of a jaunt to Switzerland as compared with Mr. NORMAN's. He has travelled through British, French, Spanish and Portuguese Colonies; has visited Siberia, China, Japan, Corea, Siam and Malaya. Whether in his study of political problems, his pictures of people, or his sketches of scenery, he is equally keen and habile. Anything that relates to China is peculiarly interesting just now, and Mr. NORMAN throws a flood of light on the state of the unwieldy empire. The description of the examination halls is instructive. The Government of China, Mr. NORMAN testifies, is a vast system of competitive examination tempered by bribery. Those who come out successfully in examinations—the subject-matter of which is knowledge of the works of CONFUCIUS, the history of China, and the art of writing as practised by the old masters—have berths found them under the Government. They are sent all over the country to be magistrates, generals, ship captains, engineers, without having the slightest acquaintance with details or systems over which they are put in a position of command. This fully accounts for what has taken place in recent campaigns by land and sea in the Far East. We can't all undertake Mr. NORMAN's monu-

mental journey. But, adapting SHERIDAN's advice to his son on a certain occasion, my Baronite counsels the public to read *The Far East* and say they've been there.

The immortal FLACCUS (writes one of the Baron's assistants) has, it appears, been sojourning in Cambridge, having gone into residence there some time before he stayed at Hawarden, either for translation or perversion. I make this statement after reading a delightful little book of light verse entitled *Horace at Cambridge*, by OWEN SEAMAN (London, A. D. INNES & Co.). To every University man, and particularly, of course, to Cambridge men, this book will be a rare treat. But in virtue of its humour, its extreme and felicitous dexterity of workmanship both in rhyme and metre, and the aptness of its allusions, it will appeal to a far wider public. I pledge Mr. SEAMAN in a bumper of College Audit! and beg him to give us more of his work.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE OLYMPIANS THREATEN.—A real ice rink, "said to be the largest in the world," is in course of construction at Olympia. Does "Niagara" realise, or, as in this conjunction it might be written, "real-ice," the fact that its own nice invention may, by its rival, be beaten all to shivers?

FROM "LOVE'S LABOUR."—What our Sir FREDERIC, P.R.A. (quoting the Divine WILLIAMS), will soon be saying of the accepted artist, "*Bid him go hang!*"

A COCK AND BULL STORY.

AIR—"Casabianca."

["European navies were like fighting-cocks, armed to the teeth; a single spark might cause an explosion."]

Dr. MacGregor on the Navy Estimates.]

THE fighting-cock stood on the deck,
His eye was rolling red,
His feathers whiffled round his neck,
His crest was on his head.

He wore his spur above his heel,
His claws were underneath,
He also had a mass of steel
Plate-armour on his teeth.

Meanwhile the House was haggling on
In one of those debates
When Little England jumps upon
The Navy Estimates.

There, CLEOPHAS, of many wiles,
Brought up his little lot,
And Mr. BYLES, with wreathed smiles,
Was dead on the spot.

And LABBY said the bootless pay
Of navies should be stamped on;
"There is no boot!" as strikers say
In LABBY's own Northampton.

"Then came a burst of thunder-sound"
That shook the very street,
And lo! MACGREGOR's form was found
To be upon its feet.

He called the rates a great expense,
He was a peaceful Scot,
And said the talk about "defense"
Was simply Tommy-rot.

Far better for his country's good,
So long allowed to bleed,
If only half the money could
Be spent across the Tweed.

Then with a petrifying shout,
Like some *clamantis vox*,
He fetched a trumpet-note about
The teeth of fighting-cocks.

A simile of crew and crew
All ripe for any ruction;
(Refer to verses one and two,
Or else the introduction).

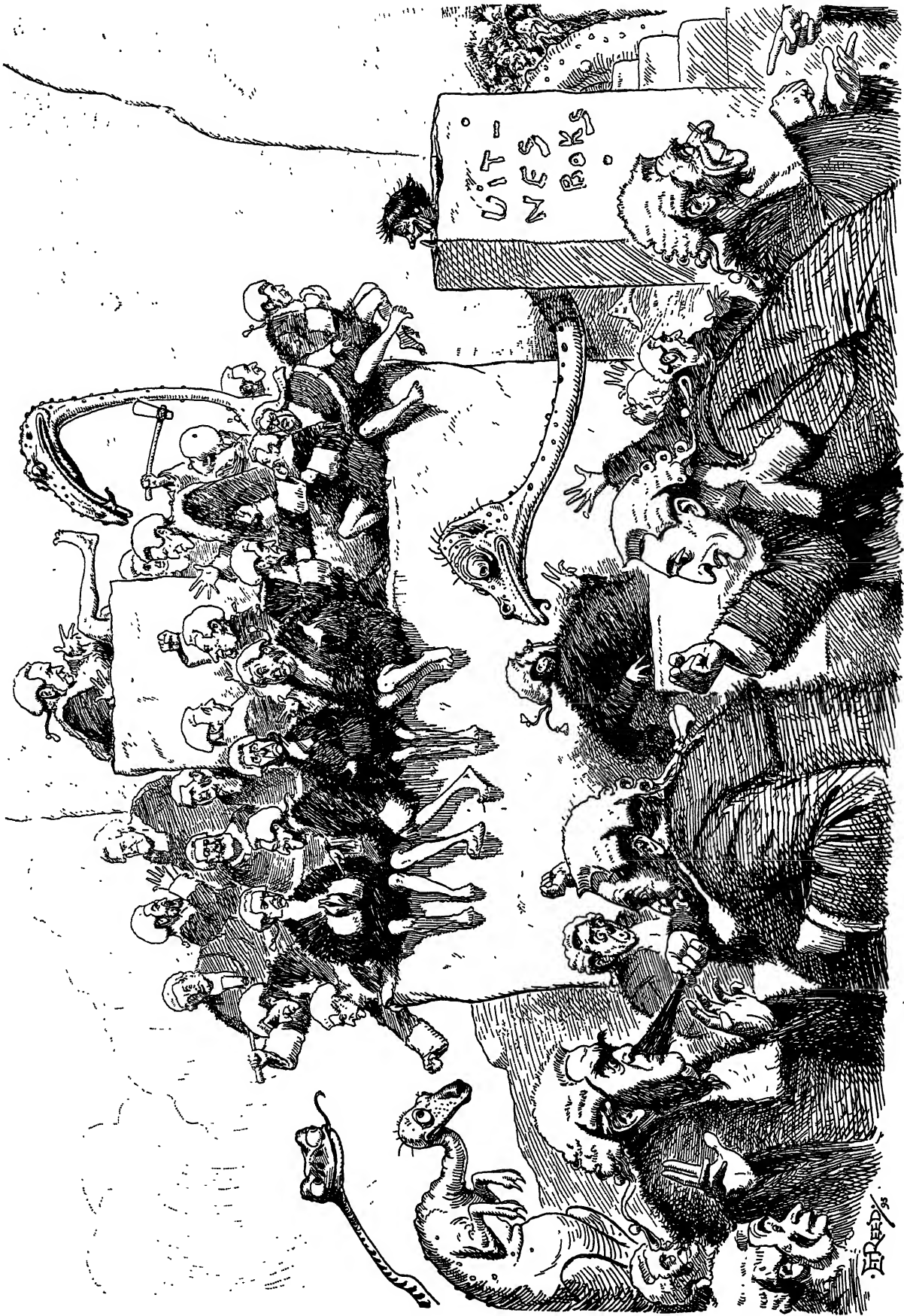
A spark might fall from out the sea,
Completely unforboded,
And then the birds—where would they be?
Why, they would be exploded.

He looked around for some applause
From front or side or rear;
They never said a word, because
They hadn't strength to cheer.

With many an accidental jest
The hearts of men were full,
But O! the thing they liked the best
Was bold MACGREGOR's bull!

"SUR LE TAPIS" DE BRUXELLES.

HOWEVER clever as a dramatic author he, M. MAETERLINCK of Brussels, may be, it is rather handicapping him to be dubbed by enthusiastic but injudicious admirers "The Belgian SHAKESPEARE," though, of course, "Belgian" does qualify the SHAKESPEARE, just as Brussels prefixed to sprout decides the character of that favourite and useful vegetable. M. MAETERLINCK may be the "coming on," or sprouting, dramatist of the future. Up to the present time there has not been much in any way to connect Belgian and English drama, so MAETERLINCK may be the missing link destined to electrically illuminate "all the world," which "is," as the Divine WILLIAMS remarks, "a stage."



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THE PROCEDURE IN THE LAW COURTS HAD MANY POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE TO OUR OWN, BUT AT TIMES IT WAS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO GIVE UNDIVIDED ATTENTION TO THE EVIDENCE!

PROPOSED RULES FOR THE LADIES' UNIVERSAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

(Compiled by One thoroughly Conversant with the Necessities of the Situation.)

1. THE costume or every member of the Club shall be of the most elegant description. The design shall not be governed by the requirements of the game for which the uniform is required, but rather by the characteristics of the wearer.

2. Red and blue shall be worn according to the complexion of the player, and the choice of teams shall depend not upon prowess or locality, but the colour of the hair and eyes and the formation of the noses.

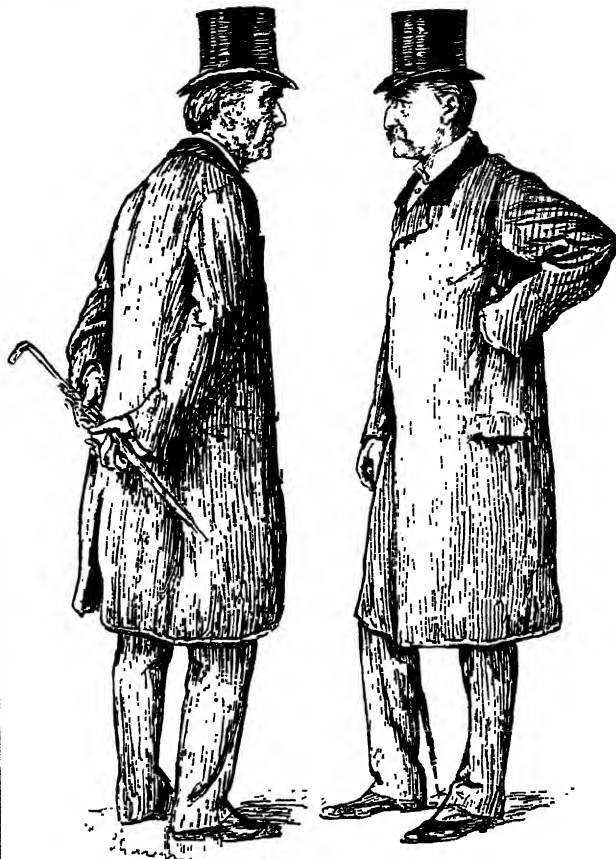
3. Patent leather shoes shall invariably form a part of the *grande tenue* of the Club, with high heels at discretion.

4. Football shall be played with a light india-rubber globe, and "pushing" shall be strictly forbidden. However, it shall be permissible for one player to hold an opponent tightly by the hands if the former thinks the latter is about to give it "quite a hard kick" with her toe.

5. No angry language will be allowed, but one member may tell another, in the height of an exciting contest, that she is "a spiteful, disagreeable old thing." On very special occasions the word "There!" may be added with emphasis.

6. Cricket shall never be allowed to last for more than half an hour, and cups of tea shall be served to the strikers between the overs.

7. Only ladies shall be permitted to watch the game of the members,



SEQUELÆ!

The General. "YOU'VE HAD IT, I SUPPOSE?"

The Judge. "I SHOULD THINK SO. I'M AS WEAK AS A RAT."

The General. "THAT'S NOTHING. I'M AS WEAK AS TWO RATS!"

The Judge. "BUT TWO RATS ARE STRONGER THAN ONE RAT!"

The General. "IF YOU ARGUE, I SHALL CRY!"

as a rule. However, at times when everyone is looking her best, individuals of the inferior sex shall be admitted to the football ground or cricket field, on the condition that they "promise not to laugh."

8. Players at football, cricket, and other games sanctioned by the Association, shall have full liberty to make their own rules and keep their own appointments. They will be usually expected to wait until a match is finished, unless called away to take a drive in the Park, or do a little shopping.

9 and Lastly. As women are as excellent as men at field sports, the members of the Club shall be entitled to the franchise.

THE LATEST FROM SOL.

SCENE—*The Sun.* First Solarist discovered reading local journal to Second Solarist.

First Solarist. I say, have you seen what this century's *Earth* says?

Second Solarist. No; it's much too hot for reading newspapers.

First S. Why, the idiotic people on that ridiculous little planet have just discovered the existence of Helium!

Second S. Dear me! How long have they taken about that?

First S. About six thousand years (according to mundane measure), or thereabouts.

Second S. They seem to have plenty of leisure on their hands! And now that they have found out Helium, of what use will it be to them?

First S. Oh, that they will probably discover in another six thousand years! Let's liquor!

[*Exeunt. Scene closes in upon an eclipse.*]

BALLAD OF THE UNSURPRISED JUDGE.

[*"Mr. Justice HAWKINS observed, 'I am surprised at nothing.'—Pitts v. Joseph, 'Times' Report, March 27.*]

ALL hail to Sir HENRY, whom nothing surprises;

Ye Judges and suitors, regard him with awe,

As he sits up aloft on the Bench and applies his

Swift mind to the shifts and the tricks of the Law.

Many years has he lived, and has always seen clear things

That Nox seemed to hide from our average eyes:

But still, though encompassed with all sorts of queer things,

He never, no never gives way to surprise.

When a rogue, for example, a company-monger,

Grows fat on the gain of the shares he has sold,

While the public gets lean, winning nothing but hunger

And a few scraps of scrip for its masses of gold;

When the fat man goes further and takes to religion,

A rascal in hymn-books and bibles disguised,

"It's a case," says Sir HENRY, "of rook *versus* pigeon,"

And the pigeon gets left—well, I'm hardly surprised."

There's a Heath at Newmarket, and horses that run there,

There are owners and jockeys, and sharpers and flats;

There are some who do nicely, and some who are done there,

There are loud men with pencils and satchels and hats.

But the Stewards see nothing of betting or money,

As they stand in the blinkers for Stewards devised;

Their blindness may strike HENRY HAWKINS as funny,

But he only smiles softly, he isn't surprised.

So, here's to Sir HENRY, the terror of tricksters,

Of Law he's a master, and likewise a limb:

His mind never once, when its purpose is fixed, errs;

For 'cuteness there's none holds a candle to him.

Let them try to deceive him, why, bless you, he's *been* there,
And can track his way straight through a tangle of lies;
And, though some might grow grey at the things he has seen there,
He never, no never, gives way to surprise.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 25.—Impossible to avoid noticing depression of the MARKISS when he entered House to-night. At first thought feelings of a father had overcome him. CRANBORNE, immediately after eloquent and energetic attack in other House of Welsh Disestablishment Bill, was struck down by indisposition, reported to be measles. That all very well. Do not wish to suggest anything wrong; but coincidence at least remarkable. Measles, the Member for SARK tells me, can be conveyed in various apparently innocuous guises. In a controversy so acrid that GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN has been publicly accused of profligacy, men will, it is too obvious, go any lengths. At present there is nothing that can be called evidence to connect CRANBORNE's sudden indisposition with current controversy. But if this mysterious attack is followed by symptoms of croup, rickets, teething, or any other complaint usually associated with happy days in the nursery, the public will know what to think.

Happily it turned out that the depression of the MARKISS had nothing to do with the condition of the hair of Hatfield. His sympathetic heart been touched by difficulties that environ a worthy class of men whom LORD CHANCELLOR, conscious that COBB's eye is upon him, has recently been making magistrates. "Excellent persons," says the MARKISS; "self-made men. But unfortunately the process of self-manufacture does not include knowledge of the statutes at large." There is the Parish Councils Act, for example; one of those pieces of legislation with which a reckless Radical majority has embarrassed an ancient State. This law has to be administered by people unlearned in Acts of Parliament. They cannot take a step

without having sixteen volumes of the statutes at large tucked under their arms. What the benevolent and thoughtful MARKISS suggested was, that in all future legislation there shall be reprinted sections of Acts of Parliament referred to in text of Bill.

House listened with admiration to statesman who, his mind engrossed by imperial cares, could find time to think out schemes for easing the pathway of working-men magistrates, and assisting operation of Parish Councils Act. Only, somehow, there was left on minds of hearers a strong impression that working-men magistrates are a mistake, and the Parish Councils Act a public injury, of which the Government ought to be more than ordinarily ashamed.

Business done.—More speech-making round Welsh Disestablishment Bill in Commons. Direfully dull.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—"Speakers may come, and Speakers may go," said the Member for SARK, "but as long as the House of Commons produces men like VICARY GIBBS the institution is safe, and the State rock safely on its everlasting foundations. It was, you will remember, VICARY who directly, though undesignedly, led to the row on that famous night in June when Home-Rule Committee was closed. VICARY shares with Heaven the peculiarity that order is his first law. On that particular night somebody had said something, and VICARY wanted to have his words taken down. Amid growing uproar his observations were inaudible to the Chair, and his presence undistinguishable. Some men would thereupon have resumed their seat. VICARY, his soul athirst to have something 'taken down,' moved on to the Front Opposition Bench, and shouted his desire in MELLOR's left ear. Then LOGAN suddenly loomed large on the scene. HAYES FISHER reached forth a red right hand and shook him by the collar. Next an anonymous Irish Member fell over the bench on to SAUNDERSON's knee, and was there incontinent but heartily pummelled. After that chaos; all arising out of VICARY GIBBS's insatiable, uncontrollable desire to have something 'taken down' in the sacred name of order."

These musings on the mighty past were occasioned by VICARY once more unexpectedly, but sternly and effectively, interposing as the custodian of order. WEIR broken out in epidemic of questions; puts down eleven on the paper; runs them up to the full score by supplementary questions, invariably prefaced by the formula "Is the right hon. gentleman A. WEIR that—?" A poor joke, its only flash of humour being in the subtly varied tone with which the SPEAKER eleven times pronounced the words, "Mr. WEIR." Also grotesquely funny to hear the reverberation of the deep chest notes, in which WEIR, with tragic sweep of *pence-nez* on to his nose, said in succession, "Ques-ti-on one," "Ques-ti-on two," and so on.

Touch of tragedy came in when VICARY, managing to throw into tone and form of question conviction that SQUIRE OF MALWOOD was secretly at bottom of the whole business, asked him whether this was not abuse of forms of the House, calculated to lead to curtailment of valuable privilege. No use SQUIRE assuming air of innocence. House knew all about it. Refreshed and revived by VICARY's timely vindication of law and order, proceeded to business.

Business done.—Fourth night's Debate on Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill. The still prevalent dullness varied by speech from PLUNKET; watched the House by music of stately though simple eloquence.

Thursday.—Desperate dullness of week further relieved by discovery of new game. TOMMY BOWLES, *Inv.* House just got into Committee of Supply; Vote on Account under discussion; this covers multitudinous items; every spending department of State concerned. When Committee of Supply deals with Army Estimates, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and the WINSOME WOODALL in their places. The rest of Ministers may go away, knowing that everything is well. The same when Navy Estimates are on, or when particular votes in the Civil Service Estimates are to the fore. Ministers of particular departments affected in their place; the rest at liberty.

To-night, as no one knew who might be called on next, all agreed to stop away—all but the faithful HERBERT. Cap'en TOMMY, as usual, aloft in the Crow's Nest, perceived this weak point. Hauling on the bowline, and making all taut, he bore down swiftly on the Treasury Bench, and hailed it for the President of the Board of Trade. Wanted to talk to BRYCE, he said, about lighthouses. No

one knew better than TOMMY that BRYCE wasn't aboard. According to regulations, he ought to have been. Search made for him. Presently brought in with hands in pockets, trying to whistle, and otherwise present appearance of indifference. But a poor show.

Encouraged by this success, Private HANBURY, observing ROBERTSON was among absentees, addressed question to Civil Lord of Admiralty about Peterhead Harbour. HERBERT's agony of mind at this juncture would have softened harder hearts. An elderly hen,

that has counted its brood seven times, on each occasion finding one or two missing, not more perturbed. Looked up and down Treasury Bench. ROBERTSON, not within sight; might be below the Gangway. Vain hope. For Members opposite interest in Peterhead Harbour growing keener and more urgent. FRANCIS POWELL, usually mild-mannered man, went so far as to move to report progress. MELLOR declined to put question.

"Very well," said the Blameless BARTLEY, with air of martyr. "We must go on talking about Peterhead Harbour till the Minister comes in."

So he did, and when he ran dry TOMLINSON (having meanwhile ascertained where Peterhead Harbour is) took up the wondrous tale. Talking when HERBERT reappeared, his breast now swelling with maternal pride and satisfaction. He had found the lost chick, and clucked low notes of supreme content as he brought him back to the roost. Pretty to see how, Civil Lord in his place, all interest in Peterhead Harbour subsided, Busy B's turning their attention to alleged felonious underrating of Government property.

Business done.—Vote on Account through Committee. Sir JOHN LENG calls ASQUITH's attention to dangerous occupation of lion-tamers. "All very well," he says, "for doughty knight like me. But these poor fellows with families shouldn't be allowed to run risks."

Friday Night.—"What's the business at to-night's sitting?" asked SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, looking over Orders of the Day. "Home Rule all round? Very well. Shall give practical proof of adherence to principle by stopping at home."

JOHN MORLEY did same, most other Ministers following suit. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN sacrificed himself on altar of country. But insisted that he might at least dine out in interval between morning and evening sitting that made last day of Parliamentary week. His snowy shirt front gave air of almost reckless joviality to desolate Treasury Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR, not to be outdone in chivalry, also looked in after dinner, brightening up Front Bench opposite Minister for War. But two swallows don't make a summer, nor two gentlemen in evening dress a festive party. TREVELYAN only man in earnest, and he terribly so.

Business done.—Home Rule all round decreed by majority of 26 in House of 230.

THE NEW CHIVALRY.

"In a case heard before Judge FRENCH at Shoreditch, the Judge remarked that the plea of infancy was not a very meritorious one. 'No,' replied the defendant, 'but it's jolly convenient.'"—*The Globe.*

WHEN, toddling along with a swell, I pretend
Not to notice a shabby (though excellent) friend,—
Well, it is *not* lofty, to that I assent,
But then, "it's so jolly con-ve-ni-ent!"

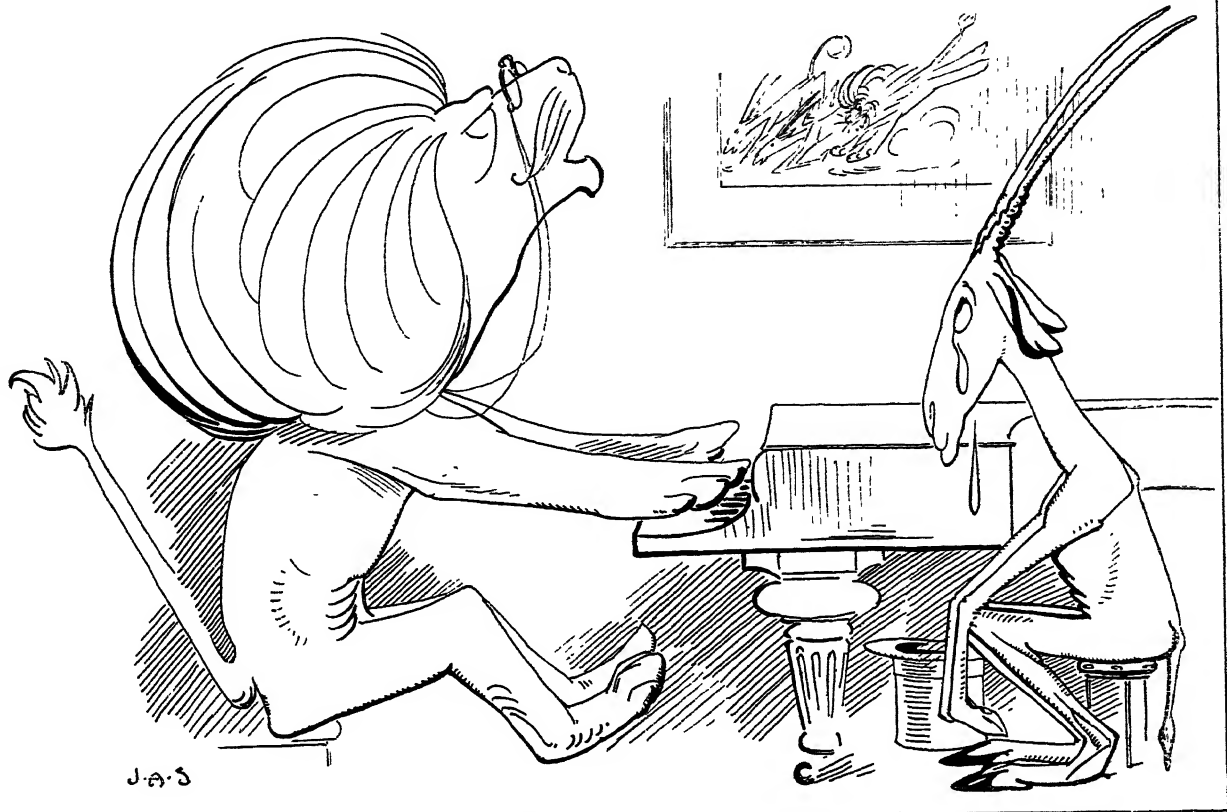
When a tenant has built up a business with care,
And saved to his landlord all cost of repair,
It may not be kind just to double his rent,
Yet somehow "it's jolly con-ve-ni-ent!"

If you've suffered, in polling, a "moral defeat,"
Then to grab each Committee and every paid seat
Some might say was the act of a "cad," not a "gent";
But, you see, "it's so jolly con-ve-ni-ent!"

Then your house is for sale, and, if gifted with brains,
You, of course, do not mention the damp, rats, and drains
Which is not what the ancients by "honesty" meant,
But, still, it is "jolly con-ve-ni-ent!"



Sir John Leng strongly objects to Lion-taming Exhibitions.



"I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY!"

IN PRAISE OF THE TRIANGLE.

YE countless stars, both great and small,
The poetic sky who spangle,
Not one of you, that I recall,
Has hymned the sweet triangle!

With lyre and lute too long, too much,
Ye've thrud love's mazy tangle,
Yet unresponsive to your touch
Have left the sweet triangle.



In Praise of Try Angle.

And so the Muse com-
missions me
A lay to newly
fangle—
I play the instrument,
you see— [angle].
In praise of my tri-
No tambourine, no min-
strel bones
Give forth what
HILDA WANGEL
Would call such
"frightfully thril-
ling" tones
As those of my tri-
angle.

No self-respecting band may try
To play—'twould simply mangle—
Good music, unassisted by
The silver-tongued triangle.

In vain does STREPHON with a lute
Round PHYLLIS always dangle;
She'd have him, if he urged his suit
With passionate triangle.

Full brave may bray the loud trombone,
Full sweet the cymbals jangle,
The bagpipes till they burst may drone,
So I have my triangle.

The stately cold piano may
All depth of feeling strangle;
To rouse deep feeling I essay,
Nor fail, on my triangle!

O'er rival claims of violin
And 'cello some may wrangle—
For pure expression nothing's in
The hunt with my triangle.

The diamond bracelet must exceed
In worth the silver bangle—
No instrument, string, wind, or reed,
Compares with my triangle!

TO THE GRIFFIN.

(By Calverlerius Rusticanus.)

GRIFFIN, who benignly beamest
(So to speak) upon the Strand,
To the rustic eye thou seemest
Quite superlatively grand.

Griffin, grim and grimy Griffin,
Few, JOE tells me, will agree
With my artless numbers, if in
Undiluted praise of thee.

Critics, so he says, by dozens
Swear thou couldst not well be worse,
Yet from one poor country cousin's
Pen accept a tribute verse.

Some of London's statues now are
Fêted richly once a year;
Some—it seems a shame, I vow—are
Fated to oblivion there.

Once a year a primrose bower
Draws the folks around for miles,
Dizzy blossoms into flower,
Almost into "wreathed smiles."

Once a year by all the town o'er-
whelmed in bays is GORDON seen,

Countless wreaths recording "BROWN (or
JONES) thus keeps thy memory green."

Once a year King CHARLES's statue
Paragraphs jocose invites,
Wreathed with flowers by infatu-
ated modern Jacobites.

Thus their substance people waste on
This queer decorative fit—
Wreaths are sometimes even plac'd on
Mere nonentities like PITT.

But—I cannot think
what JOE meant—
No one—he said
to me—

In his most expansive
moment

E'er has twined a
wreath for thee!

So I cast—in no de-
cision—

From my 'bus-top
garden-seat

These few violets,
with precision,

At what I must call thy feet.

'Tis not that thy mien is stately,

'Tis not that thy grace is rare,

'Tis not that I care so greatly
For thy quaint heraldic air;

But contemptuous men neglect thee,

Load thee with invective strange,

So with violets I have decked thee,

And with verses, as a change.



THE NEW DISCOVERY.—"Argon" is de-
scribed as "a gaseous constituent." In
most constituencies can be found plenty of
"Argons."



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF; OR, THE MODERN ORACLE OF AMMON.

"The people (the Libyans) deeming themselves not Egyptians, and being discontented with the institutions, sent to the Oracle of Ammon, saying that they had no relation to the Egyptians. The god, however, said, 'that all the country which the Nile irrigated was Egypt.'"—*Herodotus*, II., 16. B.C. 452.

"I stated that, in consequence of these claims of ours and the claims of Egypt in the Nile Valley, the British sphere of influence covered the whole of the Nile waterway."—*Sir E. Grey in House of Commons*, A.D. 1895.

John Bull. "YOU SEE, NILUS, THE FATHER OF HISTORY AND I ARE OF THE SAME WAY OF THINKING. SO YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, WHILE I'M HERE!"

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF;

Or, The Modern Oracle of Ammon.

Nilus (referring to Parisian Press).

But—won't it make our French friends furious?

Mr. Bull.

Gammon!

Nilus. Are you, then, the new Oracle of Ammon?

Mr. Bull. Well, ALEXANDER claimed the god his sire.

So why not I?

Nilus.

I own I rather tire

Of all these squabbles. Peace is what I want.

Oh why did your intrusive SPEKE and GRANT

Disturb my forty centuries of quiet?

Since then it's been all rumpus,* and red riot.

Mr. Bull. How about RAMESES, old cocka-

Nilus. Oh! better all the Pharaohs in full

Than Condominiums. The Control called

Mr. Bull. Oh, don't you bother! That has got its gruel.

Nilus. But these Exploring Expeditions?

Mr. Bull. Bogey! Young GREY should reassure you, my old

fogey. His words don't speak scuttle or shilly-shally

"My 'sphere of influence' covers the Nile Valley."

Isn't that plain enough? God Ammon's

Was hardly more decisive. It is odd

How very like the Oracle's straight tip

Was to Sir EDWARD's. A stiff upper lip

Saves lots of talk. "Explorers" will prove

skittish

But the whole Nile's Egyptian (and thus

British).

Just as HERODOTUS tells us Ammon said.

Sir EDWARD, my dear Nile, has an old head

Upon young shoulders; courteous as a

GRANVILLE.

He comes down like a hammer on an anvil—

Or Ammon on the Libyans—when 'tis need-

ful.

Of rumoured expeditions he is heedful

But not afraid. Effective occupation?

Why that's a ticklish point—for many a

nation.

But why define it? EDWARD has a shorter

way;

He claims for me the whole of your long

waterway,

And plainly says intrusion would be viewed

As—well, "unfriendly." Should the

FRANK intrude—

Nilus. Ah! by the way, friend JOHN, whose

head is yonder

Protruding through the reeds?

Mr. Bull (loudly). Humph! Let him ponder

What he, perchance, has overheard. No

mystery!

I simply hold with the great Sire of His-

The Times and old HERODOTUS quite agree.

And both speak for the Oracle—J. B.,

Or Jupiter Ammon. The *Débats* may

differ

(At the French Press, at best, I am no

sniffer),

But don't you be alarmed by spleenful

splutter,

Or what mere bouncing boulevardiers utter.

From all intruders you'll be safe, if you

But trust to the Old Oracle—and the New!

Far cry, old boy, from PHAROAH to the

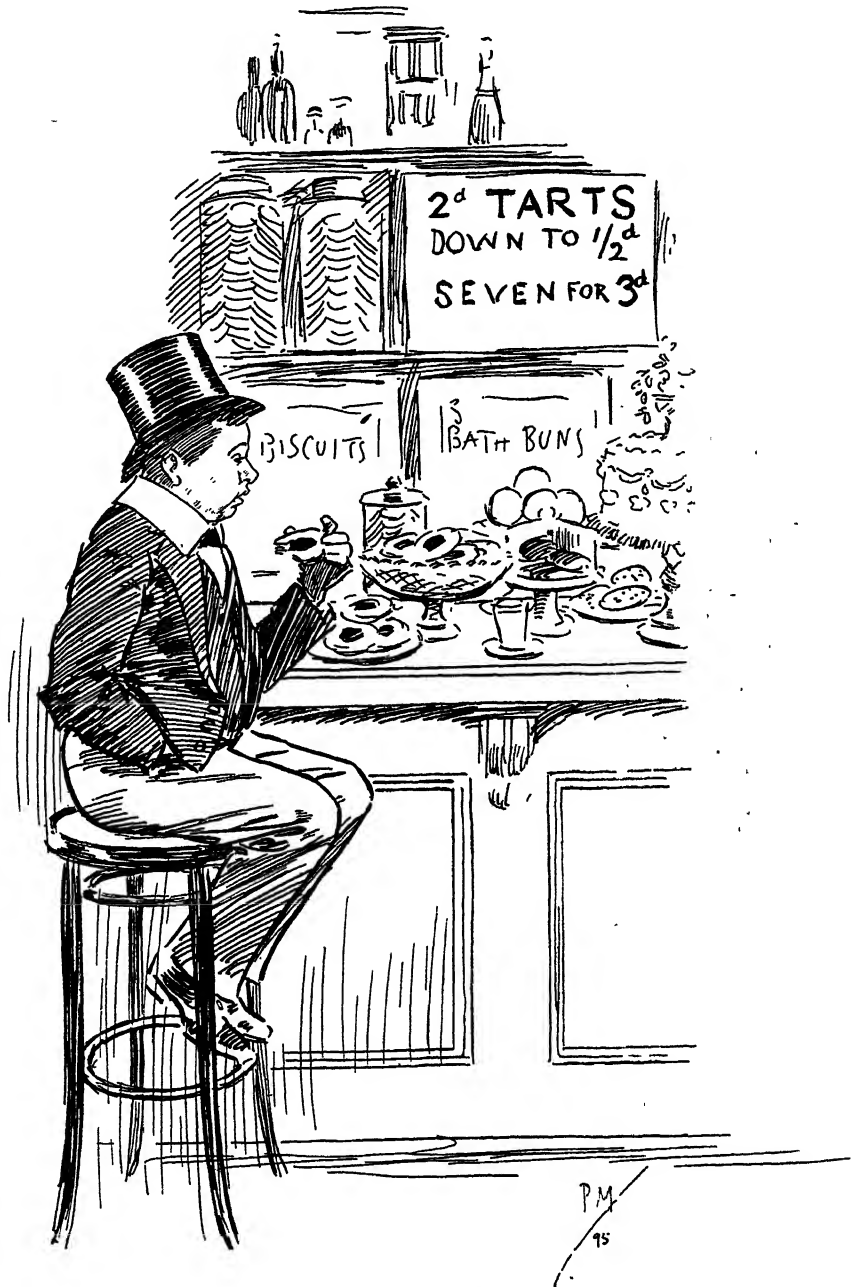
GUELPH.

Funny how History *does* repeat itself!

* See Cartoon "Britannia Discovering the

Source of the Nile," p. 233, Vol. XLIV., June 6,

1863.



A STUDY IN "BIMETALLISM."

Quotation from the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's Speech on this subject last week.—"A GENERAL FALL IN PRICES WAS SAID TO BE GOOD FOR THE CONSUMER."

Does it look like it in this instance? [* * So far the Court is with Mr. A. B-L-F-R.]

To Corinna, angry.

THE fault was mine. With piercing pang
My trespass I deplore;
But, when 'tis I you ought to bang,
Why do you bang the door?

Q. E. D.—There is said to be a good deal of illness and absence from lessons of the schoolboy population of London at present. Can there be any connection between this phenomenon and a paragraph which is going the round of the papers, headed, "An objection to Euclid"? What is sport to us may be death to them!

The Long and Short of It.

Ars longa est! All know what once that meant;
But cranks corrupt so sickeningly have shindied
About their ART of late, 'tis evident
The rendering now must be, "Art is long-winded!"
For *Vita brevis*,—all true men must hope,
Brief life for such base Art—and a short rope!

MOTTO—SLIGHTLY MODIFIED FROM GRAY'S "ELEGY"—FOR STODDART'S ELEVEN.—"Still in those 'ashes' live their wonted fire."

SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE EDGWARE ROAD.

For over half a mile the pavement on the East side of the road is thronged with promenaders, and the curbstone lined with stalls and barrows, and hawkers of various wares. Marketing housewives with covered baskets oscillate undecidedly from stalls to shops, and put off purchasing to the last possible moment. Maids-of-all-work perambulate arm in arm, exchanging airy badinage with youths of their acquaintance, though the latter seem to prefer the society of their own sex. A man with a switchback skittle-board plays gloomy games by himself to an unspectulative group of small boys. The tradesmen stand outside their shops and conduct their business with a happy blend of the methods of a travelling showman and a clown.

Burlesque Butcher. Now then all o' you there! Buy, buy, buy! Jest give yer minds to spendin' yer money! (In a tone of artless wonder.) Where does the Butcher git this luvly meat? What can I do fur you now, Marm? (Triumphantly, after selling the scrag-end of a neck of mutton.) Now we're busy!

Farical Fishmonger (with two Comic Assistants). Ahar! (To crowd.) Come 'ere, you silly young snokers! I've the qualitee! I've the qualitat! Keep takin' money!

First Comic Assistant. Ahye! Foppence a pound nice plaice! Kippers two fur three 'apence. We're the Perfeshnal Curers! What are yer all goin' to do? Sort 'em out cheap!

Second C. A. I don't mind. What care I? (Bursting into song.) "Ow, she rowled me 'ed, and rumbled in the 'ay!" On me word, she did, ladies!

[He executes a double shuffle, and knocks over several boxes of bladders in the gaiety of his heart.]

A Hawker of Penny Memorandum Books (to an audience of small boys). Those among you 'oo are not mechanics, decidedly you 'ave mechanical hideers!

[He enlarges upon the convenience of having a note-book in which to jot down any inspirations of this kind; but his hearers do not appear to agree with him.]

A Lugubrious Vendor. One penny for six comic pypers. Hevery one different!

A Rude Boy. You ain't bin a readin' o' any on 'em, 'ave yer, guv'nor?

A Crockery Merchant (as he unpacks a variety of vases of appalling hideousness). I don't care—it's self-sacrifice to give away! Understand, you ain't buyin' common things, you're buyin' suthin' good! It 'appens to be my buthday to-night, so I'm goin' to let you people 'ave the benefit of the doubt. Come on 'ere. I don't ask you to b'lieve me—only to jedge fur yerselves. I'm not 'ere to tell you no fairy tales; and the reason why I'm in a position to offer up these vawses—all richly gilt, and decorated in three colours, the most expensive ever made—the reason I'm able to sell them so cheap as I'm doin' is this—(he lowers his voice mysteriously)—arf the stuff I 'ave 'ere we git in very funny ways!

[This ingeniously suggestive hint enhances the natural charm of his ware to such a degree that the vases are bought up briskly, as calculated to brighten the humblest home.]

A Sanctimonious Young Man (with a tongue too large for his mouth, who has just succeeded in collecting a circle round him). I am only 'ere to-night, my friends, as a paid servant—for the purpose

of deciding a wager. Some o' you may have noticed an advertisement lately in the *Daily Telegraph*, asking for men to stand on Southwark Bridge and offer arf-suverings for a penny apiece. You are equally well aware that it is illegal to offer the Queen's coinage for money; and that is not my intention this evening. But I 'ave 'ere several pieces of gold, guaranteed to be of the exact weight of arf a suvering, and 'all-marked, which, in order to decide the wager I 'ave spoken of, I shall now perceed to charge, you the sum of one penny for, and no more. I am not allowed to sell more than one to each person—

[Here a constable comes up, and the decision of the wager is postponed until a more favourable opportunity.]

First "General" (looking into a draper's window). Look at them coloured felt 'ats—all shades, and on'y sixpence three-fardens!

Second "G." They are reasonable; but I've 'eard as felt 'ats is gone out o' fashion now.

First "G." Don't you believe it, SARAH. Why, my married sister bought one on'y last week!

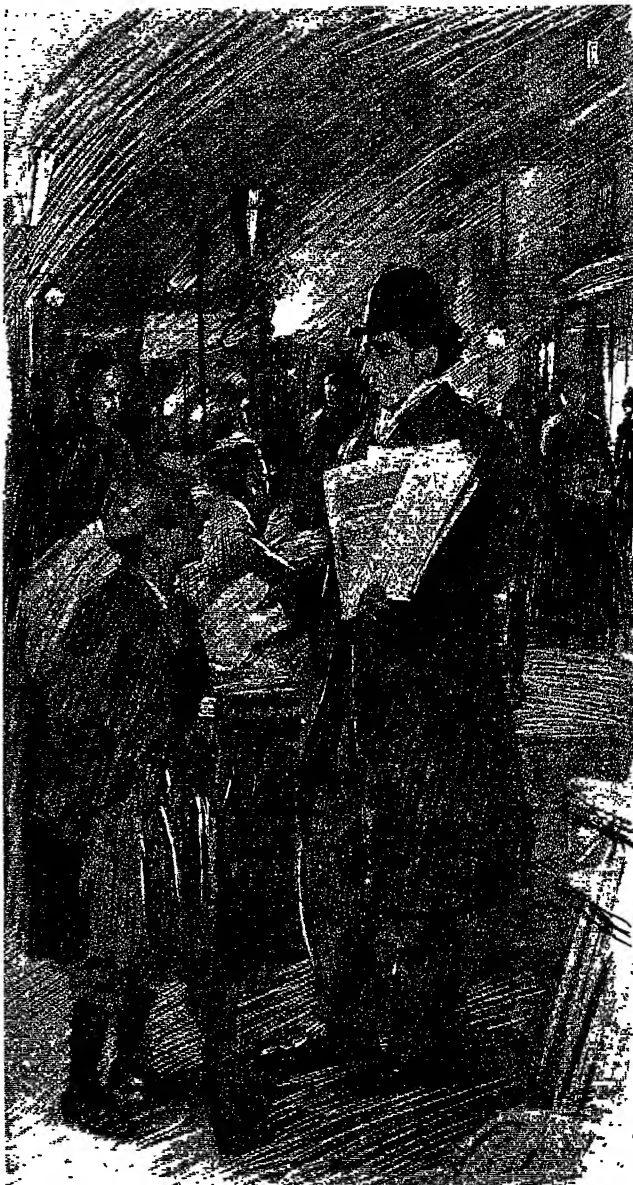
Coster (to an old lady who has repudiated a bunch of onions after a prolonged scrutiny). Frorsty? So would you be if your onion 'ad bin layin' out in the fields all night as long as these 'ave!

First Itinerant Physician (as he screws up fragments of candy in pieces of newspaper). That is Frog in your Froat what I'm doin' up now. I ask you to try it. It's given to me to give away, and I'm goin' to give it away—you understand?—that's all. And now I'm goin' to tork to you about suthink else. You see this small bottle what I 'old up. I tell you there's 'undreds layin' in bed at this present moment as 'ud give a shillin' fur one of these—and I offer it to you at one penny! It corrects all nerve-pains connected with the 'ed, cures earache, toothache, neuralgy, noomonia, 'art-complaint, fits, an' syhatia. Each bottle is charged with helectricity, forming a complete galvanic-battery. Hall you 'ave to do is to place the bottle to one o' your nawstrils, first closing the other with your finger. You will find it compels you to sniff. The moment you tyke that sniff, you'll find the worter comin' into your heyes—and that's the helectricity. You'll say, "I alwys 'eard helectricity was a fluid." (With withering scorn.) Very likely! You 'ave! An' why? Be-cawse o' the hignirant notions prevailin' about scientific affairs! Hevery one o' these bottles contains a battery, and to heach purchaser I myke 'im a present—a present, mind yer—of Frog in 'is Froat!

Susan Jane (to LIZERANN, before a stall where "Novelettes, three a penny," are to be procured by the literary). Shall we 'ave a penn'orth, an' you go 'alves along o' me?

Lizerann. Not me. I ain't got no time to go improvin' o' my mind, whatever you 'ave!

A Vendor of "Ore'ound Tablets" (he is a voluble young man, with considerable lung-power, and a tendency to regard his cough-lozenges as not only physical but moral specifics). I'm on'y a young feller, as you see, and yet 'ere I am, with my four burnin' lamps, and a lassoo-soot as belonged to my Uncle BILL, doin' wunnerful well. Why, I've took over two pound in coppers a'ready! Mind you, I don't deceive you; you may all on you do as well as me; on'y you'll 'ave to git two good references fast, and belong to a temp'rance society, like I do. This is the badge as I've got on me at this minnit. I ain't always bin like I am now. I started business four year ago, and was doin' wunnerful well, too, till I got among 'orse-coopers an'



"You ain't bin a readin' o' any on 'em, 'ave yer, guv'nor?"

dealers and went on the booze, and lost the lot. Then I turned up the drink and got a berth sellin' these 'ere Wangoo Tablets—and now I've got a neat little missus, and a nice 'ome, goin' on wunnerful comfortable. Never a week passes but what I buy myself something. Last week it was a pair o' noo socks. Soon as the sun peeps out and the doo dries up, I'm off to Yarmouth. And what's the reason? I've enjoyed myself there. My Uncle BILL, as lives at Lowestoft, and keeps six fine 'orses and a light waggon, he's doin' wunnerful well, and he'd take me into partnership to-morrow, he would. But no—I'm appier as I am. What's the reason I kin go on torkin' to you like this night after night, without injury to my voice? Shall I tell yer? Because, every night o' my life, afore I go to bed, I take four o' these Wangoo Tablets—compounded o' the purest 'erbs. You take them to the nearest doctor's and arsk 'im to analyse an' test them as he will, and you 'ear what he says of them! Take one o' them tablets—after your pipe; after your cigaw; after your cigarette. You won't want no more drink, you'll find they make you come 'ome reglar every evening, and be able to buy a noo 'at at every week. You've ony to persevere for a bit with these 'ere lawzengers to be like I am myself, doin' wunnerful well! You see this young feller 'ere? (*Indicating a sheepish head in a pot-hat which is visible over the back of his stall.*) Born and bred in Kenada, 'e was. And quite right! Bin over 'ere six year, so o' course 'e speaks the lengwidge. And quite right. Now I'm no Amerikin myself, but they're a wunnerful clever people, the Amerikins are, allays inventin' or suthink o' that there. And you're at liberty to go and arsk 'im for yourselves whether this is a real Amerikin invention or not—as he'll tell yer it is—and quite right, too! An' it stands to reason as he orter to know, seein' he interdooced it 'imself and doin' wunnerful well with it ever since. I ain't come 'ere to rob yer. Lady come and give me a two-shillin' piece just now. I give it her back. *She* didn't know—thort it was a penny, till I told her. Well, that 'ust shows yer what these 'ere Wangoo 'Ore'ound Tablets are!

[*After this practical illustration of their efficacy, he pauses for oratorical effect, and a hard-worked-looking matron purchases three packets, in the apparent hope that a similar halo of the best horsehair will shortly irradiate the head of her household.*

Lizerann (to SUSAN JANE, as they walk homewards). On'y fancy—the other evenin', as I was walkin' along this very pavement, a cab-orse come up beyind me, unbeknown like, and put 'is 'ed over my shoulder and breathed right in my ear!

Susan Jane (awestruck). You must ha' bin a bad gell!

[*LIZERANN is clearly disquieted by so mystical an interpretation, even while she denies having done anything deserving of a supernatural rebuke.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

GENERAL ADYE has added to our national war story *Recollections of a Military Life* (SMITH, ELDER & Co.). Sir JOHN has not been in a hurry. He began fighting more than forty years ago, and has since filled up opportunity as it presented itself. These particular recollections are chiefly occupied with the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, though the old soldier has something to say about the

Afghan War of 1878-9, and the Egyptian War of 1882. My Baronite finds most interesting the chapters about the Crimean War, certain incidents and episodes of which are narrated with soldierlike directness and simplicity. The story of the Balaklava Charge has been told in verse and prose innumerable times. General ADYE did not actually see it, "a ridge of intervening hills intercepting the view" as he rode back to the camp from Balaklava. But he manages in a sentence or two vividly to impress the scene on

the mind of the reader. Among many good stories is one about General HARRY JONES. PELISSIER, with a Frenchman's scorn of any language but his own, got as near as he could to ordinary pronunciation when he called him "General HARRY-JOZE." He did better when the gallant General was knighted, and was alluded to respectfully by the French Commander-in-Chief as "SAIREY-JOZE" (Sir HARRY JONES).

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A Quip.

Mr. ARTHUR TOLLER has been appointed to the Recordership of Leicester. He is an able man. "*Argal*," as the Shakspearian Clown would say, "the appointment is just Toller-able."



MAGNIFYING HIS CALLING.

Peter. "NA, LADDIE, THIS IS ANE O' THAE THINGS A BODY CAN NEVER LEARN. THERE'S NO NAE USE IN A MAN TAKIN' TAE THIS JOB UNLESS HE HAS A NATURAL BORN APTITUDE FOR 'D'!"

THREE MODES OF SPENDING A BANK HOLIDAY.

(By a Confirmed Pessimist.)

Plan the First.—Take to Volunteering. Be up at daybreak. Leave your home after snatching a hasty breakfast of lukewarm tea and stale bread-and-butter. Crowd into a railway-carriage, and travel a hundred miles or so in the greatest discomfort. Fall in with your company. March, counter-march, and stand at ease for ten hours or so in sunshine, rain, fog, or snow. Stave off starvation with a packet of sandwiches and a bottle of ginger ale. Dead beat, enter crowded train a second time, and again travel a hundred miles or so in the greatest discomfort. More dead than alive, stagger home, and wearily roll into bed.

Plan the Second.—Try a trip to the sea-side. Share a first-class compartment with a dozen third-class passengers. Travel to Shrimlington with the accompaniment of rank tobacco-smoke, comic songs, and solos on the concertina. Get to your destination with a splitting headache. Find that all the shops are shut, and all the taverns open. Learn that Shrimlington, as represented by its respectable inhabitants, goes away *en masse* on a bank holiday. Discover that there is but one hotel in the place. Ascertain that at the solitary hostelry the rooms are filled with noisy excursionists, greedily devouring "the shilling tea." Search for nourishment, and fail in your search. Fall back upon stale buns at a third-rate sweet-stuff shop. Catch your train back, and endure the torture of the morning. Travel amongst the same company, under the like conditions. Reach home hours later than you proposed on starting, and consider whether the holiday has been a triumphant success or a dismal failure.

Plan the Third (highly recommended).—Although desiring change, remain at home, choosing the lesser of two evils.

MR. GULLY.—"WILLIAM COURT GULLY, M.P."—certainly "Caught GULLY" at last. Now the question is, "WILL GULLY" be acceptable to all parties "E-gully"?



GENTLE IRONY.

Bus Driver (to ill-favoured Policeman, who has stopped him at a crossing). "WHEN ARE YER GOIN' TO LET ME 'AVE THAT PHOTO?"

NOT DONE YET.

A SONG OF ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOL.

(To the Air of the Harrow Song, "Fairies.")

WHEN in the Springtime cold and bleak,
In spite of wind and weather,
The Blues and Buffs, the strong and weak—
Throng out of school together;
Off to their homes alert and gay
From long sederunts risen,
Majors and minors rush to play,
Live lags let loose from prison.
There you behold "Big BILL," the bold!
Hear how his heart rejoices—
Ho ho! ha ha! Tra-la-la-la!"—
Booms his most bass of voices.

He cocks a snook at slate and book.
He's had his work *this* term, boys,

But has contrived, by hook or crook,
To keep his footing firm, boys.

He had to fight, like DIABOL's tar,
'Gainst many a would-be boarder.

It needed wit as well as war
To keep the school in order.

But he has shown both wit and grit,
And patience linked about it.

"Ho ho! ha ha! Tra-la-la-la!"—
Young ARTY hears him about it.

ARTY had hoped he could have coped
With BILL, and licked him hollow;

That JACK had kicked, and SANDY moped,
And PAT refused to follow.

But BILL has proved a dodgy one,
As well as a hard hitter;

And that has somewhat marred the fun,
And disappointment's bitter.

What wonder then BILL's Tra-la-la
Sets ARTY shouting shrilly,

"Boohoo and pah! Yah-boo-yah-bah!
You wait a bit, Big BILLY!"

"With spur and rein, whip-stroke and strain,
Jehu *plus* artful jockey,

You've kept your team in tow again,
And you look blessed cocky,

Wait till the way shows sludge and clay,
And you the pace would quicken!

Over you'll roll long ere the goal,
And *then* the fun will thicken!"—

BILL cocks his chins, and skips and grins
Like any Jumping-Jingle.

His loud Ha, ha! Tra-la-la-la!
Sets ARTY's blood a-tingle.

"Bah! You've done fairly well this half:
Think you'll survive another

As the school's 'Cook,' you great fat calf?
Look out for my Big Brother!

When he gets hold of you,—my eye!—
You won't look quite so jolly.

Think you've licked me! Wait till you try
A round or two with SOLLY!

He's waiting for a turn at you!
You think you're a smart smiter?

'Tra-la-la-la'? Yah! bully! yah!
He'll show you who's cock fighter!"

To Tara, My (Un-)Fair Neighbour.

("Moore"—where this comes from.)

"THE harp that once through TARA's walls"
Poor me disturbed in bed,

Is nightly twang'd to feline squalls
That wrack my aching head.

I sleep not as in former days,
Her voice cries "Sleep no more!"

Ah, would she hadn't got this craze,
And did not live next door!

A NEW LITERARY VENTURE.—In distinct opposition to the "Key-note series" will be started a "Wed-lock-and-Key note series."

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

["Canada, unlike the mother-country, has the sense to be proud of its minor poets."—Mr. Le Gallienne in "The Realm."]

REALLY this bitter and bold accusation of
Conduct so culpable cannot be borne;
Are we indeed but a barbarous nation of
Philistines treating our poets with scorn?

Are we contemptuous, then, in reality,
Of the effusions our lyricists write—
Singing sweet songs of the Modern Morality,
Praising each other from morning to night?

Modesty, clearly, is somehow availing to
Burke them of glory which should be their
own,

Modesty, morbid, excessive—a failing to
Which, it's notorious, poets are prone.

Only, he tells us, in Canada's latitude
Honour to singers is duly allowed:

Nay, how can Britons be backward in grati-
tude,

Having LE GALLIENNE, are they not proud?

Yes, when we Englishmen boast of our
national

Glories and deeds, though the scoffers deride,
This is the greatest and really most rational
Source of supreme and legitimate pride—

Not in the struggles or deeds of iniquity
Wrought by our sires in desperate fray,

Still less in SHAKESPEARE, or bards of
antiquity,

But in the poets amongst us to-day!

Might we suggest, though, if, in the opinion of
Mr. LE GALLIENNE, England's to blame,

He and his comrades should seek the
Dominion of

Canada, where they'll be certain of fame?



NOT DONE YET.

MASTER ARTY B-LF-R (to MASTER BILL H-RC-T). "HA! YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY COCKY THIS HALF, BUT WAIT TILL 'MY BIG BROTHER' GETS HOLD OF YER!"



SO VERY CONSIDERATE.

Stout Coster. "WHERE ARE YER GOIN' TO, BILL?"

Bill. "INTER THE COUNTRY FOR A NICE DRIVE, BEIN' BANK 'OLIDY."

Stout Coster. "SAME 'ERE. I SY! DON'T YER THINK WE MIGHT SWOP MISSESSES JUST FOR A FEW HOURS? IT WOULD BE SO MUCH KINDER TO THE HANMILE!"

CONCERNING A MISUSED TERM;

viz., "Art" as recently applied to a certain form of Literature.

Is this, then, "Art"—ineffable conceit,
Plus worship of the Sadi-tainted phrase,
Of pseud-Hellenic decadence, effete,
Unvirile, of debased Petronian ways?

Is this your "Culture," to asphyxiate
With upas-perfume sons of English race,
With manhood-blighting cant-of-art to prate,
The jargon of an epicene disgrace?

Shall worse than pornographic stain degrade
The name of "Beauty," Heav'n-imparted
dower?

Are they fit devotees, who late displayed
The symbol of a vitriol-tinted flower?

And shall the sweet and kindly Muse be
shamed

By unsexed "Poetry" that defiles your
page?

Has Art a mission that may not be named,
With "scarlet sins" to enervate the age?

All honour to the rare and cleanly prints,
Which have not filled our homes from day
to day

With garbage-epigrams and pois'nous hints
How æsthete-hierophants fair Art betray!

If such be "Artists," then may Philistines
Arise, plain sturdy Britons as of yore,
And sweep them off and purge away the signs
That England e'er such noxious offspring
bore!

THE CRY OF THE FREE LIBRARY FRE-
QUENTER.—A Cheap Loaf.

"HOW TO CONTROL AND RECTIFY
PUBLIC OPINION."

["It is impossible to bribe a French paper."—
Times, April 5, 1895.]

SCENE—Sanctum of the Rédacteur en chef of
"Le Gamin de Paris." Rédacteur dis-
covered reading latest issue.

Rédacteur. Dear me, this note about the
pacific intentions of the GERMAN EMPEROR is
most interesting! I wonder how it got in. I
did not notice it when I glanced through the
pages. Still, I have the most unlimited con-
fidence in my staff. (*Quoting from his paper.*)
"There is no doubt that we can safely disarm,
as Germany is our friend—the best of our
friends." Dear me! Most interesting!

[*Enter menial, ushering in mysterious
stranger.*

Stranger. I trust I am not intruding?

Rédacteur. Certainly not. It is the duty
of an editor to be always at the service of
those who seek his advice. No doubt you
desire my opinion upon some matter of im-
portance?

Stranger. You have guessed rightly. Which
do you prefer, a mansion in town or a castle
in the country?

Rédacteur (*smiling*). Well, I am scarcely
qualified to judge, for I only possess a mansion
in town. I have no castle in the country.

Stranger. Pardon me. You have one now.

[*Gives Editor title-deeds.*

Rédacteur (*glancing at the documents*).
What, the Château de St. Querecs! One of
the finest places in Brittany! You are really
too amiable!

Stranger. Not at all. And now tell me,
do you prefer WAGNER to VERDI, or MAS-
CAGNI to MOZART?

Rédacteur. Again I am at a disadvan-
tage. You see I go so seldom to the Opera.
The expense is—

Stranger. The expense is inconsiderable
when you possess a *loge* on the grand tier.
(*Giving paper.*) Allow me to present you
with a perpetual box.

Rédacteur. Your courtesy is simply charm-
ing! But why do you overwhelm me with
these obligations? We are unknown to one
another.

Stranger (*with a bow*). Not at all. You
are famous. As for me—why I am nothing.
I am absolutely valueless.

Rédacteur (*politely*). You do not do your-
self justice. I will be bound you are most
valuable.

Stranger. Well, perhaps you are right.
At any rate I can fill in a cheque—yes, and
with four or five figures! I will show you.
Permit me.

[*Approaches writing materials, and
rapidly completes draft.*

Rédacteur. And for whom is that cheque?

Stranger. Read the name to whose order it
is made payable.

Rédacteur (*surprised but admiring*). Mine!
This is simply marvellous. And are you
clever enough to write a leader?

Stranger. Assuredly. See I will compose
one at once. (*Sits at table, knocks off an
article and hands it to Rédacteur.*) What do
you think of it?

Rédacteur (*smiling*). I will give you my
opinion when I see it in type. You will find
it in the *Gamin* to-morrow. Good day!

[*Scene closes in upon a tableau suggest-
ing at once delicacy and the right
understanding of commercial prin-
ciples.*

HER LATEST.—"The silence was so great,"
said Mrs. R., "you could have picked up a
pin!"

MINOR POETRY IN THE SERE AND YELLOW LEAF.

A candid M.P. sheweth cause.

FAIR Waitress at the A. B. C.,
To which I most resort,
Bring me a roll and cup of tea—
No longer bards drink port.
No more the lusty, generous vine
In bardic veins makes summer;
That's why Apollo's lyre divine
Knows but the sorry strummer.

No rich libation at the "Cock,"
Degenerate race, we pour,
And tea, not port, at five o'clock,
Is what we all adore.

In coffee, tea, and lemon squash
The Muse ne'er dips her laurel,
So what we write is either
"wash,"

Or hopelessly immoral.

When life, each quarter, is made
out

Of still more jaundiced hue,
The needy bard must join the
shout,

His verse be jaundiced too:
But tea's the spell, these latter
times,

As of some fell narcotic,
That makes us weave our ran-
dom rhymes

All rotten, or neurotic.

We modern bardlets, tea-
inspired,

Condemn th' "old-fashioned
gang," [fired]

And yet we miss the spark that
The songs our fathers sang:

Their tastes were healthier than
their sons',

Their rhymes were "none so
dusty," [buns]

When bards ate beef instead of
And loved their fine old

"crusty."

This sere and yellow poesy
Faint draws its sickly breath,

Le "Yellow Book"

(Africain.) Officiel

ROMANS POUR LES ANGLOPHOBES



Paris: Ribot, Hanotaux et C^e

GRATIS

"M. HANOTAUX, Minister of Foreign Affairs, will shortly have distributed in the Chamber and the Senate a *Yellow Book* relative to the conventions recently concluded between France and Great Britain for the delimitation of their respective possessions on the West Coast of Africa."

Our Artist could not be restrained from designing a Cover, which we respectfully offer to M. Hanotaux.

And—doctors say—Society
Will soon acclaim its death:
No stone upon its grave we'll
place,
But tea-pots at each corner—
Fair Waitress, you the scene
shall grace
As chief, and only, mourner.

The Jabez is Coming.

THE JABEZ is coming, Oh dear!
how queer!
Is JABEZ a-coming? What
cheer? what cheer?
There's nothing much left
though to hear We fear.
We'll believe he has come when
he's here.

Hear! Hear!

NOTE BY A HIGHLY CULTIVATED BUT UNSUCCESSFUL DRAMATIST.—About the most fatal opinion that can be given on any play is to say that "it reads well." A play that is "a treat to read" is, as a rule, utter boredom to see; for in proportion to the success in the study is, in the majority of cases, the failure on the stage.

GAMP TRIUMPHANT, AND JUSTICE TO AN OLD FRIEND AT LAST!—In the *Times* "Court Circular" lately appeared the information that "Mrs. Harris had the honour of dining with the Queen yesterday." Now, and henceforth, the immortal Mrs. GAMP, rising "morally and physically," can denounce any "bage creature" who would dare to repeat Mrs. PRIG's "memorable and tremendous words," spoken of Mrs. HARRIS, the dear friend of "SAITREY," "I don't believe there's no sich a person."

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

SWIG UP THIS (COCOA) CUP!

ATTN—"Drink of this Cup."

Swig up this cup—you will find there's a spell in
Its depths for the ills and the aches of mortality.



Drink! Of dyspepsia's dire woes you'll
be well in

A Yankee split second! (No fudge,
but reality).

Would you forget wine, or whiskey, or
gin?

Only skim off the film that will gather
a-top of it,

('Tis merely the milk in coagulate skin.)
Then stir it up briskly and drain every
drop of it!

Swig up this cup, &c.

Never was nectar-cup brewed with such
power,

Or philtre; while here nought to in-
jure or hurt is meant.

Of Cocoa this is the pure pick and fine flower.

There's no starch or fat in it (*vide* Advertisement!).

They who with this have their stomachs well filled,

Are proof against hunger, fatigue, and bad weather.

This wonderful draught is not brewed or distilled,

But it licks all the liquors and cordials together.

Swig up this cup, &c.

And though, perhaps,—but oh! breathe it to no one!—

'Tis stodgy and runs to obesity awfully.

If you've no coat to your tum-tum, you'll grow one!

(The rival advertisements tell us so—jawfully.)

What though it tasteth insipid and tame?

When tea is taboo, and when coffee's forbidden,

Try cocoa from—well, let each fill up the name.

There are fifty at least, and their light is not hidden!

Swig up this cup, &c.

So swig up the cup of—each "Tiser" is telling

In every paper, with great actuality,

The fame of his brand, with much swagger and swelling,

Other ads. may be fiction, but his is reality.

So swig up the cup when you breakfast, tea, sup,

Of so-and-so's (string of superlatives) cocoa!

(I'd "give it a name," but I daren't try that game,

For fear of severe (editorial) Toko).

Swig up this cup, &c.

LATEST FROM PARIS.—"MOORE of Moore Hall, with nothing at all," has not "slain," nor has he "foughten with," nor given any kind of "satisfaction" to, the Dragon of Wantley, represented (as the incident is to be "relegated to the realms of comic opera") on this occasion by the Victorious "WHISTLER Coon." It is, however, reported that the impressionist artist, animated by the sportsmanlike desire of getting a shot at something or somebody, the McNEIL, or JACQUES LE SEFFLEUR, would like to engage a Moore for the shooting season. The most recent wire reports, "No Moore at present. J. McN. W." And, probably, here closes the incident.



LAST WEEK'S BUSINESS.—Everything very much up in the City—especially the pavement in Cannon Street.

"TO PARIS AND BACK FOR NOTHING."

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

SIR,—A most excellent institution, run on moral lines, has recently been advertising "A tour on the Continent" for £5. This modest sum is to cover travelling and hotel expenses, and no doubt has been worked out on the most virtuous principles. In these days of rapid progress, however, we can never stand still, and the question arises, Cannot the holiday be cheapened? I contend it can, and as your paper represents the human race in general and the British public in particular, I desire to make known my discovery through your columns. Of course "Trips for nothing"—the journeys I wish to organise—cannot be managed without a little thought and arrangement. For my purpose it is best not to insist too harshly upon the importance of truth and honesty. After all, both these words represent abstract ideas, that may be necessary for publication, but need not be absolutely accepted as a guarantee of good faith.

Without further preface I jot down my programme. Say that a would-be traveller without means desires to visit the Capital of France gratuitously. I would have him present himself at the Victoria Station garbed in the uniform of a guard. The necessary costume, on application, would be supplied to him by one of the agents of the Unprincipled Touring Company—the institution it is my aim to establish. Just as the night mail was starting for Dover he would enter the luggage-van, and then all would be clear until he reached Paris. He would accompany the boxes and portmanteaus to Calais, and be transferred (being registered) to the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and remain undisturbed until he reached the terminus.

On coming out of the van he would be met by one of the agents of the Unprincipled Touring Company, and be accused of being a spy. This would immediately secure his arrest and safe custody in a Parisian police-station. The agent, having played his part, would disappear. It would now become the duty (and I trust the pleasure) of the would-be traveller to look after himself without further assistance. He would appeal to the British Ambassador. He would tell his simple tale, how he had been drugged and conveyed in a state of coma to the luggage-van; how he had no money, and had been so affected by the narcotics, that his mind had become a perfect blank. The British Minister would, doubtless, secure his release, and supply him with funds. He would see some of the cheaper sights for which Paris is celebrated, and then return home by an inexpensive route, highly delighted with his adventures.

It will doubtless occur, in this practical age, to persons having even the most moderate amount of brains, that hitherto the profits of the Unprincipled Touring Company have remained unmentioned. "Where do they come in?" will be the universal question. My answer is simply, "Hush money." The would-be traveller, having availed himself of the services of the proposed organisation, would, for the remainder of his existence, be under an obligation to pay as much as he could conveniently (or even inconveniently) spare to a society which had secured for him so much semi-innocent recreation.

It may be advanced by ultra purists that the system of business that would be inaugurated by the U. T. C. would be immoral. To this I triumphantly reply, not more immoral than other systems in full working order in many companies of the highest respectability compatible with limited liability.

I remain, yours respectfully,
A PROMISING PROMOTER.

WHICH IS THE CORRECT CARD?

In *The Theatre*, a "review and magazine" most useful as well as entertaining to all interested in the drama at home and abroad, there appears, in the critical notice of what is just now successful on the Parisian stage, a short account of a piece called *M. le Directeur*. "It is," says the writer, "an amusing but not very savoury skit upon the life of the petty official, and the advantage taken by the head of a public office to subvert his amorous propensities in the management of his department and the promotion of his subordinates." Quite evident from this what sort of a farcical comedy it must be. This appears at p. 238. But at p. 246, among "The Echoes from the Green Room," we find that this piece, *M. le Directeur*, which is at present "drawing all Paris to the Vaudeville Theatre, is certainly one of the most amusing plays," &c. &c., "and it depends for its success more upon genuine



humour and innocently comic incident than upon salaciousness of situation or untranslatable wit." Which of these accounts of the same play is the correct one?



THE JOYS OF ANTICIPATION.

"WHEN ARE YOU COMING OUT WITH ME, MUMMY?"
"NOT THIS MORNING, DARLING. I'VE TOO MUCH TO DO!"
"OH, BUT YOU MUST, MUMMY. I'VE ALREADY PUT IT IN MY NEW DIARY THAT YOU DID!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 1.—There is about JOHN AIRD an artlessness of look and manner the price whereof is beyond rubies. SARK fancies it is the beard that has much to do with it. When you get a man light-hearted as a boy endowed with long grey beard, complications certain to ensue. AIRD's beard has precisely same preternaturally proper look whether he is sitting in parish church listening to sermon, or dancing a hornpipe on the white deck of the P. & O. *Caledonia*. Only he dances better than the average rector preaches.

Just the man to take part in the old Parliamentary game-known as asking friendly question. Usually played with Minister taking a hand. If Treasury Bench wants to bring out some fact or appearance of fact Whip gets Member on back bench to put question on subject. Pretty to see Minister on such occasions; his startled look on hearing himself addressed; his glance round to see if this is really his hon. friend who is presuming to trouble him with what might be awkward inquiry; then his slow, almost hesitating answer which effectually corrects a calumny or nips a slander i' th' bud.

To-night, in view of pending division on second reading Welsh Disestablishment Bill it was felt desirable to produce effect of overwhelming national indignation at threatened spoliation of the Church. Since Bill introduced petitions against it been dribbling in from teeming population of English hamlets sternly saying This thing shall not be. Apart from political importance of question, petitions have peculiar interest as revealing existence of unknown clusters of cottage homes. THOMAS HARDY never invented such quaint, charming names as the industry of compilers of petitions against this Bill have brought to light. St. Dogmaels, St. Twynnell's, Pattiswick, Neen Sollars, Chittlehamholt, Hampton Poyle, Wood Eaton, Pawler's Pury, Abbey Dore, Penwortham, Lillingstone Lovell, Crookham Hill, Weston-under-Penyard, Ithen Stoke, Duntun Green—names musical with the sound of church bells, sweet with the scent of newly mown hay, the breath of cowslips.

This upheaval of the people on behalf of Mother Church loses its

effect by reason of ordinary procedure whereby petitions presented at the Table are straightway thrust into a sack, and carted off to a lumber room. Thing to do was to get Member to publicly inquire from Chairman of Petitions Committee how the matter stood in the ledger; how many petitions against Bill, how many in favour. Who could do this better than JOHN AYRD? So he put question to DALRYMPLE, and learned with dramatically ill-concealed surprise that whilst over a thousand petitions against the Bill have poured in on the House, not one had been received in its favour. It is true that another question from opposite side of House brought out fact that at least one of these State documents was result of labours of wife of Clerk to Guardians of St. Asaph Union, who had been instrumental in obtaining the unbiassed opinion of the resident paupers on question at issue. But that a mere detail.

Business done.—Second Reading Welsh Disestablishment Bill carried by majority of 44 in House of 564 Members. "*Choych!*" roared MABON, and was with difficulty restrained from singing "*The March of the Men of Harlech*."

Tuesday.—Evidently in for another dull time. Welsh Disestablishment Bill off, enter Irish Land Bill. Time precious; business pressing; every quarter of hour worth a Chancellor of the Exchequer's ransom. Ministers anxious above all things to get along with business. JOHN MORLEY, accordingly, sets useful example by delivering speech an hour and twenty minutes long. This, as he mentioned, followed upon exorbitant demands on patience of House when he introduced the Bill. CARSON, not to be outdone, certainly not to be blamed, took up about as much time. Later came ST. JOHN BRODRICK, astonished at his own moderation in speaking for only seventy minutes.

"This is not debating," SARK says. "It is just making speeches by the yard. Hasn't the remotest effect upon the human mind, still less upon deliberate action of House. Isn't even pretence of a fight; second reading will be passed without division; Bill will go to Committee in precisely same state as would have been the case had it been read a second time before dinner, and Members spent rest of evening in bosom of their families. Towards end of Session there will be complaint of nothing done. At least Treasury Bench mustn't lift up its voice in reproach at such conclusion. If right hon. gentlemen set us such evil example, they mustn't complain if we follow it."

House in desolate state throughout spirit-sapping performance. TIM HEALY sat it all out. Contributed almost only token of life to the dull monotony. In dangerously explosive state. If anybody had sat on safety-valve would have burst to dead certainty. Happily got off a few life-saving grunts and groans. Played sort of chorus to CARSON'S speech and BRODRICK'S monologue. They severely ignored him—treatment which had no effect on his exuberance of spirits.

"Who are these Irish owners," BRODRICK asked, looking severely across table at JOHN MORLEY, "who want to buy their tenants' interest in order to sell it at a higher price?"

"I'll give you their names," cried TIM, after the fashion of the naughty boy safe at the outer edge of a crowd.

"I defy the right hon. gentleman to produce a single instance," BRODRICK continued, taking no notice of TIM.

"I'll give you half a dozen," shouted TIM, ever ready to oblige, though leaving it in doubt whether the half dozen he offered were lashes or other instances. Then the policeman, in shape of SPEAKER, appeared on scene, and for awhile there was silence on the back benches, and dullness regained its sway.

Business done.—Second Reading Irish Land Bill moved.

Thursday.—For illustration of soft answer that turneth away wrath, CAWMEL-BANNERMAN'S reply just now on the shamrock incident perfect in its way. The heart of Ireland stirred by fresh stories of how her



Campbell-Bannerman and his National Emblem (Unsuited to the Convenience of a Button-hole).

sons, turning up on parade on St. Patrick's Day proudly wearing shamrock, were ordered by brutal Saxon officers to "fling it on the ground." TIM HEALY had cases brought under his notice. Never do for this branch of United Ireland to appear as sole champion of national rights in this matter. So wearisome WILLIE REDMOND swaggers on scene with another case.

A delicate subject for SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR to handle.

On one hand, discipline must be maintained. On the other, national

sentiment must not be affronted, especially when represented in House by sufficient votes to turn the scale in any division. CAWMEL-BANNERMAN not only said right thing, but said it in right way. "I myself," he murmured with prettily apologetic air, "stand in a somewhat neutral position, because I belong to a country whose national emblem does not lend itself to the convenience of the button-hole."

House laughed at idea of CAWMEL-BANNERMAN busting in on St. Andrew's Day with bunch of thistles in his button-hole. With the laugh the battle was won; what might have been in less skilful hands an awkward incident passed off amid genial laughter.

Business done.—Still explaining why we are not going to oppose Second Reading Irish Land Bill, though we regard it as most revolutionary and dangerous measure of recent times.

Friday.—Second reading Irish Land Bill through at last. Passed stage without division, which seems odd considering apprehension with which Opposition regard it. Situation largely due to BOARNERGES RUSSELL, one of few men who understand Bill. Explained it in luminous speech, like some others thrown away on scanty audience. BOARNERGES later indicated his impartial attitude by seating himself between landlord and tenant, represented by JOSEPH of Birmingham and son AUSTEN. JOE incidentally mentions he has only one tenant, that is AUSTEN, "who," he added, with plaintive note, which found echo with the Irish landlords, "pays no rent, and is always coming down on me for compensation."

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read second time.

LITERARY "FOOD AND FEEDING."

THE present generation affirms that it cannot away with *Pickwick*, and is not attracted by *Vanity Fair*. The balance of modern opinion would be rather in favour of THACKERAY than of DICKENS. Take, for example, the two works already quoted, *Pickwick* and *Vanity Fair*. A common modern objection made to *Pickwick* is, that the characters in *Pickwick* are perpetually guttling or imbibing, or both simultaneously. This is, to a certain extent, true. But how about THACKERAY'S characters in *Vanity Fair*? A careful student has sent us a list of the numerous eatings and drinkings in both novels. In *Pickwick*, reckoning from the brandy-and-water par-taken of by Mr. Jingle, at the Pickwickians' expense, after the scene with the pugnacious hackney-coachman, and finishing with the breakfast that celebrated the marriage of Mr. Snodgrass with Miss Emily Wardle, there are exactly (so we are informed) one hundred and one instances of drinking and eating; some of them being of drinking only, unqualified.

In *Vanity Fair*, from the introduction of Miss Pinkerton's "seed cake," to Becky taking Amelia a cup of tea, vide chapter sixty-seven, we learn, on the same authority, that there are one hundred and fifteen cases "allowed for refreshment" in some form or other.

A collection of the meals of heroes and heroines in the most popular works of fiction, and menus compiled therefrom, might be found interesting, especially if carefully criticised by Sir HENRY THOMPSON in a separate chapter to be added to the next edition of his really invaluable work, namely, *Food and Feeding*. Do the modern novelists feed their characters as plentifully as did DICKENS and THACKERAY theirs? Be this as it may, these two great Twin Brethren—so utterly dissimilar in everything except in the possession of the gift of genius—fed their readers well and bountifully.



T. W. Russell between Landlord and Tenant.



IMPROVING THE SHINING HOUR.

The New Governess. "WHAT ARE THE COMPARATIVE AND SUPERLATIVE OF BAD, BERTY?"
Berty (the Doctor's son). "BAD—WORSE—DEAD!"

A CHINO-JAPANESE CALENDAR.

(For the next Ten Years.)

1895. Treaty of peace signed between China and Japan, on the basis of the opening up of Chinese territory and introduction of machinery into the Celestial Empire. The Japanese prophesy that the compact will ultimately prove to be for the benefit of the Chinese.

1896. Japan floods China with home-made merchants, who obtain an enormous trade.

1897. England, America and France follow suit, and, after a pause, the remainder of the civilized world adopt the prevailing fashion.

1898. Japanese China becomes over-populated, thanks to the foreign invasion, and there is much discontent amongst the original inhabitants.

1899. The foreigners, having secured all the possible trade that could be obtained, commence the erection of manufactories.

1900. Japanese China challenges Birmingham, Glasgow, Lyons, and Marseilles on their own ground, and holds its own. It claims to be one of the most productive places on the face of the universe.

1901. The introduction of machinery having thrown the teeming millions of Japanese China out of work, there is great discontent amongst them.

1902. An enterprising citizen of the United States of America projects an emigration scheme for supplying the outer world with the superfluous population of Japanese China.

1903. The scheme of the citizen of the U. S. A. proves a great success, and sixty millions of Chino-Japanese are conveyed to the two worlds, the old and the new.

1904. The original inhabitants of Europe and America, undersold by the Chino-Japanese, are ousted from their positions and left without work. Consequently, great prosperity of the Chino-Japanese.

1905. Fulfilment of the prophesy, that the treaty of peace between China and Japan signed in 1895 was "really for the benefit of the Chinese."

WON'T WASH!

Or, The British Launderess's Lament.

[There is talk of a company for taking our laundry-work over to Holland, washing it there, and returning it to the owners at a less cost than it can be done for at home.]

IN matters of laundry the fault of them Dutch,
 Is charging too little, and grabbing too much!
 They'd collar our collars, cut off with our shirts!
 The heart of a true washerwoman it hurts
 To think of Frows taking our time-honoured tub.
 What, travel to Holland to get rub and scrub,
 While soap and strong arms may in Britain be found?
 It's worse than them Stores! Furrineers may be found
 To do dirty work on the cheap. I've no doubt;
 But can old JOHN BULL know just what he's about
 In sending our work from his shores in this way?
 I'm sure it won't wash, and I'ope it won't pay!
 Shall we to Mynbeer and his frowsy Frow truckle,
 While one English woman has arm, wrist, and knuckle?
 Forbid it, my sisters! My patriot 'eart
 Is up in my mouth at this ojus new start.
 There is an old proverb, and what do it say?
 It is the true laundress's motter, I say.
 But what in the world to JOHN BULL can 'ave come
 If he can't wash his own dirty linen at 'ome?

A MISMANAGED ACCIDENT.

HAVE just discovered that the pretty girl I met at the dance the other night is a lady nurse at Charing Cross Hospital. Such a nice girl! What a charming nurse she must be! Almost wish I was laid up at the hospital. In fact, quite wish it. But I can't be. Another outrage on the miserable, downtrodden, middle class. If I were one of the fortunate, pampered masses, a Working Man, I should be nursed by her, if I were ill, and by others, perhaps, like her. Stay! There is a chance. If I could be damaged in an accident—not too much damaged—and carried to the hospital, they must look after me, and nurse me. They couldn't help themselves. Northumberland Avenue—the very place! Never cross it without being nearly run over.

Go straight there and look eagerly for the usual rushing hansoms. Here's one. Stroll in front of it. Driver pulls aside, shouts and swears at me, and goes on. Reflect that some caution is necessary. If the wheel went over my neck, even her ministrations would be useless. Must be run over judiciously. Better only be knocked down. Stroll across road again. Here comes one. Shouts from driver. A large splash of mud in my eye. And that's all. These cabmen drive so absurdly well. They pull up, or pull aside, or pull somewhere instantly. Wipe my eye, and then see something better. Old lady's brougham, from the suburbs, driven by the sort of coachman who also works in the garden. He won't be able to pull aside quickly. Stroll in front of horse. Shouts from gardening coachman. Horse nearly on me. Suddenly pulled back by fussy policeman, who says I had a narrow escape. Hang the fellow, of course I did! Am obliged to give him ten shillings for his prompt action. Begin to despair of this accident. Stroll on nearly to Embankment. Immense van coming along at a trot. Much too heavy. I should be smashed flat. And this driver seems to want to run over me. Escape with difficulty by jumping aside. At that moment something hits my legs, I am thrown down, and a wheel passes over my foot. It is a costermonger's donkey-cart which was racing the van. How ignominious! To be knocked down by a donkey and run over by a truck! Very painful too. Feel as if I should faint. Picked up by sympathetic people who rush to me. Say feebly to them, "Take me to the hospital." Then faint.

After a short time open my eyes. Am being carried in somewhere. At last! I shall forget the pain. I am in the hospital. She will nurse me! She—oh, heavens! Though I have planned it all, suppose I ought to murmur, "Where am I?" Do so. "In St. Thomas's Hospital," says somebody.

A fortnight later.—And I am in it still

ACCORDING to a paragraph last week in the *Westminster Gazette*, quoting from the *Australian Review of Reviews*, it appears that the Earl of YARMOUTH has been making a sensation in the Colonies as a "Skirt-dancer." Queer fish this nobleman! belongs to the Bloater Aristocracy.

A NOBLE PLUNGER.—One day last week in the *Times* appeared an article headed "Lord Rayleigh on Waves." Rather early for sea-bathing, eh? Evidently so, such prominence having been given to the fact by the leading journal.



"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Mr. Punch (welcoming Miss Spring-time). 'GLAD TO SEE YOU, MY DEAR! BEGAN TO THINK YOU WERE NEVER COMING!'



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. XI.—AFTER BANK HOLIDAY.

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

Mr. Punch to Miss Spring:—

WELL, here you are at last, dear! Are the biting blizzards past, dear?

And will you guarantee us from subjection to the plumber? Will no casual icy splinter from the serried spears of Winter Put a chill upon your smile, and spoil the promise of the Summer? We've been waiting worn and weary, till e'en cuckoo-songs sound cheery.

And belated almond-blossoms show like roses of Cashmere: And the cockney chaunt now flowing, "All-a-blowing and a-grow-ing!"

Falls far sweeter than MASCAGNI upon London's longing ear. Where on earth have you been hiding? We are in no mood for chiding,

But mid-April's rather late, dear, for what should have come in March!

What malignant hocus-pocus has kept back the plucky crocus, Whose gold is scarce yet bursting from the beds the winds still parch?

After that six weeks cold snap, dear, of fast frozen pipe and tap, dear,

When back to barbarism and to bathlessness fate drove us, And we sicklier grew, and surlier, if you'd come a *leetle* earlier,—

Well, let bygones now be bygones! But O Spring sweet! an you love us,

Come—at last, dear—à la HERRICK, with such influence atmospheric As will slay the Influenza; with such fragrance from your flowers,

As will knock Malaria silly; let your dear daffydawn-dilly From our bodies drive bacilli, and the blight from out our bowers.

Slay our Microbes, Spring, and bless us! Like a clinging Shirt of Nessus

Morbid sickness surrounds us in our lives, our books, our art. Oh, if sunshine and your breezes might but slay our soul-diseases,

Oust the pestilent miasma that pervades the home, the mart; Neutralise the nauseous virus whose developments so tire us;

Disinfect the New Parnassus, purge the New Pierian Spring, Bring us honesty and health, dear, why for all our wit and wealth,

dear, We might love like Nature's lovers, and like Nature's poets sing.

Ah! we need Spring's prophylactic!—But I'm getting too didactic For a sunny April morning, and a sweet young thing like you.

My dear, the London Season, wrapped and furred out of all reason, Has been waiting, decked like Winter, with a nose-tip nearly blue;

Waiting, waiting for your coming. Sweet as bees in clover humming

Is the first sound of your footfall. Most spontaneous of passions Is the love for you, you darling. You will bring the thrush and starling,

And the young leaves and the young lambs, and, what's better—the *Spring Fashions*!!!

So no wonder that she greets you with effusion when she meets you. Ah, Spring! 'tis not your lilacs, and your daffodils and stocks,

Or the tender leaves the trees on, that most moves Miss London Season,

'Tis the hope of "rippin'" frolics and the thought of "trotty" frocks.

But an old man's heart, my treasure, beats to quite another measure,

Still my sympathies, dear Spring, are with the youngsters and with you.

They are looking for love's playtime, and the merry, merry May-time, And the popular R.A. time, and the whole tohu-bohu!

Bring the girls' delights as dowry, may their social paths be flowery,

And your silver drops the only tears they need to look upon.

So they're wholesome, may they flourish; and may all Spring influence nourish

True manhood and pure womanhood, and—there, my preaching's done!

We need a true *Spring Clean*, sweet. Give us parks and gardens green, sweet.

And laughter, like your bird-songs pure, un-satyr-like, though clever,

Bless our boys, our girls, our babies, yes—and bring us back our *JABEZ*,

And we'll pardon your delay, and say 'tis better late than never!

OPPORTUNITY LOST BY MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS DURING A RECENT CASE WHEN HIS LORDSHIP MIGHT HAVE PUT IT TO THE JURY.—

"Gentlemen, what is the difference, or, as there has been no quarrel, let us say what is the distinction between a costumier and a butcher anxious to arrange his shop-front to the best advantage? Gentlemen, I will not detain you, it is this: The costumier meets out the dresses; the butcher 'dresses out' the meats. Gentlemen, you are discharged."

To CHARITABLE CHESS-PLAYERS.—A good move at Easter time is—"cheque to his Bishop."

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

BY DUNNO WÄHRIAR.

(Translated from the original Lappish by Mr. Punch's own Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

It affords me no ordinary gratification to be the humble instrument in rendering these exquisitely obscure prose-poems—reeking as they are with the self-consciousness of so magnificently triumphant an Ego—into the English tongue, though I am fully aware of the difficulty of preserving all the mystical unintelligibility of the original.

DUNNO WÄHRIAR is perhaps the most remarkable personality that his native Lapland has yet produced. He first saw the light on April 1, 1879, at Kandalax, so that he may still be called comparatively young. His impressionable, sensitive soul broke out in early revolt against the train-oil and tallow which formed the traditional nutriment of his family circle, and in 1883 we find him casting off the shackles of conventionality and escaping to Sweden in his sledge-perambulator. There he has lived ever since, and has already secured a foremost place among the greatest physiological psychologists of Scandinavia. As a morbid pathologist, he surpasses STRINDBERG; while in neurotic sensitiveness, he has hustled HANSSON into a back seat; easily beaten BRÖRNSON in diagnosis of the elusive emotions; and taken the indigestible cake of slack-baked symbolism from the master hand of IBSEN himself! Small wonder, then, that the commonest penwiper containing issues from his pen is eagerly sought after by admirers of such effusions.

He belongs ('tis true) to the Literary Upper Crust, and is for the few rather than the many; while so absolute has been his fidelity to the principles of his art, that he has published every one of his works at a considerable pecuniary loss.

Need I say more to ensure for him that respectful admiration which the public is ever ready to lavish upon anything they fail to understand?

Let me rather efface myself and leave DUNNO WÄHRIAR—or "Young GARNAWAY," as is his self-adopted pseudonym—to unfold the rhythmic charm of his own inimitable incomprehensibility.

BLIND ALLEY-GORY THE FIRST.

THE LOST BACKBONE.

One summer evening, when the moon was at the full, and cloud-shadows glided imperceptibly over the chimney-pots, as curses that have found no utterance and come dejectedly home to roost, I wandered into my back-garden, and caught the God of the Period napping in the moonshine on one of my celery-beds.

He rose up suddenly and reposed awhile in space, with his head resting on the back of the Great Bear, and one foot on the arm of Cassiopeia's Chair, while with the other he skimmed the cream off the Milky Way. And he seemed to be everywhere and yet nowhere in particular, and he said nothing, and I was afraid to make a remark—and there was no sound, save that of the boundless, inconceivable silence which was rumbling round the corner.

Presently he came down to the celery-bed once more.

"What are you seeking for so late?" asked he; "your face looks so long and solemn, and your eyes are hollow and full of woe. Have you been having anything indigestible for supper?"

"I am in trouble about Humanity," I replied; "for, though I loathe and despise them individually, collectively I love them dearly."

"What's the matter with Humanity?" asked the God, as he squatted amid the celery.

"They are growing so deadly dull," I answered. "I am Young GARNAWAY, the Pessimistic Prose Poet, and it pains me to see how utterly they have lost their perception of the ridiculous, which is the backbone of real enjoyment. So I came out to see if by any chance

the backbone was hidden under one of the flower-pots."

The Period-God once more pervaded the endless space that glittered in darkling infinitude round about and right ahead of him. It seemed to me, when he returned, that he had been laughing; but suddenly I saw him pull himself together, and frown.

And from afar a gurgling rose through the gloom, and darkness fell upon my back-garden, knocking a basilisk off the waterbutt, and above the garden-walls there appeared a crowd of rude persons, in pot hats, with red lolling tongues and wide grinning mouths, holding their sides with inextinguishable mirth. All at once the giggles turned into the boeing of Philistines, and there was a fantastic shadowy horseplay, which rolled nearer and nearer.

I saw many myriads of spectral kitten forms, and unsubstantial egg shapes rushing towards me through the air. Instinctively I ran indoors and gripped the umbrella from its corner, and stood on guard.

Then I heard someone chuckling quite close

to me, chuckling softly, but unmistakably. And the boeing hushed, and the gloom lightened, and the garden-roller glimmered faintly in the moonlit summer night, and inside the lawn-mower lay the God of the Period crying with uncontrollable laughter.

"When the time comes," he said, "when mankind gets weary of Paraded Pessimism, and the Big Scandinavian Boom has burst, then I will conjure forth the Great Guffaw; and then it will be time for all Dyspeptic Decadents to get under their umbrellas—just as you did awhile ago, for mankind will have recovered its sense of humour, and will decline to take them seriously. But you had much better leave off bothering your head about that lost backbone, for you won't be happy when they get it!"

And while I was taking off my goloshes indoors, I heard again the sound of snapping celery sticks, as the Period-God rolled on the bed in ecstasies of stifled merriment, and I wondered at intervals what it was all about.

FOR OUTWARD APPLICATION.—"A MAN may change his skies," as the Roman poet puts it," quoth the *Daily Telegraph*, "but he does not so easily change his habits." The Academy is about to open. The pictures will soon be hung. Varnishing day comes, with last chance for alteration. Then comes in Latin poetic proverb, "A man may change his skies, but, do what he will, he cannot alter that peculiar style that marks the work as his, and nobody else's."

NEW PROVERBS.—All "problem" and no "play" makes drama a dull joy.





SHOCKING HEATHENISM.

Rector. "SO YOU GO UP TO TOWN NEXT MONTH, MISS MARY. HOW I ENVY YOU! AND OF COURSE YOU'LL ATTEND THE MAY MEETINGS."
Miss Mary. "MAY MEETINGS! OH DEAR NO! THOUGH I ADORE HORSES, I QUITE DISAPPROVE OF RACING, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron heartily welcomes the appearance of *Happy Thoughts* in French, under the very attractive style and title of *Fridoline*. No fear now of the *entente cordiale* between England and France being disturbed; and that is indeed *une "pensée" la plus "heureuse" ou "ingénieuse."* The dialogue with the patient angler who remains in the middle of the stream day after day, and, probably, night after night, is quite a little lesson in French.

"*Pris quelque chose?*" "*Rien.*" "*Pas mordu du tout?*" "*Une fois, j'ai croisé.*" "*Le pêcheur n'a pas perdu son calme, mais son air n'a rien de triomphant.*"

And the world goes on and the *mouvement* continues, and ever and anon the Happy Thoughter, returning to the river, finds the same man in the same boat in almost the same position. Then, before retiring for the night, the H. T. takes one turn on the lawn, "*pour m'assurer,*" he says, "*que je ne laisse rien derrière moi. Ah si! je laisse l'homme au bûcher, toujours sa ligne en main. Il avait, paraît-il, un peu redescendu le courant. Bonne pêche?*" "*Non.*" "*Pris quelque chose?*" "*Rien.*" Those who read "*entre les lignes*" may see in this figure of unrequited patience and perseverance more than meets the eye. M. AURELIEN DE COURSON has done his work excellently well, "*avec l'autorisation de l'auteur.*"

"Fridoline."

I found a book on my table lying among a number of others put aside to be read at "a more convenient season." The title attracted me—*Clove Pink*. Its leaves are of last autumn, but the story they tell is for ever. It is admirably written; its word-painting is the work of a true artist: but beginning brightly and gladly, as do the lives of the young hero and heroine, it ends sadly but sweetly. If you are not averse to a simple, well-told tale, with stirring incidents of modern warfare, graphically narrated, that stand out in startling contrast to the scenes of quiet English rural life, a story whose pathos and simple truth will touch you deeply, read *Clove Pink*, says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

VERY CATCHING.

IN the *Times* of Monday, April 8, appeared an advertisement headed "Lent, Lent—Fish, Fish." This meant, of course, that the season was Lent, not that the fishmonger was a lender of fish. And for the season it was Holy Week, *i.e.* last week of Lent. Then it goes on "*Have you ordered your Good Friday's Dinner?*" If not, do so at once." Excellent and most timely advice, seeing it was given on the Monday preceding Good Friday. So far so good; but then comes "a reason why" which apparently quite upsets the kettle of fish. Here is the extract:—

"Having made contracts with a number of the leading trawl and line fishermen to take the whole of their prime fish caught during Easter week," &c., &c.

What on earth is the good of fish caught in Easter Week to the persons who have ordered it for the previous Friday? That's where the trouble is. The fishmonger is at sea as well as his good fishermen. If the advertisement had been headed "Lent and Easter," then it would have been evident that two different subjects were being dealt with, and "both caught with one fish," as Mrs. R. might say, adapting a proverb.



"To-morrow will be Fry day,
 So we'll catch our fish to-day."
 —————
Somebody's Song.

TEMPERATE TO INTEMPERATE.

FANATIC sophistries, I think,
 To logic's limits will have shrunk.
 When zealot's recognize that "drink"
 Is not identical with "drunk."
 Difference may be as great you see,
 'Twixt U and I as You and Me!

WORDSWORTH FOR WITLERS.—"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Anxious Musician (in a whisper, to Mrs. Lyon Hunter's butler). "WHERE'S MY 'CELLO?"
Butler (in stentorian tones, to the room). "SIGNOR WERREMICELLO!"

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE other day I went to this exhibition of sublime masterpieces. I was about to write a few comments, full of strange epithets and gushing praise, when a small girl came in with a lady. The child spoke so freely that I paused to listen. This was her criticism. "Oh, mother, what's that meant for? I can't see anything. Look at that lady! She's got no face at all. Oh, look at that other! She's funnier. What is she? A Spanish dancer? Do all Spanish dancers have knobby faces like you might make out of a potato? What are those people skating on? Is it cotton wool? Oh, mother, look there! What

an ugly lady! Why's she put all that red on her cheeks? What's all that other red there? Is it another lady? A church in Venice? What Olympia where you took me two years ago? Oh, mother, it can't be a church! Unless it's upside down. Or perhaps all the paints have run into one another like mine do. Oh, look! There's a picture of a washstand. Is it an advertisement of a furniture shop? Or is it meant for what father calls a slight wash in his water-colour drawings? What are those ladies dancing in sheets for? Is it sheets they've got on? Oh what a red face that gentleman's got! I don't think they paint very pretty ladies or gentlemen here. Oh, mother, look at that!

Why it's the funniest of all! Who are the two ladies? Why are their clothes slipping down? Why are their faces all crooked, and their eyes sideways? Are they meant to be pretty? I don't think they are. What do you say it is? Meant to be painted on the wall of a room? Is that why they look so funny? Why they look like Aunt KITTY, when she's going to have a sea bath, and when—" Here the little maiden was suddenly dragged out of the room, and her shrill voice was heard no more. But her winged words are not forgotten by

A CRUSHED CRITIC.

AN EASTER 'OLIDAY.

(A *Siesta Song*, from the Burlesque Opera "Little Liberal Majority," performed at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's.)

AIR—"Lazily, Drowsily."

WHEN gaily dances the Easter sun,
 And shelved is each bothersome Bill,
 Then work and talk for a time are done,
 And the lobbies are hushed and still.

Lazily, lazily,
 Drowsily, drowsily,
 Home goes every one;
 Lazily, lazily,
 Drowsily, drowsily,
 Under the April sun.
 Old St. Stephen's closes;
 Parliament reposes,
 Lazily, lazily,
 Drowsily, drowsily,
 Forty winks, or fun!

When the sunlight falls on the Heath's
 green breast,

And blue are the skies above,
 Each seeks the rest that he loves the best,
 Or the sport he doth chiefly love.

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
 Donkey riding's fun!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
 Dawdling under the sun!

HARCOURT's eyelids closes,
 BALFOUR blandly dozes;

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
 Under the Easter sun!

Joggle and jolt! These mokes won't bolt!
 Each flops like an empty sack

On the broad back, shaggy as Shetland colt.
 No donkey boy on their track!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
 Carelessly jogging on!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
 Under an Easter sun!

Lotos-Land discloses
 No more bland repose.

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
 Dawdle they under the sun!

"That LABBY was often a bore!" sighs WILL,
 Groans ARTY, "And so was JOE!"

To drive these donkeys demands small skill!
 Would Westminster mokes were so!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily!
 Riding like this is fun!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily!
 Bless us! Who wants to run?

'Appy 'Amptstead dozes!
 Mokes are beds of roses!

Lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily,
 Jog we—till holiday's done!"

"THE OBJECTION TO EUCLID" of which we have heard so much recently is of very ancient standing, and is shared by nearly every schoolboy.

PARLIAMENTARY PROVERB.—There's many a slip 'twixt the M.P. and the "Whip"!



AN EASTER 'OLIDAY.

Duet (ARCOURT and HARTHUR sing while being jolted).

"LA-A-ZI-LY LA-A-ZI-LY! DROW-OW-OW-SILY! DROW-OW-OW-SILY!" &c.

MR. PUNCH AT A PICTURE SHOW.

(The Collection of Sir John Tenniel's Drawings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.)

ATR.—"My Old Friend John."

'Tis forty years, my dear Sir JOHN,
Since you and I first met.
Lord, how the fleeting hours have
flown!

But we foregather yet. [pride—
I gaze on this brave show with
Fine art, still in full feather!
By Jove, it seems but yesterday
Since we were "boys" together.
Since we were boys, merry, merry
At our old Board together! [boys,
There's gladness in remembrance,
JOHN;

Your pencil-strokes struck true;
Through all the shifts of party life,
No pause that pencil knew.
We've missed old comrades one by
one;

Our friendship moults no feather;
Can forty years and more have run
Since we were "boys" together?
Since we were boys, merry, merry
At our old Board together! [boys,
I gaze and proudly ponder, JOHN;
I've seen them all before—
GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, DIZZY, BULL!
—Well done!!!

Fresh as in days of yore
The Big Cuts gleam. By sea and
stream,

Moer, mountain, ice-field, heather.
Force, grace, fair fun mark all
you've done,

Since we were "boys" together.

Chorus all "Round the Mahogany
Tree."

Since we were boys, merry, merry
So meet we, in full feather, [boys!
For many sunny years, Sir JOHN,
Still boys—at heart—together!

**FANCY PORTRAIT.**

SIR G-RGE L-W-S.

"BOLD OF YOUR WORTHINESS, WE SINGLE YOU
AS OUR BEST-MOVING FAIR SOLICITOR."

Love's Labour's Lost, Act II, Sc. 1.

**THE LAY OF THE LITTLE
MINORITY.**

ATR.—"Little Buttercup."

I'm bumptious Minority — cocky
Minority

(Though I can hardly tell why),
My work is to worry poor weary
Majority,

Giving him one in the eye.

On Board or on Council I swagger
and bounce 'll,

And badger 'em out of their lives.
I claim all the graces, and all the
best places;

Thus cocky Minority thrives!

Majorities little of claim have no
tittle

To getting *their* own wicked way;
But cocky Minority has such au-
thority,

His should be absolute sway.

If things are at evens at—well,
say St. Stephen's,

Spring Gardens, wherever you
like,

'Tis a mere deadlock (like New
Woman wedlock),

And against Progress we strike.

If a Majority (small) claims autho-
To make the tiniest move, [rity

Then to prevent it, obstruct, cir-
cumvent it,

Must be my labour of love.

But a Minority's superiority
Is just as clear as the day.

Majorities (small) have one duty,
that's all,

'Tis—to let the Minority sway!

Then yield to Minority — cocky
Minority,

On Boards or of Council or School!
Hooray for Minority — bumptious
Minority!

Come—let Minority rule!

OUR NEXT LITTLE BATTLE.

(From our Prophetic Reporter, a trifle
in advance.)

NOWHAR, April 1.—Wett River crossed
yesterday in most brilliant style. Dashaway
Regiment carried landing at point of bayonet,
the Muffs keeping up
well-directed fire during
the entire operation.
However, they seemed
to feel effect of our artil-
lery and Maxims.

When landing ef-
fected, Sapping Miners
constructed iron bridge
(with glass covering to
protect the troops from
the rain) within five-
and-twenty minutes.
During the construction
Muffs fired continuously
at working parties. Flag-staffs riddled with
shot, consequently colours could not be run
up. A round from couple of quick-firing
guns cleared heights of human obstructions.

On completion of bridge, two troops of 147th
Irregular Franciers charged enemy with much
dash. As gallant horsemen approached
Muffs (numbering about twenty thousand)
concentrated their fire. For few minutes
Irregulars had to pass through perfect fog
of bullets. This ordeal did not damp their
courage; soon came to close quarters with
foe. In a moment Muffs were in confusion,
flying; before pursuing sabres. Irregulars



followed retreating enemy for many miles
with complete success.

While these operations being carried out
17th Battalion of Cutandthrust Regiment
made assault on fortress protecting right
flank of Muffs. Enemy opposed charge with
well-sustained artillery fire, which had it been
more judiciously directed might have caused
considerable annoyance. As it was, many
Cutandthrusts lowered their heads to allow
of undisturbed passage of shrapnell. On
reaching walls redcoats hopped over like
birds. Garrison stubbornly defended posi-
tion. Cutandthrusts extended, advancing in
their new formation. With wild cheer they
again charged. Although this advance caused
Muffs to fall back, they still retained their
ground. At this moment machine-guns of
battalion were brought into play with best
results. A couple of rounds immediately
broke up enemy's columns and put them to
flight. Muffs were then routed by 53rd Regi-
ment of Indian Tiger Eaters.

By midday position secured. At invitation
of bugles exploring party "ceased firing,"
and prepared for mess.

Later.—I have just received a return of
killed and wounded on both sides, which I
here give:—*Muffs*.—Killed, about 20,000;
wounded, twice as many more. *British*.—
Killed, none; wounded, No. 35,604,821
Private SMITH (Cutandthrust Regiment),
slight scratch on fourth finger of left hand.

NEW NAME FOR IT (by Brother Bung).—
Local Hop-shun!

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

If half the things that CHLOE says to me,
If half the pretty kindnesses she shows,

By PHYLLIDA were shown or
said,

Without a tremor I would stake
my head

That I securely might propose
That she my bride would be.

Yet why? I know full well that
CHLOE means

Nothing at all. 'Tis but her
buoyant way,

Her frank "The best off friends,
that's all."

And yet the stricter GRUNDY
'twould appal

To hear the tender things we
say

Between our quarrel-scenes.

If one full-leaping pulse's beat
Beyond the coldest courtesy's demand

I trespass on sweet PHYLLIDA's coy hand,
The thrill is shivered by her quick retreat,

Her fingers stiffen like a fossil fin,
And I again, a SISYPHUS, begin

The task of charming her reserve austere,
Palsied by Love's false fear,

Which drives the lover's chances down to
zero.

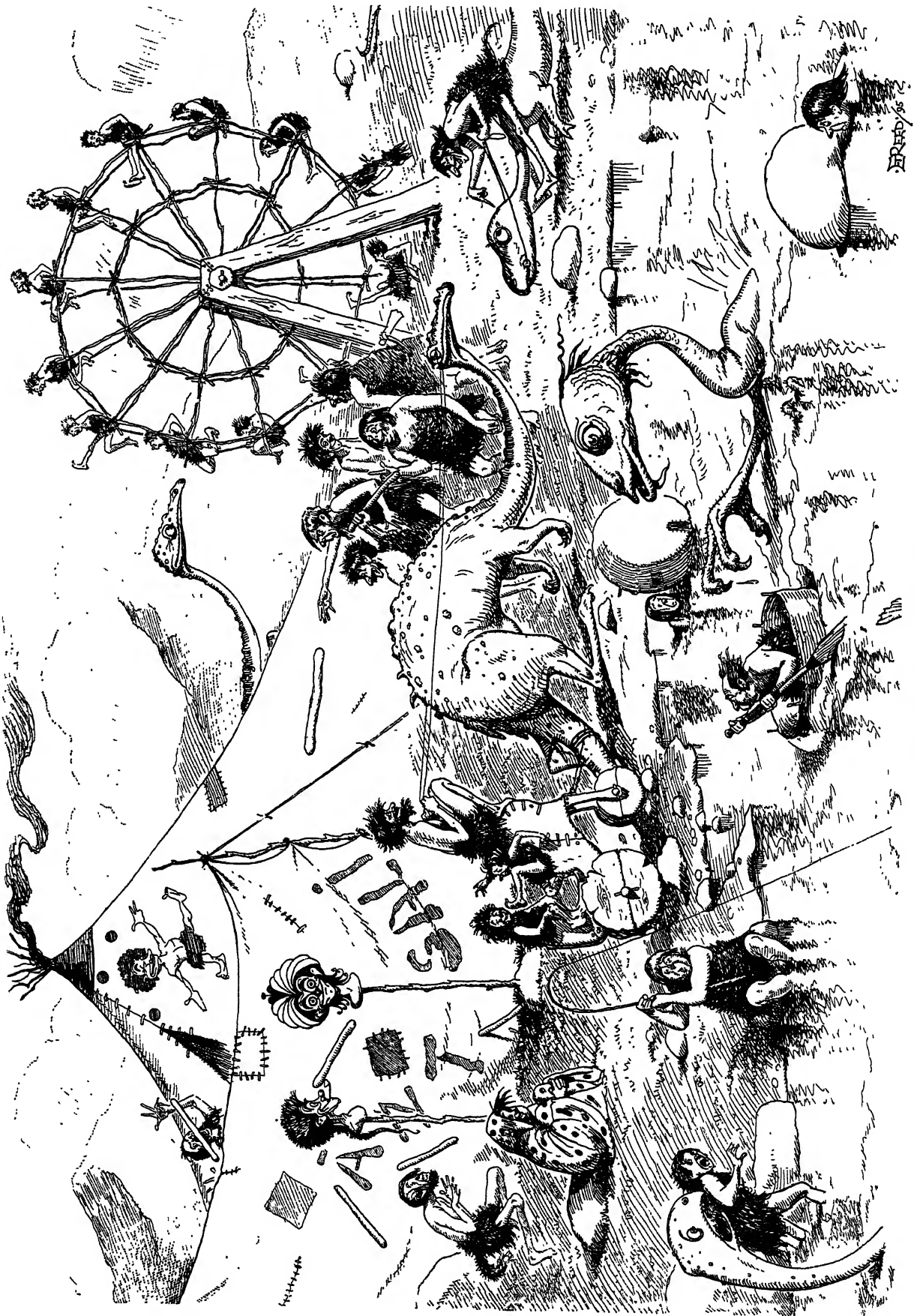
While some cadaverous and long-chinn'd
hero

Talks from a height rais'd by his own conceit,
And my white goddess listens at his feet.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

THERE WERE SEASONS (CORRESPONDING TO OUR EASTER, &c.) WHEN THE INHABITANTS OF ONE ACCORD GAVE THEMSELVES UP TO RELAXATION AND AMUSEMENT!



LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THERE'S a wondrous fairy kingdom
Whither all may take a trip—
Quite an inexpensive journey,
It is not by rail or ship—
For it lies just where you fancy,
And a pleasant thing it seems
For a man to sojourn sometimes
In the land of dreams.

'Tis the land where man attaineth
To the end of his desire,
Where the minor poet warbles
And the laurel crowns his lyre :
It is there the sucking statesman
Works out Machiavellian schemes,
And young BRIEFLESS is a leader
In the land of dreams.

'Tis the land of fur and feather,
'Tis the paradise of sport,
Where the runs beat all recounted
O'er the walnuts and the port :
It is there the pheasant rockets,
It is there the covert teams,
And your powder's always straightest
In the land of dreams.

There with ease the patient golfer
Plays a record medal-round,
And the batsman get his hundred,
Hitting clean all round the ground ;
There old IZAAK's keen disciple
Thrashes quite ideal streams,
For he angles most "completely"
In the land of dreams.

'Tis a land where someone meets you
You may never meet elsewhere,
'Tis a land where words are whispered
You may whisper only there ;
'Tis the home of youth and sunshine
Where you taste of joy's extremes,
For, of course, there's someone loves you
In the land of dreams.

'Tis a land of peace and quiet,
Free from yelling paper-boys,
And from Germany's musicians,
And offensive kinds of noise :
There the organ-grinder grinds not,
There no restive infant screams.
Oh, to spend one's whole existence
In the land of dreams !

'Tis a land where rates and taxes
Never need be brooded on,
And the cupboard is unfurnished
With the homely skeleton :
There the roses all are thornless,
Life is destitute of seams,
And, in short, it's worth the living
In the land of dreams.

TO A PRETTY GIRL.

(Who accepted some verses.)

You take my lines, and say that you
Appreciate my humble verses.



That's more than editors will do,
Or publishers, with bloated purses.
To gain your thanks in such a way,
I'd write you verses night and day.

You don't return them, saying you
Regret you cannot now accept them.

Or, scrawled with marks in blatant blue,
To show that, ruined, you have kept them.
If you would pay me with a smile,
I'd write you verses by the mile.



First Boy. "GIVE US A BITE OF YOUR APPLE, BOB."

Second Boy. "SHAN'T."

First Boy. "WHAT FOR?"

Second Boy. "'COS YER AXED ME!"

(After a pause.)

Small Boy. "GI' ME A BITE, BOB. I NEVER AXED YER!"

If you could only say that you
Would like me for my admiration,
To sing your charms till all was blue
Would be delightful occupation.
If I could hope to win a kiss,
I'd write you fifty miles like this.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

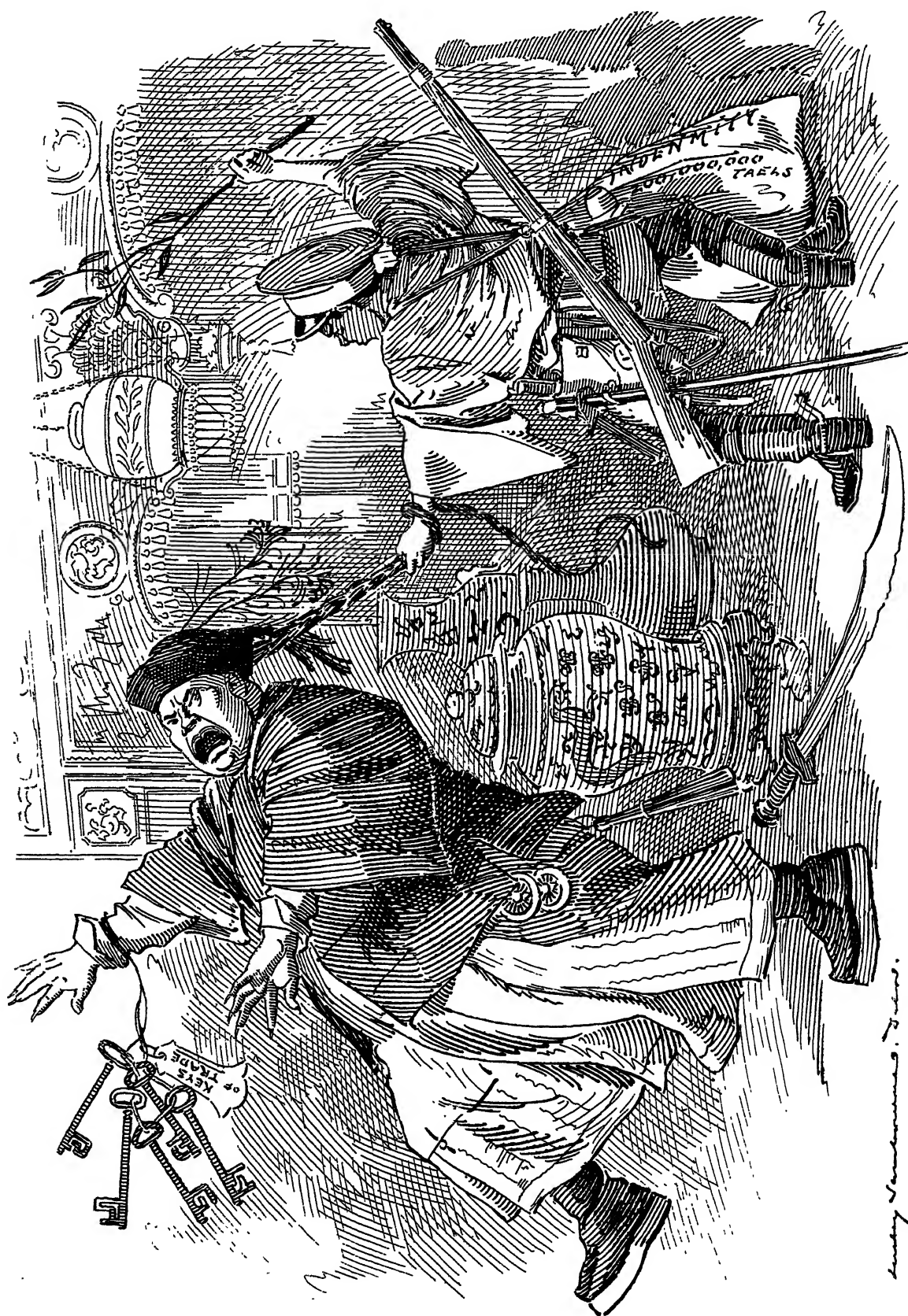
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, April 8. — House to-night presented that appearance seen only on big occasions. Long unfamiliar in slough of despond in which present House been steeped since Session opened. Every seat on either side occupied. Members sitting on Gangway steps, flooding the side galleries, blocking the Bar, peopling even the steps of the Chair. ARTHUR PEEL is leaving historic stage graced through eleven years in fashion that has added fresh fame to an illustrious name. On ordinary occasions when SPEAKER rises to address House on current topics of business, Members who chance to have their hats on keep them there. Now, when the stately figure is discovered standing under the canopy of the Chair, Members without concert, but with one accord, bare their heads. Throughout a moving scene, which crammed

much into fifteen minutes, nothing more striking than this simultaneous, swift uncovering of the head, and the transformation that followed when the rare sunlight, streaming in from western windows, fell upon five hundred unshaded faces all turned towards the tall, gowned figure standing by the Chair.

The speech will be read to-morrow by millions, who will find it word for word and sentence by sentence in the newspapers. But the reader will gain but faint idea of the impression the delivery produced. The historic place, the animated scene, the electric current of such a gathering, were much. The effect was perfected by the elocution of the SPEAKER, perhaps the most perfect development of an attractive but dangerous art possessed by living man.

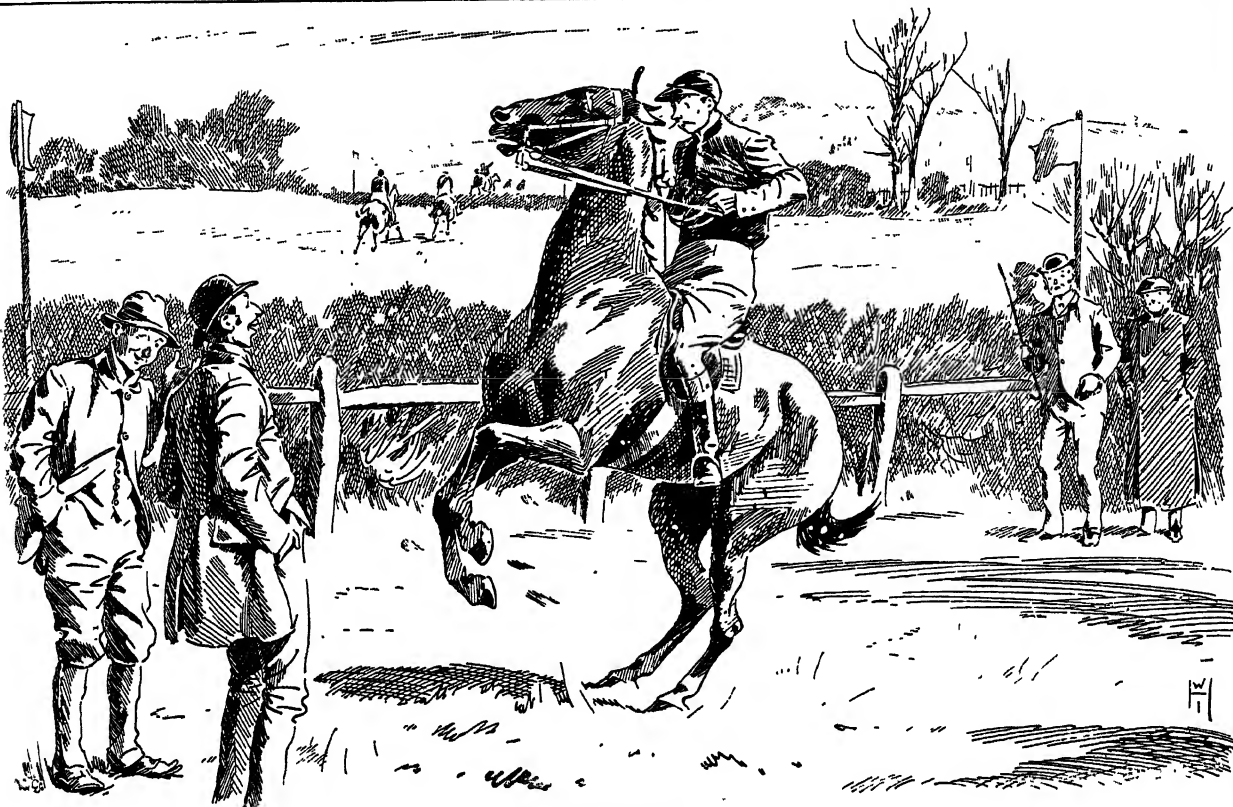
What possibilities underlie its possession were wonderfully recognised in the last days of the late Parliament, when the directors of the Cambrian Railway Company were brought to the Bar of the House in connection with the dismissal of a station-master who had given unwelcome evidence before a Select Committee. House in the ludicrous pickle which invariably follows on Privilege proceedings. Directors summoned to attend were somewhere in the lobby. If it had been permissible to follow



THE JAP IN THE CHINA SHOP.

Master of the Situation (log.), "NOW THEN, YOU PIG-HEADED OLD PIGTAIL, OPEN YOUR SHOP—AND HAND ME THE KEYS!"

Every Evening. 1895.



SCORCHING.

First Countryman (to third-rate Amateur Jock, whose mount won't have the Fence). "NOW THEN, SHOVE 'IM AT IT AGIN, MISTER! WHOI DENGED IF OI WOULDN'T JUMP THAT 'ERE LITTLE PLACE WI' A JACKASS!"

Second Countryman. "MAYBE YER WOULD, MA LAD; BUT YER SEE THAT 'ERE 'OSS DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT JUMPING WI' A JACKASS!"

THE JAP IN THE CHINA SHOP; OR, THE NEW "OPEN SESAME."

"China, properly opened up, would be an El Dorado for mankind. . . . The true conquest effected by the war is the conquest of the right to a market, and that apparently on an enormous scale."

"Daily News" on the terms of Peace between China and Japan.]

Little Jap loquutur :-

COME, wake up, old chap! I'm the go-ahead Jap.

Open Sesame! Yes, that's the word, JOHN!

In your den you would stop, or e'en shut up your shop,

Your proceedings are highly absurd, JOHN!

Spite your bounce and your boast, I have got you on toast,

And thereby, friend JOHN, hangs a big tale.

When your carcase I'd wake, I have only to take

A sailor's round turn at your pigtail!

Your notion of shopkeeping's shutter and key.

Since you don't know their use, hand 'em over to Me!

For thousands of years your pride and your fears

Have muddled your market completely.

Ah! would you, old slug? But a twist and a tug

Bring you up to your bearings most sweetly.

'Tis no use to kick! You will have to move slick,

Now you've got in the hands of Young Jappy;

Don't you get in a scare for your crockery ware.

Rouse up, open shop, and be happy!

Afraid? Superstitious? Oh, fiddle-de-dee!

Throw open your markets, and leave it to Me!

For ever so long you've been going all wrong.

Your Empire is under a shadow;

But well opened up, by ships, railways, and KRUPP,

It will turn out a true El Dorado.

Don't fly to your door! Eh? your pigtail is sore?

You think me a cocky invader?

Why you'll find in the end I'm your very best friend,

When I force you to be a free trader.

Blow your grandfather's bunkum, you Heathen Chinee!

Take down all your shutters, and hand me the key!

For my use alone? you inquire with a groan.

Oh, dear! you must be an old duffer!

Excuse me this wink,—but what do you think?

Do you hold "Outside Devils" will suffer

The Flowery Land to be locked by my hand,

Any more than by yours, in their faces?

Pig-headed old Pigtail, I fancy I know

How to get into Europe's good graces.

So pay up my millions, you Heathen Chinee!

Throw open your market, and hand me the key!

"STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES."

THE four strangers were gathered together in the all-but-deserted inn. They were forced to enter into conversation, because the solitary periodical taken in by the landlord had been read from title to imprint by everyone of them.

"A strange article," said the first, as he laid down the *Lancet*. "And so men disappear entirely for awhile, and then come back to their homes and profession as if nothing had happened."

"Extraordinary," murmured the second. "I see that the scientific publication you have just relinquished suggests that the cause of these hurried exits partake of the nature of post-epileptic phenomena." And then the talk went on. The four strangers dined together, supped together, and on the following morning partook in company of breakfast. The waiter, at about eleven o'clock, presented each of them with a note. It came from the landlord, and was full of figures. A weird look appeared on their faces.

"We must move on," said one of the quartette; "but as the staircase is steep, let us descend by the window."

The no-longer-perplexed strangers adopted the suggestion, and gently sliding down a rope, were soon quit of the inn. They walked together for about a quarter of a mile, and then coming to four cross-roads, scattered.

"Dear me," said the landlord of the inn, when he once again found himself alone. "Their disappearance is most strange. I am inclined to agree with the *Lancet*, 'that the phenomenon remains striking and mysterious, interesting in its psychological aspect, but in its concrete form full of practical and medico-legal difficulties;' and, believing this, I must write to the proper authorities." And he sat down and composed two letters. One he addressed to the President of the Royal College of Physicians, and the other to the Editor of *Hue and Cry*.

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

BY DUNNO WÄHRLAR!

(Translated from the original Lappish by Mr. Punch's own Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

No. II.—THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

THE sky was darkened by swart birds, with tufted tails, and a look in their clay-coloured eyes as of millions of stifled croaks; the rain fell in grizzled sheets like the streaming hair and beard of some Titanic lunatic, and the thunder boomed over the town as if it had just discovered another epoch-making novel.

Night fell; I lit my lamp and closed the shutters, drew my curtains, so as to shut out any gleaming cats' eyes that might be peering at me through the chinks, and mixed myself a tumbler of hot punch.

As I finished it, a wild piercing shriek rose from the universe, as though someone had run a pin into the Great Unknown, and a shining blue-white ball came down the chimney and burnt a hole in the yellow-green gloom of my hearthrug.

I looked up; a strange man was sitting right in front of me. His crested hair had a blue-white gleam, like the electric light in a mountain hotel when the storm is nearly ended; it stuck out in a spiral fringe round his cheeks and chin; his mouth was prim like a purse; but his spectacles twinkled with laughter like the new ferrule on a gingham umbrella.

"I am the Shaker of Society's Pillars, I have discovered that the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil bears nothing but rotten apples. There are milestones on the Bergen road—but I can see through most of them. I am the New Generation knocking at the



"I fancy I must have dropped off to sleep."

old stage-door. I am also the Dramatiser of Social Conundrums to which there will never be any answer."

Time passed—a second or an hour. I began to wish he would go.

"I am the great Wizard that has ennobled and purified Humanity by showing that they are all the morbid victims of a diseased heredity. The great fire at Christiania was not the fire in which Mrs. Solness's nine dolls were burnt. I am he who has emancipated Woman by convincing her that she has the right to be hysterical."

Again time passed—an hour or a second. I fancy I must have dropped off to sleep.

"I am he who has broken through the conventions of the well-constructed drama. When we lived at Drontheim, BERNICK's gander was stolen by tinkers. I am the original eld, and also the child who instructs the grandmotherly critic in the art of sucking problematic eggs; but I, too, am a master-builder of magnificent bathos."

And again time passed—a second or an hour. I wondered whether he had come to stay the night.

"Read, I am called 'dramatic'; acted, I am called 'impossible.'"

With that the cock crew. The stranger had flown before I had an opportunity of asking him his name or asking him to look in again some evening.

I was rather sorry, for he seemed to have a flow of agree-

able small talk, though it was perhaps a little egotistic.

THE WOULD-BE SOLDIER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Why did you become a member of a Volunteer corps?

Answer. With the intention of strengthening our national defences.

Q. Then you think such a proceeding patriotic?

A. Not only patriotic, but necessary.

Q. You probably have some recollection of the French collapse in 1870-71?

A. Yes; but I have been chiefly influenced by considerations of a mathematical character.

Q. Make your meaning plainer.

A. I mean that it stands to reason that as only a small percentage of our people are trained to arms, and ninety-six per cent. of our neighbours are converted into soldiers, the latter, in the case of a quarrel with us, would have the upper hand.

Q. And you think a quarrel entailing the arbitration of the sword might be sprung upon us at any moment?

A. Precisely; that is entirely my opinion.

Q. And, consequently, you take a serious view of Volunteering?

A. Assuredly, or I would not give up most of my leisure time to master drill in all its branches.

Q. Do you obtain any social advantages by wearing the uniform of a Volunteer?

A. No; on the contrary, the grade of a private in the long run causes considerable expense, and the commission of an officer is inseparable from large expenditure and a loss of self-respect.



Q. Why is the holding of a commission of a Volunteer officer "inseparable from a loss of self-respect"?

A. Because, in the general estimation, the holder of a commission in the Volunteers is worthy of ridicule, pity, or contempt.

Q. Can you give the reason for this impression?

A. It is probable that it has been created by the consideration that a Volunteer officer is chaffed by his friends, sneered at by his enemies, and mulcted of much money by his comrades.

Q. Then a Volunteer officer or private usually joins the force from the most patriotic of motives?

A. Certainly. Nine-tenths of the rank and file and their commanding officers wish to qualify as soldiers capable of repelling a foreign invasion.

Q. And this being so, they do not wish to spend three or four days of training in practising "marches past" and other manoeuvres of a more or less ornamental character?

A. Quite so; not even when the practice terminates with a review in a royal park, and a salute performed to the strains of the National Anthem.

Q. Nor do the Volunteers desire to be made into a raree show?

A. Not even to make a cockney Bank Holiday.

Q. And if you are told that this is the sort of thing that the Volunteers want, what do you reply?

A. Nonsense.

Q. And if it were added that more serious work would be unpopular, what would be your suggestion?

A. Try and see.

MEM. FOR VETOISTS.—It is the question of "tied" houses which makes the compensation question so knotty.

RAILWAY BALLADS.

I.—THE EXPRESS TRAIN.

A GRUESOME tale I tell of the
West-Eastern Railway Companee.

"Its virtues few, its faults a score"—
(I quote the view held heretofore).

The chief among its faults, you see,
Is sad unpunctualitee.

Now, gentles all, list what befel
AUGUSTUS HALL, of Camberwell.

The Fates were stern, the world unkind;
And this, I learn, unhinged his mind.

Che sarà, sarà! Think how sad!
His evil star it drove him mad!

"If life has no more joy to give,"
Quoth he, "I'll go and cease to live.

Nor yet delay an hour to dine,
But straightway lay me on the line.

"The train now due will end distress—
So haste thee, Two o'clock Express!"

With that he'd gone, nor stayed to snack;
But climbed upon the railway-track.

He waited now two hours—not less;
And yet, I vow, came no express!

And he had nought his pangs to ease.
He wished he'd brought some bread and
cheese.

He had to fast. He fain would sup.
The hours flew past. He sate him up.

"Tis strangely late. I should not mind—
I'd gladly wait—if I had dined.

"If I'd a joint that I could carve,
I'd strain a point; but here to starve!!

May I be hung if e'er I see
Such gross unpunctualitee!

"No gentleman can now depend
On any plan to plan his end."

Twelve hours or more he waited thus.
"A train?" he swore; "an omnibus!"

"It tarries yet all through the night,
And helps to whet my appetite!"
His hunger grew inside his chest;
With nought to chew, he was—*non est*.

Two days pass by, and then we find
The train draw nigh, three days behind!
Directors sigh, deplore, and frown;
And fine the driver half-a-crown.

"But had I been on time," JACK said,
"HALL's death, I ween, were on my head."

"Quite true, good JACK! Our conscience
pricks.

We hand you back your two-and-six!"

Envoi.

Now that is all I have to tell
Of Mr. HALL, of Camberwell:



THESE DULL TIMES.

Lady Gushton (always so agreeable). "AND THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURES YOU HAD HERE
LAST YEAR,—HAVE YOU GOT THEM ALL STILL?"

Mr. Flake Whyte (sadly). "YES; I HAVE THEM ALL."

Lady Gushton. "HOW VERY NICE! IT IS SO HARD TO PART WITH ONE'S OWN PICTURES,
IS IT NOT?"

Mr. Flake Whyte (with much feeling). "AWFULLY, AWFULLY HARD! SOMETIMES IM-
POSSIBLE!"

ROBERT AND THE COUNTY COUNSELLS.

BROWN and me has been a having sum rare good fun lately. We
has managed to see and hear a good deal about the County Counsellors,
and werry emusing we finds em to be. They suttlenly does manage
to quarrell among each other more than I shoold have thort possorbel.



There's a depperty Counsellor among em who will
tork whenever he gets a hoppertunity, yes and keeps
the pot a biling, as BROWN says, for nearly arf a
nour at a time, and then finds hisself beaten into a
cocked at, and so has to sit down, while the others
has a jolly larf.

Ever so many on em belongs to the Tems Conser-
wancy, and so we are offen hearing of their going
up the River, when there's two much water there,
and hofferin to show the poor natives how to get a
lot of it away, but from what I hears they don't
seem for to be werry sucksessful.

Too or three on em went to the Boat Race the other
day and took ever so many Ladies with em, and jolly
nice dinners they had on bord after the Race was over and there wasn't
no more fear of no more rane, which had rayther spylt the morning.

It's reel good fun to hear the Counsellors tork about the Coppera-
tion nowadays! such a difference to what it was about a year ago!
Then it was all bragging and boasting, now it's all begging your
pardon, and arsking your grace, and it shant occur again! I never
thort toosee such a change, and it's really werry emusing. The two
places where they speshally seems not at all at their ease are the
Court of Common Counsel and the Manshun House; and in both of
these honnerd places the few as wenter in do look uncumferal
indeed! and the reel natives don't show them no pitty! not a bit of
it, but takes a quiet larf whenever they gits a good chance.

I've herd as one of the Counsellors has been herd to say as there
are no less than three on em in the House of Commons, each of em
quite equal to the late Speaker, if not shuperior to him, and that it
was only beggarly jealousy as prevented them giving them a fare
chance!

The same honorable Gent has been herd to say that the County
Counsellors was much shuperior to the City Copperation, for it was
only last Toosday-as they agreed, without a word of remonsterance,
to raise no less than two millions of money from next year's rates!

I wunder if it's all trew!

ROBERT.

THE NEWEST NUISANCE.—The woman with a past before her.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

"COOT-NIGHT, MRS. PROWN. I HAF TO SANK YOU FOR DE MOST BLEASANT EFENING I HAF EPPER SCHBENT IN MY LIFE!"
 "OH, DON'T SAY THAT, HERR SCHMIDT!" "ACH! BOT I DO SAY DAT! I ALWAYS SAY DAT!"

THE NEW CONDUCTOR.

[“You have been elected by a majority of the House. You are the representative of the whole House.”—*Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's speech on the election of Mr. Gully as Speaker.*]

Mr. Punch to Mr. Speaker.

If the Second Fiddle's satisfied, you're all right with the First!

The Harp may heed your *bâton*, and as for the Big Drum,
 When it booms out on the night with a loud sonorous burst,

That makes the whole proscenium shake and hum;
 What matter if the clatter, and the bang and bump and batter,
 Keep but time?

If they're docile to your nod, and obedient to your rod,
 The New Conductor's post will be prime!

The Orchestra has doubtless been a little bit at odds,
 And what should bring forth harmony has fallen into row;
 But, good gracious! there were shines sometimes among the Olym-
 pian gods,

And the noisy ones look milk and honey now.
 The brazen and the windy both outdid Wagnerian shindy,
 For a while;

Now there's calm at wings and middle, and even the First Fiddle
 Veils his virtuous indignation with a smile:

The *tutti* did go wrong, all the parts appeared at strife,
 They liked the Old Conductor, were in doubt about the New;
 And WH-THR-d's tootling piccolo, and WH-RT-N's wry-neck'd fife,
 Went decidedly a little bit askew.

But, in spite of blare and blether, they're now going well together,
 String and reed,

Parchment, and wood, and brass; and it yet may come to pass
 That the New Conductor's *début* will succeed.

The Old Conductor's style was perfection, there's no doubt,
 Impossible to beat, and extremely hard to follow;
 But the new one seems to know pretty well what he's about.

A Mercury can play, though no Apollo.
 So let us cheer all round, as he makes his bow profound!

Tap, tap, tap!
 Go the fiddle-bows, in proof that, while welcome shakes the roof,
 The orchestra agree to cheer and clap!

Sir, that St. Stephen's Orchestra is mighty hard to lead:
 Needs mastery, and dignity, and coolness, and fine ear,
 Great was the *bâton*-wielder 'tis your fortune to succeed;
 But tackle your big task, Sir, without fear!

Punch trusts the name of GULLY on Fame's roll will not shine dully
 At the end!

Now tune up string and bow, let the New Conductor know
 That he finds in each performer a fair friend!

PARTY POLITICS.

First Man (conciliatory). You're a Tory?

Second Man (also conciliatory). Well, no. I'm a Unionist. Yes,
 a Unionist. Certainly I don't approve of Home Rule—

First Man. Don't say that. I think well of Home Rule.

Second Man. Oh, do you? Well, I agree with the Liberals in
 some ways.

First Man. Come to that, in some ways I agree with the Tories.
 Now take Disestablishment.

Second Man. Ah, that's just one point where I disagree with the
 Liberals.

First Man. Well, you may be right. But I should be a Tory if
 they supported Home Rule.

Second Man. And I should be a Liberal if they didn't want Dis-
 establishment.

First Man. Now, CHAMBERLAIN—

Second Man. Ah, yes. CHAMBERLAIN—

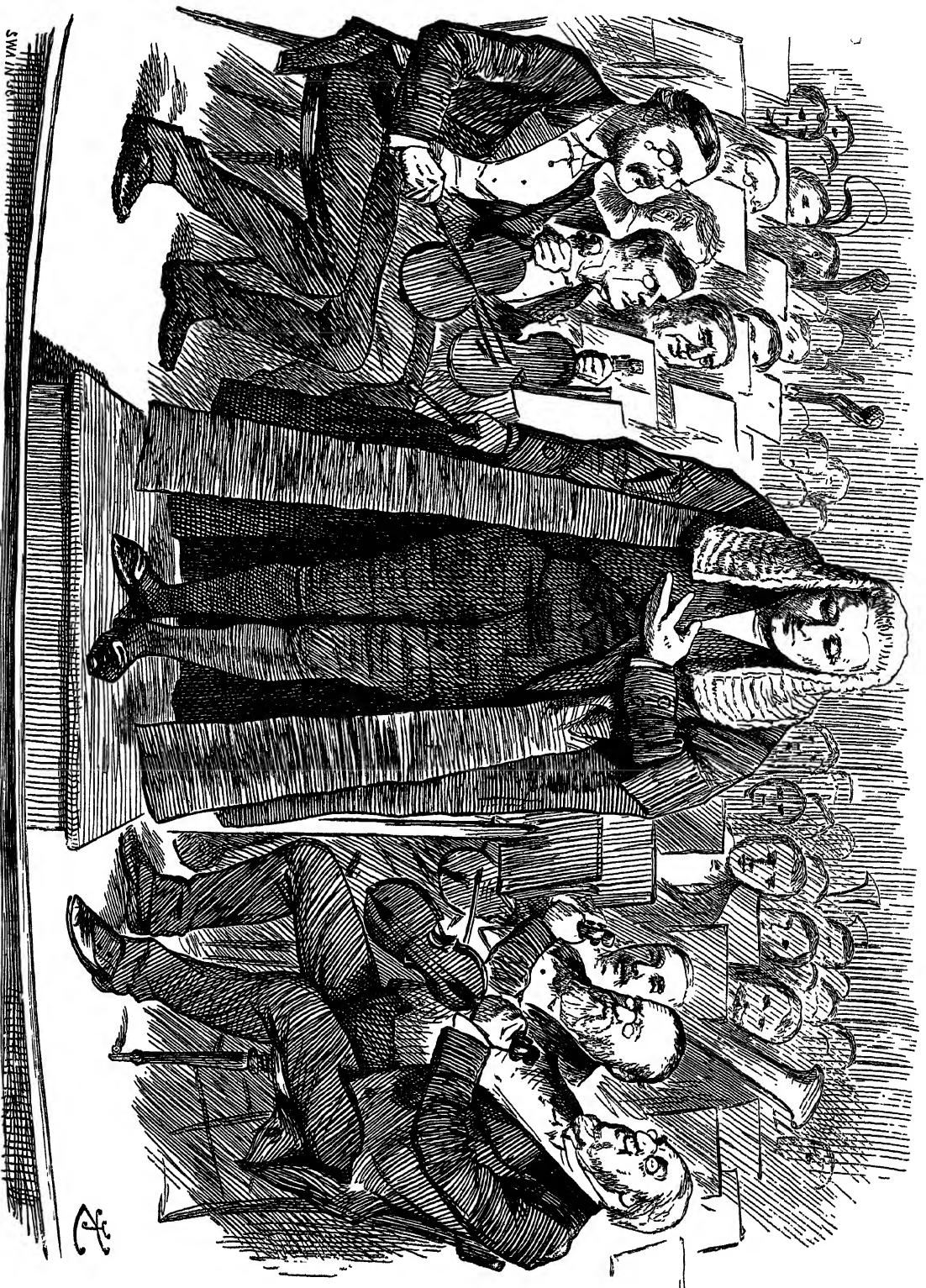
First Man. He opposes Home Rule.

Second Man. He supports Disestablishment.

[*Left mutually abusing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.*]

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE. — “The LORD LIEUTENANT was
 present at Punchestown for the races. His Excellency and the house
 party from the Viceregal Lodge, which included TOBY, M.P., met
 with a hearty reception.” Naturally. If TOBY, M.P. was not made
 welcome at *Punch's* town, who should be?

CITY NOTES.—*The latest Crushing Report.*—The Londonderry Mine.



THE NEW CONDUCTOR.

"YOU HAVE BEEN ELECTED BY A MAJORITY OF THE HOUSE. YOU ARE THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE."

Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's speech on the election of Mr. Gully as Speaker.



A BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

TRADE BETRAYED.

Returned Anglo-Indian Colonel (to friend of his boyhood). Either your climate is colder than it used to be, or your coals throw out less heat. Which is it?

His Friend. Oh, it's the coals. Rubbishy things, rather. Come from Tomsk in Siberia.

R. A.-I. C. Siberia! They ought to be sent there! But aren't English coals good enough?

His Friend. Oh, yes, they're good enough.

But then, you see, they're dear. That's the result of the last coal strike.

R. A.-I. C. Oh, I heard about that at Bangalore. Then how about your razors? I bought one yesterday in the Strand. If you believe me, I've only used it once and it's blunt already.

His Friend. "Made in Germany," no doubt. The trade's gone over there, they say.

R. A.-I. C. And boots, now. Why has the pair I got in the City a month ago split open in two places?

His Friend. That's the late boo strike. Cheap American goods have ousted the genuine British article.

R. A.-I. C. (meditatively). Ah—heard of the boot strike too at Bangalore. But I didn't find my boot-maker charged me any less than in the old days for 'em. Tell you what, there's only one thing that will save England.

His Friend. What's that?

R. A.-I. C. Why, a new kind of strike altogether. Why shouldn't the strikers strike striking? Eh?

His Friend. That never struck me. [They part pensively.]

MY PIPE.

I do not now attempt to sing,

With laudatory phrases,
That now, in verse, quite hackneyed thing,

Which poet, painter praises:
Beloved by TURNER, CLAUDE, or CUYP,
The excellent tobacco-pipe.

Nor yet of bagpipes do I write,

Pan's pipes with Punch and Judy,
Or organ ones, because you might
Read books on them, from MUDIE,
In varied tongues, in varied type—
On any sort of music pipe.

Nor, plagued of late however much

By bronchial affections,
Do I propose just now to touch,
With medical reflections,
On what Jack Frost delights to
gripe,
My choking, wheezing, sore wind-
pipe,

Nor am I speaking now of wine,

Nor yet, from MARRYAT learning,
Of what the Cockney would define—
Poor A as ever spurning—

"The sime in nime, but not in
shipe,"

The pipe of port; the boatswain's
pipe.

No! Now I sing—but not with praise,

To praise it would be rummer

Than any other sort of craze,

Excepting in a plumber;

I am not such a fool, a "snipe,"

As says the Bard—my water-pipe.

For weeks I could not get a drop

Of water, it was frozen;

When thus congealed the thing would
stop,

I spoke as would a boatswain.

For seamen's oaths the time was ripe,
I here translate them—Hang that
pipe!

Then suddenly, of course at night,

There came a sudden splashing,

And I, in most unequal fight,

About my bedroom dashing.

With sheets and towels tried to wipe,

Or check, the flood from that vile
pipe.

You would not say that frost is fine,

So exquisitely bracing,

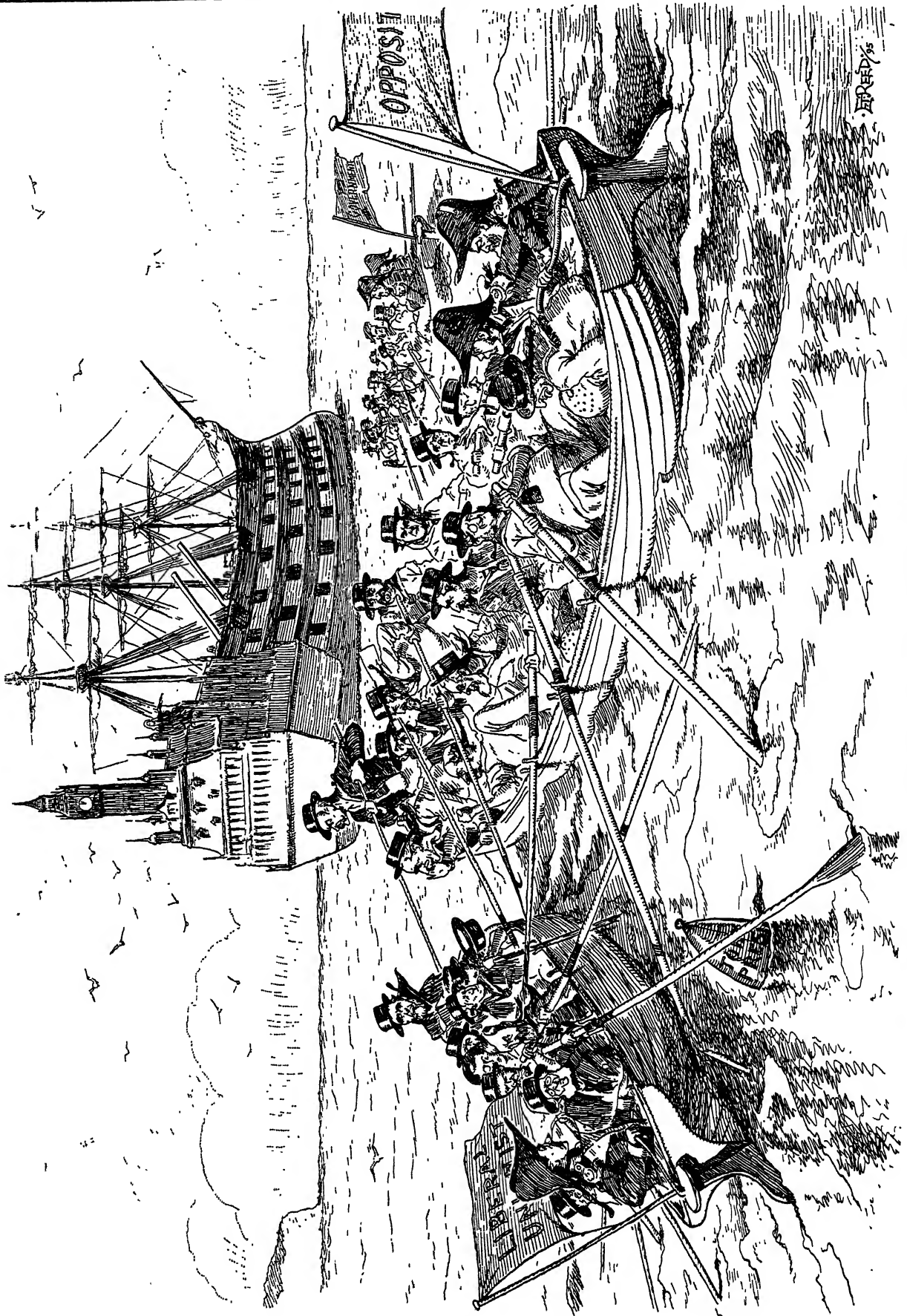
If you had had a pipe like mine,

Your ruined home defacing;

On carpet, stain; on paper, stripe;—

Oh, blow that beastly water-pipe!

SONG OF THE PEACE TERMS (SUNG
TO CHINA).—"Oh, Let us be Jappy
together!"



PARLIAMENTARY "LIBERTY MEN" COMING ABOARD AFTER TEN DAYS' LEAVE.

A SONG OF SPRING.

OH, painters, you who always "come
Before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March"—till May—with some
Atrocious smell of paint, and make
The streets in such a shocking state, you
Are quite a nuisance—how I hate you!

How can I wear in peace a neat,
Silk hat, and coat of decent black,
When, passing you in any street,
Your paint may tumble on my back,
Or I may smash, which might be sadder,
My hat against your sloping ladder?

Hew can the spring delight my mind,
How can I like the budding trees,
The butterflies of any kind?

A Painted Lady could not please
In any way the mental man,
Were I a painted gentleman.

How can I like the balmy air,
How dream of violets in bloom,
When paint-pots swing aloft and scare
With visions of impending doom?
I'm mad and hot—quite crimson madder—
With dodging each successive ladder.

TO A BANTLING.

(Lines written to a Lady who "Banted.")

SOME rhymes to make you laugh? I can't
Drop, Wegg-like, into rhyme instant.
It's easiness itself to bant,
Comparatively hard to banter.

The many pretty things I'd say,
The pleasant thoughts I'd like to utter,
I may not do, it seems to-day—
You scorn the bare idea of *butter*!

"Sweets to the sweet." Not long ago,
Why chocolates—you'd gladly greet them.
Now you've abandoned them, and so
You never (hardly ever) eat them.

To see you drink hot water—that
The very stoniest heart would soften,
You evidently think it flat,
You're in it—aren't you—much too often?

Yet whether 9st. 12, as when
You weighed that day at Margate Station,
Or 10st. 7, or 7st. 10,
I can't pretend to indignation.

To bant from early morn till late
May be, of course, supremely right of you;
But if you feel oppressed by weight,
Would it not do if we made light of you?

Though that I swear I will not do,
Let others, if they like, make bold to—
I merely write these rhymes for you,
I *always* do just what I'm told to!

But if you cease to peak and pine
(For Time the Banting Conscience hardens),
You will not fail to drop a line—
My chambers are in Temple Gardens.

SEXOMANIA.

By an Angry Old Buffer.

"WHEN ADAM delved and EVE span,"
No one need ask which was the man.
Bicycling, footballing, scarce human,
All wonder now "Which is the woman?"
But a new fear my bosom vexes;
To-morrow there may be no sexes!
Unless, as end to all the pother,
Each one in fact becomes the other.
E'en then perhaps they'll start amain
A-trying to change back again!
Woman *was* woman, man *was* man,
When ADAM delved and EVE span.
Now he can't dig and she won't spin,
Unless 'tis tales all slang and sin!



DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

"WHAT IS IT, NURSE?"
"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, THE CHILDREN WILL MAKE SLIDES ON THE FLOOR WITH
TAPIOCA PUDDING!"

OSTRICH FEATHERS.

["The magnificent ostrich at the Zoological Gardens, presented by the QUEEN, has recently
died from lung-disease."—*Daily Paper.*]

My eyes are wet with dewy tears,
That will not cease to flow.
Like MARY's little lamb, my grief
Somehow is sure to go
Wherever I do. It all comes
From something that I've read,
The ostrich that I loved so well
Fell ill, and now is dead.

"Magnificent" indeed, it was.
I never ceased to take
A pride in its magnificence
For its own special sake.
But added unto this there was
An extra joy. I mean
That loyalty asks ardour for
A present from the QUEEN.

Oh! ostrich, I have often thought
Your smile childlike and bland,
And speculated if it's true
That right down in the sand
You really *do* conceal your head.
But even though that's wrong,
It seems without a lung for life
You could not live for long.

My wife and I delight to hear
Our wee girl's merry laugh,
As she's astride the elephant
Or feeding the giraffe.
But ostrich—regal, lung-gone, dead!!
When we are at the Zoo,
My wife's best hat will always serve
To turn my thoughts to you.

CARMENCITA.

(An Impression.)

"O EAST is east, and west is west
And never the twain shall meet."
And the dance of Spain is one of the twain
To the English Man in the Street.



We love the trick of the lofty kick
And the muscular display
Of the nymph who has leapt at a muslin hoop
And stopp'd in her flight half-way.
A plain, blunt girl in the stormy swirl
Of accordion pleats and laces,
Tho' she cannot dance, if she spin and prance,
Is numbered among the Graces.
For heel and toe our hearts can glow
And the feats of the rhythmic clog,
And a poem of motion wells forth in the notion
Of a Serpentine Dancing Dog.
But the dancer's art, of her life a part,
A song of the wordless soul
With a tale to tell, like the music's swell,
Too large for the word's control,
That goes not down in London town
Where dogg'd conventions stick,
And dancers still must charm with frill,
Or "make shymnastic drick."
As the jungle king with his wrathful spring,
To the lamb that aptly bleats.
As the trumpet's blare to the palsied air
Of that which plays in pleats,
So is east to west, with its sun-born zest,
With fire at the quick heart's core,
And passions bold as the ardent gold
Of the sun on a southern shore.

THE BALLAD OF THE KAISER'S MERCY.

(In brief.)

"The sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise."
Henry the Fourth, Part I., Act i., Sc. 3.

A QUARREL, anything but pretty,
Cannot be healed by parmaceti.
But honour, bruised in the leg,
Finds sovereign solace in an egg.

REFLECTIONS OF A STATESMAN.

Saturday.—Things looking queer. Leamington in a ferment, Tories denouncing me. Like their impudence. Must order ARTHUR BALFOUR to stop this nonsense, and bring rebels to reason. I shall want Hythe thrown into the bargain. BALFOUR must write more letters. If our little lot are to get nothing out of all this, what's the use of having sacrificed principles and COURTNEY? Obviously none. JESSE COLLINGS quite agrees. Says the Tories will repent, when it is too late, of having refused to submit to the greatest, wisest, most generous and noblest statesman of this or any other age, past or future. Wonderful amount of sense in JESSE. Shall make him Governor-General of India, or First Lord of Admiralty.

Monday.—Have seen BALFOUR. Says he can do nothing at Leamington. Wanted me to withdraw Liberal Unionist candidate. ME! The mere notion ridiculous. Told him so. Also asked him how about Compact. He said "Compact be —" At this moment GOSCHEN came in, and interrupted. BALFOUR said missing word was "observed." GOSCHEN full of sympathy, but said he could do nothing. Shall not allow him to be Chancellor of Exchequer again. Shall be Chancellor of Exchequer myself. Letter in *Times* from GEOFFREY DRAGE, saying kind things about me. Rather patronising, but well meant. Shall make DRAGE Home Secretary.

Tuesday.—Letter in *Times* from Lord TEYNHAM attacking me on account of vote on Welsh Disestablishment. Even a fool of a lord might know a man can't wriggle out of everything, and can't please everybody. Have written to SALISBURY ordering him to throw TEYNHAM into the Tower as soon as Unionist Government in power. If he refuses, shall accept Premiership myself and execute TEYNHAM on Tower Hill. Leamington still raging. If this goes on shall march at head of Birmingham Fencibles and raze Leamington to the ground—all except three houses said to belong to Liberal Unionists. That'll teach them to oppose me.

Wednesday.—Letter in *Times* from BYRON REED. Says I'm not so bad as they want to make me out. Nice sensible fellow BYRON. Shall make him Minister of Agriculture. Have sent ultimatums to SALISBURY, BALFOUR, AKERS-DOUGLAS, MICHAEL HICKS-BRACH, and CHAPLIN, ordering them to retire from public life. Shall run the show on entirely different lines with AUSTEN and JESSE to help me. Have heard from editor of *New Review*, who refuses to disclose name of author, of an attack on me. Have sent HENRY JAMES to editor with new patent rack and thumbscrews. But there, my name's easy. Never could bear malice. Always forgive everybody. . . . Notes from SALISBURY, BALFOUR & Co. They refuse to retire. HENRY JAMES returns. Editor broke rack and threw thumbscrews out of window. A very rude man, HENRY JAMES says. GULLY elected Speaker. I'm off to Birmingham.

Later.—Letter from HART DYKE in the *Times*. A good fellow. HART DYKE. But why, in the name of screw-nails, should they all presume to patronise me?

Letter in *Standard* from STANLEY BOULTER. Must stop that kind of nonsense. Leading article in *Standard*. Usual facilities: "We fully recognise loyal services, but on the present occasion," &c. Shall refuse peerage and retire to Central Australia with JESSE to found a Me-colony. Sick of the whole show.

QUEER QUERY.—ANY ADVANCE?—I see that at the Shop Assistants' Conference at Cardiff it was said that what shop-workers ought to go in for was a "Forward Policy." Surely this must be a mistake? If there is one thing that everybody objects to, it is forward young men and women behind the counter. One often hears the shop-walker say, "Will you come forward, Miss JONES, and serve this lady!" And perhaps that was what the Cardiff people were thinking of. Can this be the true explanation? I sincerely hope so; I don't want a "forward" young person, a sort of "independent labour party," slamming down goods for me to inspect!—ALARMED.



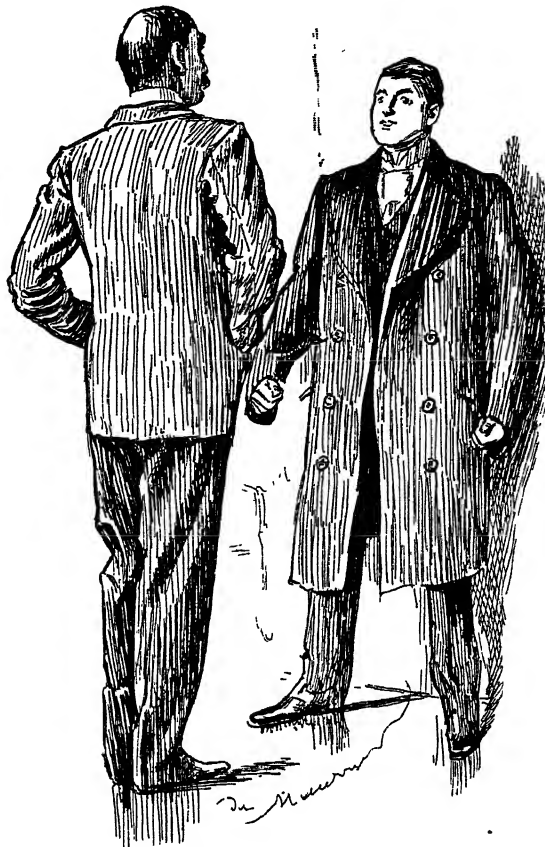
MAY DAY.

(Strictly according to Precedent.)

OPEN the windows, salute the day;
Welcome, welcome the First of May.
Everything's changed, or ought to
be,
Buds are bursting on hedge and tree.
Sweet winds breathe from the West
or South
Soft as a kiss from a maiden's mouth.
Everything speaks of warmth and
love,
Bright is the sun in the blue above.
Out in the woods, I know, I know,
Fur and feather are all aglow.
Downy rabbits with jewel eyes
Dart about in a wild surprise.
Yellow-billed blackbird, speckled
thrush,
Pour their notes in a tuneful gush.
And all the neat little boys and girls,
With clean fresh faces and hair [in
curls,
Sing in a chorus, "Hurray, hurray!
April's gone, it's the First of
May!"

That's how I dreamt my May-day
dream; [to seem
But things are not what they ought
For the wind—why, bless me, the
wind is East,
And the birds don't warble or chirp
the least. [gloom.
The whole of the sky is wrapped in
And fires are lighting in every room.
And I shiver and sneeze and spend
my day
In a winter-suit on the First of May.

AUK'D ABOUT.—The skin of a Great
Auk was put up for sale last week,
but the reserved price was not reached.
Evidently it was of bad omen that it
should have been put up at an "Auk-
shun."



THE NEW BOY!

"LOOK, FATHER, THIS IS YOUR NEW OVERCOAT."
"BY GEORGE, IT FITS YOU CAPITALLY!"
"YES, DOESN'T IT! YOU WILL NOW BE ABLE TO WEAR MY
OLD CLOTHES!"

DRAMATIC FAMILY LIKENESS.

FOR the plot of *The Passport*, recently produced with a fair amount of success at Terry's Theatre, the authors admit their indebtedness to Colonel SAVAGE's novel, *My Official Wife*. Oddly enough, this plot bears a considerable resemblance to that of *The Orient Express*, a piece "made in Germany," of which the English adaptation was produced here, at Daly's, during his season. In this piece, i.e., *The Orient Express*, a gentleman has tourist tickets for himself and wife; but his wife, after disposing of her ticket to a professional *cicérone*, returns to England alone, while her husband, travelling on business, continues his journey. The *cicérone* has sold the ticket cheap to a lady, who is therefore compelled to travel under the name inscribed on the ticket, and finds herself in the same carriage with the gentleman who has the corresponding ticket, and the ticket-collector, seeing the same names, hands back both tickets to the gentleman, and tries to keep the carriage strictly reserved for them all the way, in which attempt he fails, and hence arise, on their return to England, complications analogous to those of *The Passport*. Was the novel of *My Official Wife* written before the German farcical play, or is it only a family likeness?

"IL TRA LOIN."—Dr. FARRAR, now Chaplain to the SPEAKER, has been made Dean of Canterbury. From the Deanery to a Bishopric is but a step. He has gone Far, will go FARRAR and fare better... and then... FARRAR—well to all his greatness!

STRIKES À LA MODE DE PARIS.

(From the Diary of a Pleasure-seeker of the Future.)

ROSE early, intending to have a real good time of it, in spite of the recent disturbances. As a precautionary measure, wore my bullet-proof coat and shell-defying boots. Carried also my armour-plated umbrella, which can be used (on emergencies) as a shield to quick-firing guns. Looked out of window, and found the weather splendid. Firing, too (which I had heard every now and again during the night), seemingly all but ceased.

On reaching the street, representative of the Civil Power cautioned me to be careful. Thanked the representative for his courtesy, and asked why a squadron of hussars were trotting past with drawn sabres. Was told that the soldiers were engaged in the protection of a sweep journeying to his work in a donkey-cart.

Started for a stroll, but had to seek shelter in a doorway from a volley of bullets fired in the direction of the early milkman. From this demonstration I gathered that the food supply would be still further restricted owing to the action of the men on strike. After the purveyor had beaten a hasty retreat, advanced upon a strongly-fortified position, which turned out to be, as I expected it would, a doubly-entrenched cab-stand.

Only one vehicle on the rank. Engaged the cabman. Although I was unaccompanied by a relative or friend, found the space at my disposal distinctly limited. The top of the four-wheeler was, of course, occupied by the customary rocket party. The box had its usual sentry, carrying a couple of revolvers and a search-light. Three of the seats inside were occupied by sharpshooters, and I retained the fourth.

"We had better make for the river," said the officer in command, and we fell in with the suggestion.

Our progress was comparatively uneventful. Certainly at the corners of streets we had to run the gauntlet of a shower of projectiles of various dimensions; still, the armour-plated sides of the cab turned aside the flood of iron, and the custodians, by lying flat as

occasion required, escaped without injury. Leaving the steel-protected cab, I embarked on board an armoured penny steamboat, and made my way down the river. Fortunately, the helmsman was able to avoid the submarine mines which had been laid by the Chairman of the Strike Committee. Our voyage was also rendered exciting by the torpedoes.

Having reached the last pier, I returned to land, and was sufficiently fortunate to catch an omnibus about to start on its exciting campaign. The route, which ran chiefly through main thoroughfares, extended to the length of four miles. Thanks to the exertions of all arms of the service, the distance was traversed in about three hours. Every inch of the ground was hotly contested, but the omnibus at length won the day. The losses on our side consisted of a colonel killed, and seventy-four rank-and-file wounded. The casualties on the side of the strikers were infinitely more numerous.

On reaching my destination, I made for home in a balloon, thus escaping any further molestation.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that "an original dramatic caricature" is being played at the Court Theatre, under the title of *Vanity Fair*. To prevent mistakes, I write to say at once that I am on the eve of constructing a three-volume novel, called *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*; a poem, called *Box and Cox*; and a satire, called *Macaulay's History of England*. I merely mention this fact to protect my copyright in the names I have chosen for my new works. I have also in contemplation the writing of a book to be entitled *Adam Bede*, a novelette, to be known as *King Solomon's Mines*, and a story to be y'clept *Treasure Island*. May I add that I have also some pantomimes and eccentric ballets nearly ready that will be christened, when completed,—*Esmond*, *The Virginians*, *The New-comers*, *Philip*, and last, but not least, *Pendennis*.

Yours truly, NOTHING IF NOT ORIGINAL.

P.S.—I am thinking of adopting as a *nom de plume* the signature of "WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY."



HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT.

Imperia Artist. "WISH I COULD HAVE GOT IT DONE IN TIME FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SURE TO HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED."

[*.* The Emperor of GERMANY has recently painted, sea-piece.]



1886.



1896.

HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT.

Distinguished Amateur soliloquisteth:—

THERE!!! Egotistic ways are my abhorrence;
But if this masterpiece were only hung
In the Uffizi Gallery at Florence,
Where LEIGHTON, like a god, ambrosial,
young,
And MILLAIS, in immortal manhood, stand,
Self-limned, for admiration of posterity,
I fancy that this work of my right hand
Would quite eclipse mere Genius, whose
temerity
In challenging comparison with BIRTH
Is really getting something unendurable.
Aha! It moves me to sardonic mirth!
To dream of my position as securable
By mere Bismarckian brain!!! Now, as the
god,
I come out admirably. Form and stature,
The threatening eye, and the earth-shaking
nod,
All, all to me are simply second nature.
Globe-trampling foot, and hand that grips
the bolt, [Apollo,—
Aye, and the lyre when I would play
Are mine! Will low-born Genius dare revolt,
Or where I lead Greatness decline to follow?
Absurd! I hardly know in what great guise
To paint my greatness! I have sung of
Ægir,
But he was but a sea-god, and his size
And strength compared with mine were
small and meagre.
I am a Joint-stock Deity, as 'twere,
Olympus in a nutshell, Neptune, Mars,

The Cloud-Compeller and the Sun-god fair.
Here I'm pure Jove. And yet somehow it
jars
Upon my spirit to be so restricted
To one immortal guise, however grand.
Hah! Gods by their own pencils thus
depicted
Would make a New Valhalla e'en my
hand
Need not disdain to add to. If Narcissus
Had been a painter, now! There is no
stream,
Though clear as my own Rhine or the
Ilissus,
Could do me justice. I must paint my
dream
Of my Supernal Self. A mere reflection
From Nature's mirror would but mar my
beauty.
No; I must limn myself for the inspection
Of men and gods; it is a simple duty.
This does not satisfy me. And it is
Too late, I fear, for Grandmamma's R.A.
Besides, those English journalists might quiz
Even Imperial Art. They've their own
way
Too much by far in that ill-ordered isle,
Those cheeky critic-fellows. Let me catch
A Teuton quill-driver who'll dare to smile
Upon a masterpiece he cannot match!!!
[Left touching it up.

Literary.

A BOOK is announced entitled *Irish Humour through English Glasses*. It will be followed, we hope, by a companion volume, entitled *English (all) Humour through Irish (Whisky) Glasses*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD are issuing a standard edition of the works of GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede*, of course, comes first, admirably printed in dainty volumes of blue and gold. Glancing over the work brings back to the memory of my Baronite a certain schoolboy who, instead of going home to dinner, used to spend the interval in the reading-room of a free library, literally dining off *Adam Bede*, then just out. It will be interesting to observe how far the public of to-day, more especially the young men and maidens who read novels, will take to GEORGE ELIOT. In this new standard edition opportunity, alike in respect of charm and cheapness, is made alluring.

The Curse of Intellect is an unattractive title, suggestive rather of a series of essays on the melancholy lives of certain geniuses than of the weird tale—for such it is—of a Man-Monkey. This story, published by Messrs. BLACKWOOD, and written by MACHIAVELLI COLIN CLOUT, is a modern version of *Frankenstein*, the distinction being that, whereas *Frankenstein* constructed his own monster, the hero of this romance, one *Reuben Power*, finds a monster ready to hand in a kind of "Mr. Gorilla," whom he educates to speak a strange language, also to read, write, and think in excellent English. This Converted Ape kills his maker, and then considerably puts an end to his own miserable existence; he does not, however, possess a soul (*Frankenstein's* Monster was also deficient in this respect). "For O it is such a 'horrible tale,' and, except to those who occasionally enjoy "a 'horrible tale,' this cannot be recommended by
THE BARON DE B.-W.

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

BY DUNNO WÄHRAR.

(Translated from the original Lappish by Mr. Punch's own Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

No. III.—A SOCRATIC EXPERIMENT.

THE other day I went out for a walk. My thoughts circled round my head like bees in a bonnet, and detached themselves slowly from the loose white honeycomb of my brain to mirror themselves in my soul, as is usual with me on such occasions. And, somewhere round the corner, a voice lurked calling out remarks—what I knew not, only that they were of a highly personal character. The people I met stared at me, and I stared at them, for I had a presentiment that they were talking about me, but I took no notice of them—beyond informing them that they were cowards and blowflies, and requesting to be informed why they enclosed their dirty interiors in glass. For I am Young GARNAWAY, and when I take a walk, I generally exchange amenities of this kind with any persons I happen to meet.

At the Market Place, my friend the Tallow-chandler sat inside his shop, dozing under a pale canopy of farthing dips.

"Answer me a question," I begged of him. "Why does one yearn for the top brick off the chimney when one is a child, and yet feel dissatisfied when, as a man, one receives it off the top of one's Sunday tile? Why does the sea bird fly inland in winter to get food from the towns—only to turn up its beak when presented with a ticket for soup? Why do we—?"

My friend the Tallow-chandler answered never a word, but

chucked foolishly to himself and retired behind a barrier of mottled soap.

When I had gone a piece further I reached a back street, where I found my friend the Bird-stuffer sitting on his doorstep, playing the mouth-organ.

"Answer me a question," I besought him. "Suppose you found out that those who hold the reins of government in our town were educating large blue-bottle flies to make apricot jam out of your and your neighbours' pig-wash, would you write to the local paper about it, even if you knew that the editor would decline to insert your letter?"

My friend answered never a word; he only giggled in embarrassment, struck up a mazurka on his mouth-organ, and began to dance sheepishly.

But, down in Mud Alley, my friend the Dustcart-man sat at his open window—a family idyll, wife and six small children, all eating onions and fried fish.

"Answer me a question," I prayed him. "If a person came to you and said rudely, 'Better anything else than sitting here with your head in the domestic halter among the potshards and puffballs of the old ideals; rather a jolly good row that ends in a fortnight's 'hard' than fat-headed, elephant-footed dullness here with your buzzing brood around you!' If a person came to you and said that, what reply would you give him?"

My friend answered never a word; he was out of the window before I had time to walk away; and in a very few moments I received a clear and practical illustration of the sort of reply he would give to such a question.

As for me, I limped home as well as I could, and, when evening fell, and I was done up in brown paper and vinegar, both my eyes gleamed in the evening sun with the iridescent glitter of peacocks' tails.



"A clear and practical illustration."

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS!"

[Fort Chitral, April 20.—Colonel KELLY's force from Gilgit arrived to-day. . . Much sickness from bad food, excessive work, and exposure. Conduct of troops admirable. . . The discipline, devotion, and fortitude displayed by all ranks under circumstances which required all those qualities are beyond all praise."—Dr. Robertson's Summary of the Siege of Chitral.]

"Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd This star of England."

Chorus: *King Henry the Fifth*, Act V., Scene 2.

ONLY one more "little war,"—of course, Precipitate pluck, and inadequate force—

Such wars as our England wages At terrible cost in British lives, And orphan children and widowed wives, Whereat, though greatly our glory thrives, Our conscience sometimes rages.

But such little wars may need great hearts, And the wandering heroes who play their parts

For England, the wide world over; Fight as well though they fight—and fall— In a leagured hut, by a shattered wall, As though the purple of WELLINGTON's pall Each death-cold breast should cover.

Devotion, fortitude, discipline? Yes! They always shine in the perilous press, Where British soldiers rally.

Shine as bright in the hopeless dark Of the mad *mélée*, though there's none to mark The scattered wreckage ruddy and stark Of the last brave stand or sally.

We rejoice to hear, though we knew we should, Chitral's defenders again made good

The glorious old tradition Of loyalty to the flying flag. Cynics may dub it the torn red rag, But our tongues shall laud, whilst those tongues can wag, That splendid "superstition."

The men who stood, and the men who came O'er ice-bound ridges with hearts aflame, To relieve their leagured brothers,

Have all done well; and the tawny skin Of those who helped us to war and win,—

Well, your little Englander's less akin To England than those others!

"For this relief, much thanks!" And thanks To dead, and living, and of all ranks. Forget their service? Never! "Small time," indeed, but as brightly shone "This star of England," as it had done On that stricken field when the lurid sun Of the Corsican sank for ever.

A FIRST STEP

TOWARDS HISTRIONICS.

(Under the guidance of Herr Goethemann.)

Question. Have you witnessed the performance of the Actor-manager?

Answer. No, but I have perused the tragedy of the Author-publisher.

Q. Is it a curtain-raiser?

A. No, but it is a hair-lifter, in three acts.

Q. How many are the persons of the drama?

A. Four.

Q. Of these, how many are objectionable?

A. Five.

Q. Kindly resolve this paradox.

A. All are objectionable that come on the stage, and one that doesn't.

Q. You speak of the stage; where has the play been given?

A. Nowhere. It has not received a license.

Q. Is it the close season?

A. No, but so much private license was taken by the Author-publisher that the public censor did not see his way to adding to the amount.

Q. Then we shall not see it interpreted by intelligent actors?

A. No, for even if license were granted, the Author-publisher would take all the parts himself.

Q. I do not follow this scheme of plurality.

A. I quote from his own printed advertisement, "The right of performing in public this play (*sic*) is reserved by the author."

Q. Did you state that it is a tragedy?

A. Yes, but inclining to farce.

Q. Does it move the reader to pity and terror?

A. Yes, both. Pity for himself, and terror of the next thing of the kind that he may have to read.

Q. Has it any other of the high qualities of the Greek Tragedy?

A. It says it has the unities.

Q. A severe attack?

A. No, the Norwegian kind; a form of Teutonic measles, painful but transitory.

Q. Is it heroic?

A. No, but it is suburban.

Q. Is the conclusion worthy of a great tragedy? Does it end in a lurid light of whole-souled passion and death?

A. It ends about 4 A.M. the next day, with a cock crowing. The protagonist has come home intoxicated, and remains so. I regret to add that he pushes the heroine, she having displaced his beverage by breaking the glass. She slaps him upon the face, and eventually loses animation. I do not know how the other two end, because they were not home in time for the curtain. As it was, the Author-publisher nearly spoilt one of the unities through waiting for them.

Q. All must be well that ends so well.

Is there a problem or enigma?

A. There is always the insoluble riddle—why did he write it?

Q. Is it full of situations?

A. Not inconveniently so; but there is a dramatic moment.

Q. Which?

A. I do not know.

Q. Then why do you say there is one?

A. Because the Author-publisher says so.

Q. But is it not wasteful to have three acts, and only one dramatic moment?

A. I should have thought so; but the Author-publisher says he has shown economy. Q. Could you give me an idea of the manner? Select a striking incident or a passage where there is subtle characterisation.

A. One situation impressed me very much. I think it must have been the dramatic moment. I reserve it for my next.

(To be continued.)

FILIA PULCHRA, MATER PULCHRIOR.

I LOVED a girl, divinely sweet,
An unsophisticated creature;
I did not scruple to repeat
She was divine, you could not meet
More charms isplayed in form and
feature.

I loved her youthful grace, her slight
And dainty form, an angel's seem-
ing.
Crowned by sweet hair, as dark as
night,
Her face would charm an artist's
sight,
A poet's thoughts, a lover's dream-
ing.

I loved her dark and lustrous eyes,
Which lovelight might with glow-
ing passion,
Her lips, her neck—you will surmise
I wrote her rhymes, all tears and
sighs,
In lovesick versifier's fashion.

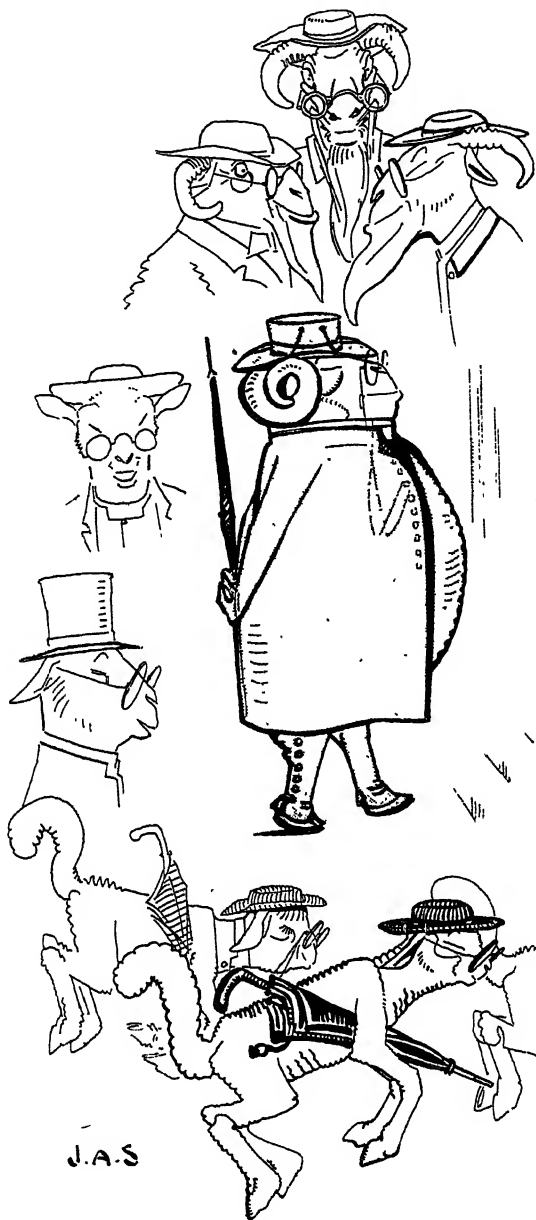
I loved her like a childish pet,
I felt I could not love another,
Until the day when first I met
Her widowed mother, charming yet,
And now, instead, I love her mother.

I love the woman, for the rose,
Full blown, excels the rosebud's
beauty,
Nor think of girlish charms since those
No more inspire my Muse, which shows
My Muse is fit for any duty.

I love her, stately as a queen
Whom VERONESE might have
painted,
Blue-eyed, with hair of golden sheen—
That's just the one thing which has
been
A trouble since we've been ac-
quainted.

I love not charms I loved before,
Dark as the night, or, say a hearse is.
Now auburn beauty pleases more,
My wasted hours I deplore—
I've had to alter all those verses.

EPHING AND OVERSTEPPING.—At
a meeting of forest borderers, Wan-
stead, it was asserted that since the
Corporation had had control of the
forest, upwards of 100,000 trees had
been felled. If true, the members of
the Corporation-Epping-Forest-Com-
mittee will henceforth be known as
"those fellers!"



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. XII.—OUTSIDE EXETER HALL.

TO CIRCE.

"If doughty deeds my lady please,"
Though somewhat old and gouty,
The first occasion I will seize
Of doing something "doughty";
"If gay attire delights your eye,
I'll dight me in array,"
Which every casual passer-by
Will think extremely gay.

"If sweetest sounds can win your ear,"
I'll cheerfully begin [fear,]
(Though somewhat late in life, I
To learn the violin;
In fact, whatever task you set,
You'll speedily discover
That in the writer you have met
A most submissive lover.

I could exemplify the fact
Through several extra verses,
How I would please, by every act,
My kindest of CIRCE's;
And yet by destiny malign
You've happened just to choose
The single task which, though divine
The bidder, I refuse.

The single task—and pardon, pray,
If, not without compunction,
Reluctantly I disobey
Your positive injunction:
Ask what you will, I'll undertake
The deed, however big,
But do not—blind my eyes and
Me try to draw a pig! [make

TO A PICTURE.

You pretty face, upon my wall,
Enshrined in glass and oak and gold,
Most charming deaf-mute—and withal
My confidante—what'er befall,
My trust in you will rest untold,
You pretty face!

What do they call you? Is it
"Spring"? [Race"?
Or "Blossoms"? or "The Coming
It matters not in any case,
Your name may be just anything
For all I care, you pretty face.

You bring me back old scenes anew,
You've something of my lady's grace,
Of her sweet features just a trace,
And so I have re-christened you—
I won't say what—you pretty face!

I have no portrait to recall
The sweetest of all maids to me,
Nor have I need of one at all,
Yet, seeing you upon my wall,
By pleasing "make-believe" I see
Her pretty face!

BABY'S DIARY.

["The Nursery Tricycle contains two seats, one for the mistress and one for the maid and her charge, and has two pairs of pedals."—*Daily Paper*.]

THIS is rather fun! Ever so much better than those crawling
old mail-carts and perambulators. Wonder mother and
nurse never thought of it before. A pneumatic tandem,
too, I notice. Hope they understand blowing tire up
again when it bursts.

Nurse a duffer at pedalling. A mere passenger! Have
to keep her up to the mark by crying. Frightened a
pony in a trap. Sarcastic driver said, "You don't want
a bell to your machine with that child yelling like a
tom-cat on fire." Gives me a hint—I must see how our
cat does yell when it's on fire.

Really, I never saw such steering! Mother has just
run us into a brick wall. Disgraceful! Why wasn't
she taught tricycling when she was young? Her educa-
tion has certainly been horribly neglected.

Why should I sit in the middle, though? Can't see
the country properly. Make another protest—louder, if



possible. Passing pedestrian observes, "You should call your machine
a crycycle, not a tricycle." Put out my tongue at him. Nurse offers to
give me a "pick-a-back"; says she can pedal too! The old humbug!
Scratch her face. Mother offers me a seat on front handle. Not half bad.

Fresh air makes one uncommonly hungry. Time for my bottle.
Insist on my outriders stopping at a public for milk.
Find the pony, trap, and sarcastic driver stopping there
too. Latter says to Mother, "So you've brought the
infant phenomenon with you, Ma'am!" Wonder what
he means. He adds something about a "fog-horn."
Rude, I fancy.

Back homewards. Awfully sleepy after that milk.
Curious milk. Perhaps sarcastic person drugged it to quiet
me? Fast asleep. Wakened by crash! Stars! Oh, what
is it? Try to yell—can't—mouth full of something.

Latter. In my cot, thank Heaven! Heard doctor say,
"Severe shock, but no bones broken." Awful head-
ache. Seems that break went wrong going down-hill.
Well, no "safety tandem" for me again—can't stand
'em, myself, not being in favour of infanticide. Give
me a good old mail cart!



FELINE AMENITIES.

Miss Tregushing. "OH YES! THERE ARE SUCH LOVELY SEAS AND SKIES IN CORNWALL, AND SUCH ROCKS AND CAVES—AND SEALS—AND THE MOST MAGNIFICENT WILD WAVES YOU EVER SAW—AND—"
Mrs. Frou-Frou. "BUT NO DRESS-MAKERS, I SUPPOSE!"

JOHN STANDS ALOOF.

(SHIMONOSEKI, 1895.)

"Circumstances might arise, of course, in which we should feel called upon to safeguard our interests, but so far we discern no adequate ground for interference."—*The "Times" on the Joint Protest of Russia, France and Germany against the annexation portion of the Treaty of Shimonoseki.*

AIR—"The Heathen Chinese."

JOHN BULL sings:—

I STAND by, and I mark,
 And I see some things plain;
 And the looks that are dark
 At the JAP's game, and gain,
 From that Heathen Chinese, are peculiar;
 But aloof I'm content to remain!

AN SIN at the game
 Thought him chipper and spry;
 But he's "spoofed" all the same—
 (Whatsome'er that imply)—
 And his smile is less pensive and childlike
 Than when he once played with BILL NYE.

Little JAP looked absurd—
 As regarding mere size—
 And some people inferred
 He was feeble likewise;
 Yet he's played it this time upon JOHNNY
 In a way it's scarce safe to despise.

In the saffron pair's game
 I did not take a hand.
 Some conceived that the same
 JAP did not understand;
 But his grin somehow soon turned the tables
 On "the smile that was childlike and bland."

'Tis a theme for BRET HARTE,
 P'raps he only could show
 The artful JAP's art—
 If I may put it so—
 In a way which is worthy the subject.
 But me interfere, gents? Why, no!

If JAP's cards had been stocked—
 Which I do not believe—
 Had our feelings been shocked
 By the state of JAP's sleeve;
 We might have had reason for charging
 The same with intent to deceive.

But the hands he has played
 With that Heathen Chinese,
 And the points he has made,
 Are, as far as I see,
 The result of good play *plus* good fortune;
 And does it concern you or me?

The Russ standing by
 Turned his glance upon me.
 (For the JAP's pile *was* high.)
 And he hissed, "Shall this be?
 Must I have this smart JAP for a neighbour?
 Shall he clear out the Heathen Chinese?"

Swarthy FRANÇOIS looked glum,
 Ginger HANS rubbed his chin:
 But I smoked and stood mum,
 As the JAP raked the tin.
 Then I says, "He's played fairly and squarely.
 So what call have we to out in?"

"In the game, as you know,
 You would not take a hand,
 But a short while ago;
 So let JAPPY now land
 The stakes, and AN SIN take his hiding
 At the game his foe *does* understand.

"JOHNNY thought himself strong
 At that game; but the facts
 Seem to prove he was wrong;
 And unwisely he acts
 In howling at getting in warfare
 What's frequent in warfare—that's
 whacks!

"Which is why I remark,
 And my purpose is plain,
 That looks that are dark
 At the JAPPY are vain.
 And, although you may think me peculiar,
 Aloof—for the time—I remain!"

SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS."—When JABEZ S. BALFOUR arrives, no doubt his first visit will be to the editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, in which paper appeared the portrait of him as "Mayor of CROYDON," wearing his chain of office—alas! the chain!—that led directly to his identification and arrest. The photograph was taken first and JABEZ was taken afterwards. Will JABEZ S. BALFOUR call in at the office of the *P. I. P.* and say, with *Joe Gargery*, "Ever the best of friends, ain't us, *P. I. P.*?" Not quite likely.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.—If Sir WHITTAKER ELLIS agrees to the scheme for adding Bute House Estate—a Bute-iful property—to Richmond Park, thus preserving it from the builders, then will he be gratefully remembered as "WISEACRE ELLIS."

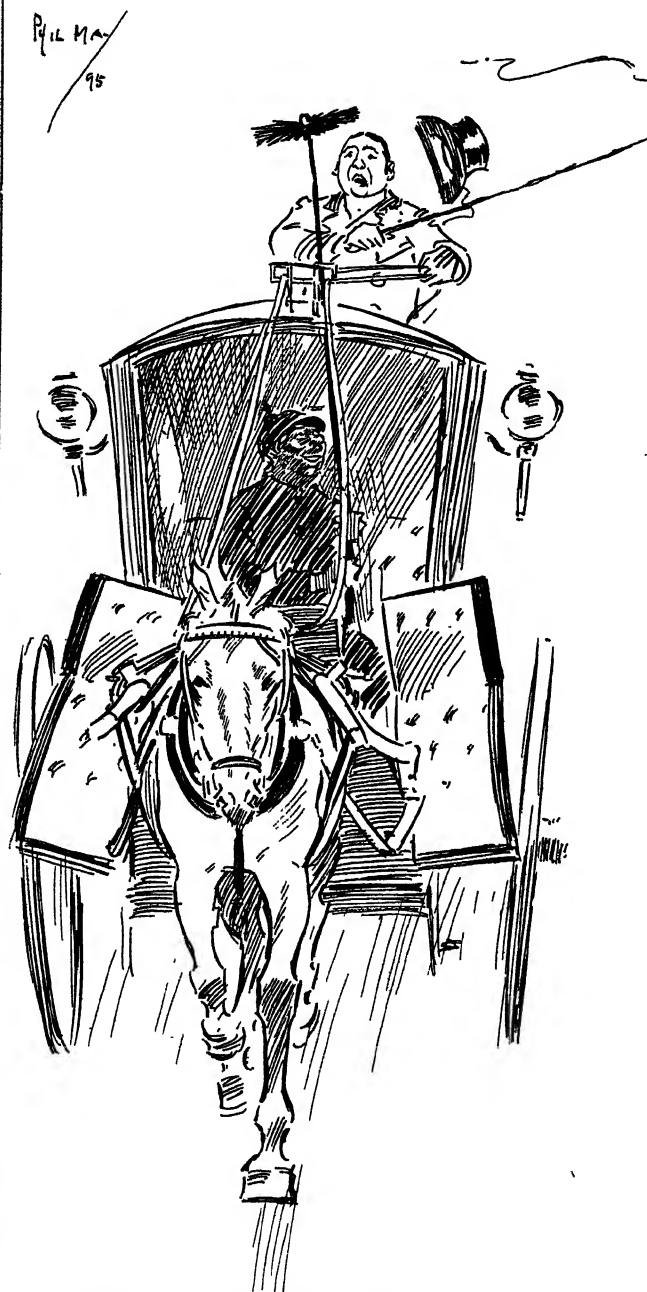
"BAR GOLD."—Fees to barristers.



JOHN STANDS ALOOF.

RUSSIA. "IS HE TO HAVE ALL *THIS*?"

JOHN BULL. "WELL—HE'S PLAYED A SQUARE GAME—I DON'T SEE ANY CALL TO INTERFERE!"



MAY 1. THE SWEEPS' FESTIVAL.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE. *** NICE FOR NEXT FARE.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN GROUSE.

To *The Field* of April 20, Mr. FREDERICK MILBANK wrote about the "Monument to a Grouse Shooter" on Wimmergill Moor. Mr. MILBANK considered the number of grouse he had bagged as constituting a "record," and so caused a monument to be erected on the spot sacred to the memory of four thousand brace of grouse shot in six days by five guns with one extra gun on the sixth day. The monument, being erected, *scared the grouse away*. Of course they read the sad story, held a council, and decided that as long as F. A. MILBANK was anywhere about, within shot, they would preserve themselves by avoiding him. Subsequently the monument was removed to Barningham in North Yorkshire. But the North Yorkshire birds are quite indifferent to this tale from The Hills. They wink the other eye, that is until such time as FREDERICK A. MILBANK shall show them the sort of gun he is, and then they'll be sorry for not having taken warning earlier, unless they possess the sagacity of the grouse of Wimmergill, which resembles that of Mr.

Jingle's dog, who read the inscription on the board, "Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this inclosure," and "wouldn't pass it." "Singular circumstance that," said Mr. Pickwick. "Will you allow me to make a note of it?"

THE MODERN BUYER:

GROWLS OF MODERN "MASTERS."

Royal Academy, Burlington House, May 3, 1895.

THE "Old Masters" over, the New make a start.

Another year's past and another year's come;
And Fame blows a blast on her trumpet, and Art
Beats her drum!

"Walk Up!!" An example is set by the Court;
And Society hastens—a feverish throng;
A mere glance at the pictures, for life is but short—
And Art's long!

Three artists looked on with a cynical smile—
One needy Outsider, and two rich R.A.'s
(Both walking on velvet, because of the pile
They could raise).

They discussed the "Art Patron"—in all of that crowd
An *avis* that's *rara* and *rara* each year.
And these are the words that they spoke, and allowed
Me to hear:—

First R.A.

"Now, to none do I yield in my love of VANDYCK -
I adore the Italians—bow down to the Dutch;
VELASQUEZ I worship, and GOYA I like
Very much.

"But alas! for the SHEEPSHANKS and VERNONS of old—
For the HILLS and the rest of a connoisseur race!
Old MECÆNAS has gone; and investors of gold
Take his place."

Second R.A.

"'Old Masters' they buy—any ancient design—
Eighteen-thirty or so is the latest they'll own;
None but 'made reputations'—no work, howe'er fine,
If unknown."

Outsider.

"Their Art's in their bankers'—books, not in their eyes
To encourage the artist is none of their plan;
They seek an investment that's likely to rise—
To a man.

"Do they think that fine art nowhere else can be seen
But in saint that is squint-eyed, or boor that is drunk,
In brown tree, Dutch canal, man with ruff, or the lean
Spanish monk?"

Second R.A.

"Just reflect to what artists of old had been brought
(Such as REYNOLDS, or RAPHAEL, or PHIDIAS the Greek)
Had their patrons informed them they meant to buy nought
But antique!"

Outsider.

"Then, *our* drawing is better—our atmosphere too.
Plen air was ignored, or they voted it vice.
As to 'values,' 'twas little they thought of or knew—
Save of price."

First R.A.

"When men buy modern art, they buy Leightons and Moores
And Sargents and Swans and the rest of our lot;
But as to their *knowledge*—like mine or like yours—
Tommy rot!"

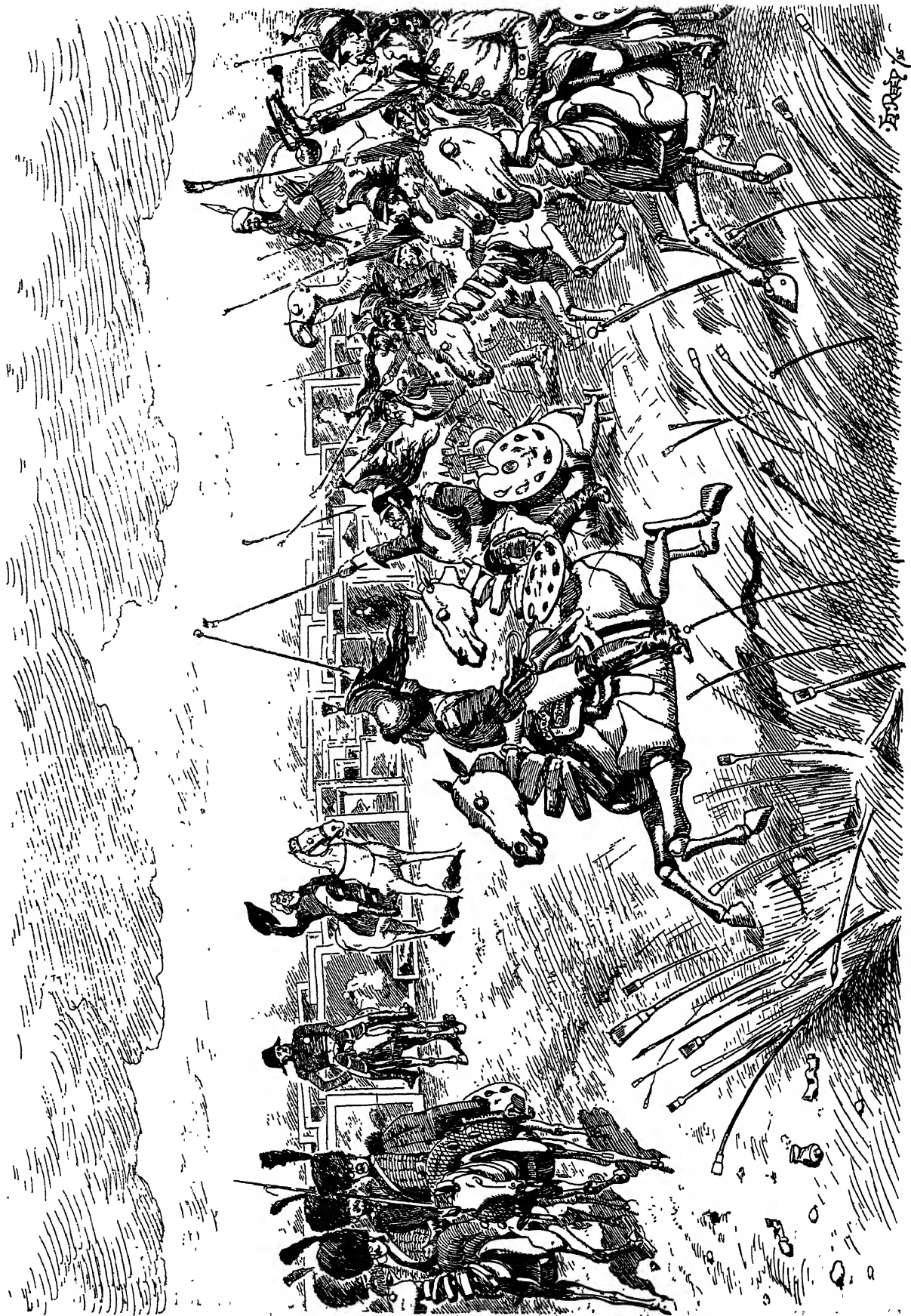
Second R.A.

"Do you think they appreciate LEWIS's skies—
Do they care if they're worked up in stipple or wash?
Do you think it's the *Art* (not the money) they prize?
Simply bosh!"

Outsider.

"No. They judge not by Art—they judge only by fame;
And the artist may starve on his poor pallet-bed;
But their hundreds and thousands they shower on his name
When he's dead!"

"When the two Greatest Masters—Old Varnish and Time—
To his work superficial beauties have lent,
Lo behold, they appreciate! Be it so. I'm
Quite content."



"1895." THE ROYAL ACADEMY FIELD DAY.

A FRIEND AT A PINCH.

(An Utterly Impossible Incident that will never be "Reported.")
SCENE—A Court of Law. Experienced Counsel arguing a point in the teeth of his Lordship on the Bench.

His Lordship (angrily). No, Mr. BANDS, I really cannot agree with you. It seems to me that you are merely wasting our time, and no doubt your own.

Experienced Counsel (politely). Not at all, my Lord. I scarcely venture to urge the great importance of the matter to my client.

His Lordship. No doubt; and your client showed excellent judgment in entrusting his interests to your hands. Still law is law, and can never be anything else.

Exp. C. Your Lordship is most kind. But my point, my Lord, is so plain—the matter is so clear. Surely your Lordship must see it.

His Lordship (with much irony). It is my fault, no doubt, Mr. BANDS, but as matter of fact your point is absolutely lost to me. I confess I cannot see it at all.

Exp. C. I would not propose for a moment that your Lordship's judgment is at fault. But I would venture to suggest that the atmosphere of the Court is sufficiently dense to cloud the clearest and most brilliant intellect.

His Lordship (mollified). There is a good deal in what you say, Mr. BANDS, but of course, we must put up with it. There is no remedy.

Exp. C. With every possible respect to the Bench, my Lord, I would humbly suggest that there is a remedy.

His Lordship. Can you quote a case?

Exp. C. I can, at any rate, refer to an opinion.

His Lordship. Has it been reported?

Exp. C. Certainly, my Lord. You will find it in the Reports of the Hardwicke Society. Lord Chief Justice RUSSELL of KILLOWEN has laid it down that snuff is a most valuable assistance to the proper dispensation of justice. His Lordship has declared that the inhaling of prepared tobacco through the nostrils "clears the judicial brain, predisposes it to calmness and impartiality, and enables a learned judge to listen with patience to the most fluent and prolific of forensic orators." If your Lordship pleases.

[Offers snuff-box to the Judge.]

His Lordship (after taking a pinch). Well, certainly the point you have raised seems clearer to me than it did. (After a few moments of consideration.) I will reserve the case for further consideration, and will deliver judgment later.

Exp. C. As your Lordship pleases. I will ask the usher to hand my authorities to your Lordship.

His Lordship (receiving snuff-box). You are very good. I will not overlook their assistance in coming to a conclusion. I hope the occasion may never arise when I might be compelled, as the vulgar tongue expresses it, to "give you snuff." [Scene closes upon mutual courtesies.]



"OH, I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT A PIANO IN THE ROOMS! WHAT IS IT!—A BROADWOOD?" "No, MUM. MYOGH'NY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 22.—Easter holidays over; school back; new master in charge; process of installation a little lacking in pomp and circumstance. This due in large measure to incidence of holiday. At Westminster, as at other schools, boys don't insist, *vi et armis*, on returning on the opening day. Wide gaps on most of the benches; Front Opposition Bench a wilderness. PRINCE ARTHUR and all his merrie men abstained from lending to installation of new Speaker the grace and comfort of their presence.

"It is quite true, dear boy," PRINCE ARTHUR said, when I gently hinted that the Leader of Opposition should have been present on such occasion, "that when our man was defeated I said, Mr. WILLIAM COURT GULLY having been elected by a majority of the House, is representative of the whole House. But it's a long name, you know, and in ordinary practice I must stop short at WILLIAM. You can't expect me to COURT GULLY."

Amid depressing circumstances as far as attendance went, new Speaker bore himself faultlessly. Quick-change process watched with breathless interest from Ladies' Gallery. First, Speaker-Elect, preceded by Mace, entered, attired in Court dress with close-fitting bob-wig. At summons of Black Rod, proceeded to House of Lords; placed at Bar in custody of Black Rod and Sergeant-at-Arms; not even "accommodated with a chair." There to receive HER MAJESTY's sanction of choice of Speaker made by Commons. Happened that the QUEEN couldn't come. One of the cloaked and wigged figures on Woolsack mentioned the matter in charmingly casual way.

"It not being convenient for HER MAJESTY to be personally present at this time," said a voice which betrayed the LORD CHAN-

CELLOR, "a Commission has been issued under the Grand Seal empowering the Lords named therein to convey Royal Assent to Commons' selection of Speaker."

LORD CHANCELLOR quite friendly with Speaker-Elect, whom he familiarly addressed as "Mr. GULLY." Spoke highly of his talents, diligence, and sufficiency to fulfil important duties to which it had pleased majority of Commons to call him. Said he had made it all right with the QUEEN, and that WILLIAM COURT might go back to Commons, and get about his business. SPEAKER, not to be outdone in geniality, begged his anonymous friend, one of five muffled up in scarlet gowns, in the event of any mess being made with matters in the other House, to impute the blame to him alone, and let the other fellows go scot-free.

Amongst crowd of Commoners clustered behind SPEAKER there was scarcely a dry eye when this noble sentiment was uttered.

"Solong!" said the voice that was certainly the LORD CHANCELLOR's. Taking this as hint to retire, SPEAKER withdrew from the Bar, and left the House "Without a stain on his character," as the Earl of CORK and ORRERY handsomely said. Returned to Commons in procession, with Mace lightly but firmly carried by Sergeant-at-Arms. Instead of taking Chair, marched round by passage to the rear, disappeared from view. Consternation in Strangers' Gallery.

"He's bolted!" one gentleman whispered to his neighbour. "Funked it when the music stopped and he came to the horses."

After few moments of growing uneasiness, a fine figure, in full-bottomed wig, silken gown, beneath which silver-buckled shoes shimmered, emerged from behind SPEAKER's Chair, and seated itself in it. "Order! Order!" said a full, pleasant voice; and WILLIAM COURT GULLY entered upon what promises to be a prosperous and distinguished career.

SARK tells me that, on going into Committee of Supply, he intends to move that henceforward the gallery over the Clock facing the Chair shall be called "The Speaker's Gullery." SARK always thinks of the right thing at the right time.

Business done.—New Speaker installed.

Tuesday.—The Order by which Ministers took Tuesdays having lapsed, private Members to-night came into their own again. Always stoutly resist incursion of greedy Governments on their small possessions. Might reasonably be supposed that, having come into their inheritance, would have made most of it. Lots of things to do to-night. Several resolutions on paper, with Orders of Day to follow. What happened was that by a quarter to nine enthusiasm finally evaporated; count called; only thirty-seven Members responded; lights forthwith put out.

Opening debate on Charity Commission certainly a little heavy. Every Member who got his chance felt it incumbent on him to speak for at least half an hour. Some considerably exceeded this limit.

"*Parturient montes*," said HERBERT MAXWELL, wearily looking round as GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN followed JOHN ELLIS and JESSE COLLINGS succeeded FRANCIS STEVENSON; "*nascitur ridiculus mus*."

And so it was. Particular mountain at work when the mouse appeared was J. W. LOWTHER. Mouse entered from behind SPEAKER'S Chair; leisurely proceeded along passage between Front Opposition Bench and table at which J. W. was speaking disrespectfully of JESSE COLLINGS.

Halted by PRINCE ARTHUR'S empty seat; nibbled fibre of matting in remonstrance at his absence; passed round fearlessly by J. W.'s heels; sat for moment in full view of House listening attentively to J. W.'s argument; yawned and sauntered back the way it came. Interest in debate evidently keener than that of average Member. As soon as AGLAND'S voice reverberated through almost empty Chamber, mouse observed strolling back along familiar way; took its seat on floor under shadow of Mace in defiance of all Parliamentary rule; followed AGLAND'S argument with evidently keen interest. Interrupted by approach of RICHARD TEMPLE. Quickly looking up and catching sight of his stately figure bowing to SPEAKER, mouse fled like the wind, in its terror making off by Treasury Bench, finally escaping by another exit.

"*Cogitato*," said HERBERT MAXWELL, who breakfasts every morning off a plate of porridge and a well of PLAUTUS,—

"*Cogitato, mus pusillus quam sit sapiens bestia,
Etatem qui uni cubili nunquam committit suam.*"

Business done.—Pension of £4,000 a year voted to ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL, late Speaker.



Fancy Picture of Sir Thomas Esmonde bringing forward Queen "Lily o' Killarney" Hawaii.

Thursday.—All very well for gay young Irish baronet like ESMONDE to champion cause of errant Queens throned in summer seas. Expected other things from THE MACGREGOR. House quite shocked when he interposed just now. ESMONDE asked EDWARD GREY whether Government could do anything to obtain proper treatment for Queen of Hawaii. Before Under Secretary could reply, THE MACGREGOR, suddenly leaping across dyke as it were, interposed. "As I happen to know the lady who was formerly Queen of Hawaii," said THE MACGREGOR, and so proceeded to back up ESMONDE'S plea. Offhand way in which reference was made suggested illimitable possibilities, THE MACGREGOR just "happened to know" this Queen, probably one of a bevy. On some quiet night House might hope to hear paper read by THE MACGREGOR on "Queens I Have Known."

SARK curiously anxious as to where the acquaintance was made, and how it was nurtured. Did THE MACGREGOR vaccinate Her Majesty whilst he, still in public capacity, sojourned at Penrith? Was she an inmate of Peebles Hydropathic Institute what time he was resident physician? or did he minister to her at the Barnhill Hospital and Asylum, Glasgow, of which, before he took to Imperial politics, he was superintendent? Pleasanter still to think of THE MACGREGOR and the Queen with the musical name wandering hand in hand amid the orange groves of sea-girt Hawaii, breakfasting on the bountiful bread-fruit, lunching off the succulent yam. Did he in those days call her so much as LILY-KALANI? or did he venture on the diminutive LILY? SARK had better give

notice of these questions. *Business done.*—Fresh Ministerial Bills brought in with both hands.

Friday.—Another private Members' night, and, by consequence, another count out. Things kept going till a quarter to eight, but only with utmost difficulty. Members consented to stay in prospect of division on ALBERT ROLLIT'S motion protesting against exemption of Government property from rating. But they would not longer linger. When LUBBOCK followed, with proposal of pleasant chat about London's share of imperial contribution to local purposes, the few remaining Members, vainly trying to look as if they'd be "back in ten minutes," walked out. House counted; only twenty-five present, and so home to dinner.

"Yes, yes," said WALTER LONG, left in charge of Front Opposition Bench, "but this won't prevent us on Monday, when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD proposes to take Tuesday and Friday mornings for public business, stubbornly resisting piratical incursion on the rights of private Members. Whatever we are, let us be logical."

Business done.—Ministerial defeat on ROLLIT'S amendment averted by majority of one.

THE BATTLE OF EASTBOURNE.

Natis in usum lætitiæ rosis

Pugnare Eastbourni est.

HORACE (*slightly emended*).

It is not the English nature, but the English climate that makes us take our pleasures sadly (if we do, which we don't). And it is not the fault of the English nature, but of the organisers, if our public pageants are usually, like our statues, more or less good-humoured burlesques of what they are meant to represent. Now Eastbourne has triumphantly shown that, in spite of chilling and heavy rain, England can rival the sunny South in the beauty and variety of a big procession of floral cars. And if Eastbourne can do this, why can it not be done elsewhere? "Organise, organise, organise," and let the hiring merry-maker be conspicuously absent. Your hiring will still wear his armour as if he were bearing the *spolia opima* of a burgled marine-store dealer. And the lady hiring, as a sea-nymph or a shepherdess, can never quite forget what she owes to her dignity as a respectable married woman. In the interests of the family exchequer, and in the way of business, she may consent to dally with allegory, but her heart is not in the mermaid's grot, nor do the spacious times of Great ELIZABETH inspire her, beyond the Victorian circus-smile, the circus-smile which puts a girdle round about the face for forty minutes, or more if the procession be so long a-field. At the Eastbourne Battle of Flowers everyone lived up to his or her

coach, carriage, wheel-barrow or cart, in a way which speaks volumes for the artistic sense of the South Saxons. The children, as children use, took the cake—after Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. They were there in great numbers and variety, from the little *Titanica* in her fairy goat-chaise, o'er canopied with flowers and flying doves, to the very small skipper of the very realistic ship, who stood on the rainy deck with drawn sword and unswerving dignity for some two hours of constant and crowded parading. "Bravo, BURNABY," is the reluctant cry of gratified spectators, and better weather next time. A better show it would be ungrateful to suggest.

Umra Khan's Consigne.

WHEN headstrong chieftains say "I shan't,"
Or do the things they're bidden not to,

Like UMRA KHAN (now UMRA can't),

They'll find "*non possumus*" their motto.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.—The Kent farmers are looking forward to a hoppy future. "What's the odds," to them "as long as they're hoppy?"

"A 'FELT' WANT."—A comfortable and respectable-looking billycock hat.

"BRAINS FOR CASH."

["The unbridled greediness of some authors."—MR. GOSSE.]

Publisher (nervously). And what will your terms be for a short story, in your best style?

Author (loftily). I have only one style, and that is perfection. I couldn't think of charging less than fifty guineas a page.

Publisher (aghast). Fifty guineas a page! But are you aware that Lord MACAULAY got only ten thousand for the whole of his history, and that MILTON—

Author (rudely). Hang MACAULAY and MILTON! Surely you would not compare those second-rate writers with *myself*! If they were content to work for starvation wages, I am not.

Publisher. But, say your story runs to twenty pages, as it probably will, I shall have to pay you for that one short tale the really ridiculous sum of a thousand pounds!

Author (coolly). Yes, it is rather ridiculous—ridiculously small, I mean. Still, out of regard to your pocket, I am willing to accept that inadequate remuneration. Is it a bargain?

Publisher (with a groan). It must be. The public demands your work, and we have no option. But allow me to remark that your policy is—

Author (gaily). A Policy of Assurance, on which *you* have to pay the premium. Ha, ha!

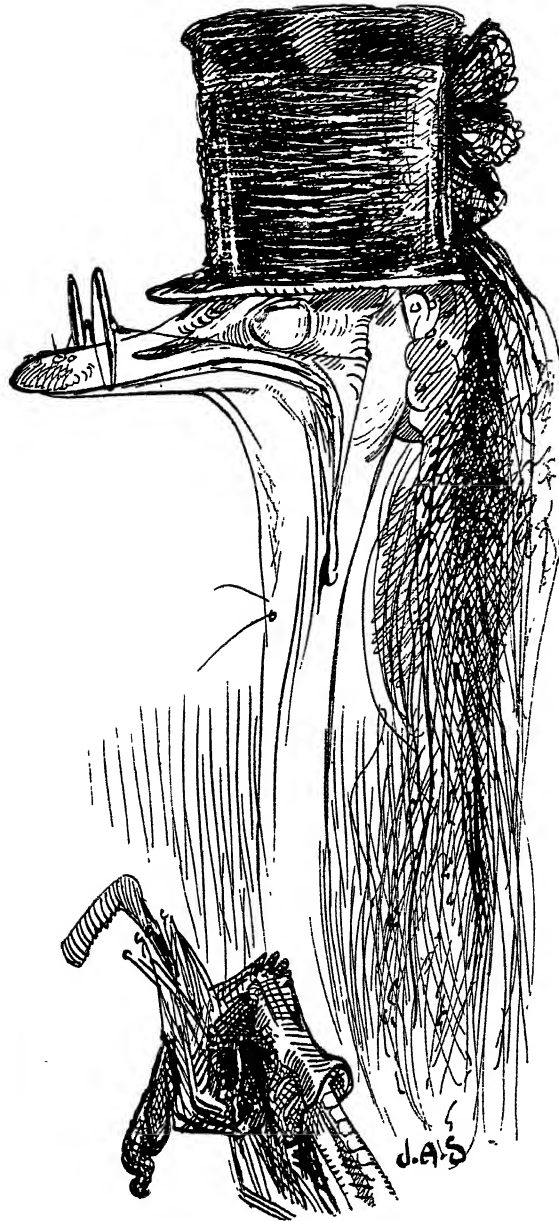
A YEAR OR TWO LATER.

Author (deferentially). I have a really capital idea for a work of fiction, on a subject which I believe to be quite original. What—ahem!—are you prepared to offer for the copyright?

Publisher. Couldn't think of making an offer till we saw the work. It might turn out to be worth nothing at all.

Author. Nothing at all! But you forget how my fame—

Publisher. Disappeared when we were obliged to charge the public six shillings for a story of yours about the size of an average tract. Other writers have come to the front, you know. Still, if



"THE FEMALE OSTRICH AT THE ZOO IS DEAD."

there's anything in your novel, when it's finished, we should, I daresay, be prepared to offer you a couple of guineas down, and a couple more when—say—a thousand copies had been sold. Is it a bargain?

Author (sadly). I suppose it must be! Yet I can hardly be said to be *paid* for my work.

Publisher. Perhaps not. But you can be said to be *paid out*!

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

The stately streets of London
Are always "up" in Spring,
To ordinary mind, an ex-
-traordinary thing.

Then cabs across strange ridges
bound,

Or sink in holes, abused
With words resembling not, in
sound,

Those Mrs. HEMANS used.

The miry streets of London,
Dotted with lamps by night;
What pitfalls where the dazzled
Sees doubly ruddy light! [eye
For in the season, just in May,
When many meetings meet,
The jound vestry starts away,
And closes all the street.

The shut-up streets of London!
How willingly one jumps
From where one's cab must stop,
through pools

Of mud, in dancing pumps!
When thus one skips on miry ways
One's pride is much decreased,
Like *Mrs. Gilpin's*, for one's
"chaise"

Is "three doors off" at least.

The free, fair streets of London!
Long, long, in vestry hall,
May heads of native thickness rise,
When April showers fall;
And green for ever be the men
Who spend the rates in May,
By stopping all the traffic then
In such a jocose way!

IN BLOOM.—On Saturday last there was a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* headed "Trees for Londoners." The lessee and manager of the Haymarket Theatre thinks that for Londoners two Trees are quite sufficient, i.e. his wife and himself.

THE DRINK QUESTION.

First Man. What rot it is to keep this tax on beer!

Second Man. Well, it's better than spirits, anyhow.

First Man. Of course you say that as you've got those shares in that Distillery Company.

Second Man. Well, you needn't talk, with your ALLSOFF Debentures.

First Man. Come to that, personally I take no interest in beer. It's poison to me.

Second Man. It's the finest drink in the world. I never touch spirits.

First Man. They're much more wholesome. I wonder what the Government will do about Local Veto and Compensation. I suppose, as I'm a Liberal—

Second Man. So am I. But I respect vested interests. Now, in theory, teetotalism, especially for the masses—

First Man. Waiter, bring me a whiskey and soda.

Second Man. And bring me a glass of bitter.

First Man. As for WILFRID LAWSON, he's an utter—

Second Man. Oh, WILFRID LAWSON! He's a downright—

[They drink—not SIR WILFRID'S health.]

THE LOSS OF THE GALLERY.

(A Fragment from the *Chronicles of St. Stephen's*.)

"BUT must I give up this comfortable furniture?" asked the poor person, looking at the venerable chairs, some of which were distinctly rickety.

"You must, indeed," replied firmly, but still with a certain tenderness, the stern official.

"But I can nearly hear what they are saying," urged the fair petitioner.

"I cannot help it."

"And *all* but see them," and once again she peered through the grille.

"I am forced to obey my orders," returned the official. "You applauded. You clapped your hands—and you must retire."

"And for that little burst of enthusiasm," almost wept the person, "I am to lose all this happiness! To be stopped from hearing an indistinct murmur, seeing a blurred picture, resting on rickety seats, and breathing a vitiated atmosphere! Am I to lose *all* these comforts and pleasures and advantages?"

"I am afraid so," was the answer. And then the official opened the door of the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons, and the person passed out.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

*Lord W-is-l-y (to Commander-in-Chief). "IN SEPTEMBER I HAVE TO RETIRE FROM MY COMMAND.
Duke, "DEAR MR! I HAVEN'T!"*

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

SENIORS priores? Rude Rads, and some
Tories,
Would make that apply to mere manner of
exit.

If the "Spirit of Eld" is in charge of our
glories,
Why wantonly vex it?

That Spirit of Eld is the "note" of our era.
Grand old men—and women—at bossing
are busy.
Youth? Stuff! Callow youth was indeed
the chimera
Of dandyish Dizzy.

But that was when DIZZY, himself young—
and curly—

Was VIVIAN GREY, not the Primrose
Dames' darling.
The Great Earl himself did not dominate
early.

Oh, out on such snarling!

Old ways, and old wines, and old warriors
for ever!

(Or, if not for ever, a whacking big slice
of it.)

Great SENEX from service 'twere folly to
sever,
Whilst winning the price of it.

Retirement is not your true *militaire's* virtue;
To "beat the retreat" irks us all, dukes
or drummers.

Let Winter hold sway, then—it cannot much
hurt you—

For—say *x*—more summers!

True HANNIBAL, GASTON DE FOIX, ALEX-
ANDER,
NAPOLEON, DON JOHN, the GREAT CONDÉ,
and CORTES

Were types of the true, adolescent commander,
And swayed ere their forties.

Still, they were god-loved and died young,
like our SIDNEY.

But Genius is versatile, Nature is various;
All heroes are not of the same "kiddish"
kidney,

Ask—say—BELISARIUS!

To grudge him his obolus ("screw" as *we*
name it)

Because he has drawn it a few years—say
fifty—

If Rads had a conscience at all, Sir, would
shame it!

But Rads are *so*—thrifty!

For fellows like WOLSELEY or ROBERTS, re-
tirement

Is all very well; they've no call for to
stop, Sir.

But oh! for an Army the master requirement
Is grey hairs—a-top, Sir!

NINETY YEAR!

["In the retrospect of ninety years there is a
pathetic mixture of gratitude for ample opportu-
nities, and humiliation for insignificant per-
formances."—*Dr. James Martineau, on his
Ninetieth Birthday.*]

AIR—THACKERAY'S "*Age of Wisdom.*"

Ho! petty prattler of sparkling sin,
Paradox-monger, slave of the queer!
All your wish is a name to win,
To shock the dullards, to sack the tin—
Wait till you come to Ninety Year!

Curled locks cover your shallow brains,
Twaddle and tinkle is all your cheer.

Sickly and sullied your amorous strains,
Pessimist praters of fancied pains,—

What do you think of *this* Ninety Year?



FAMILIAR PHRASE EXPLAINED.

Robinson. "WELL, OLD CHAP, HOW DID YOU SLEEP LAST NIGHT?"
Smith (who had dined out). "'LIKE A TOP.' AS SOON AS MY HEAD TOUCHED THE
PILLOW, IT WENT ROUND AND ROUND!"

Ninety times over let May-day pass
(If you should live, which you won't I
fear),
Then you will know that you were but an
ass,
Then you will shudder and moan, "Alas!
Would I had known it some Ninety
Year!"

Pledge him round! He's a Man, I declare;
His heart is warm, though his hair be
grey.

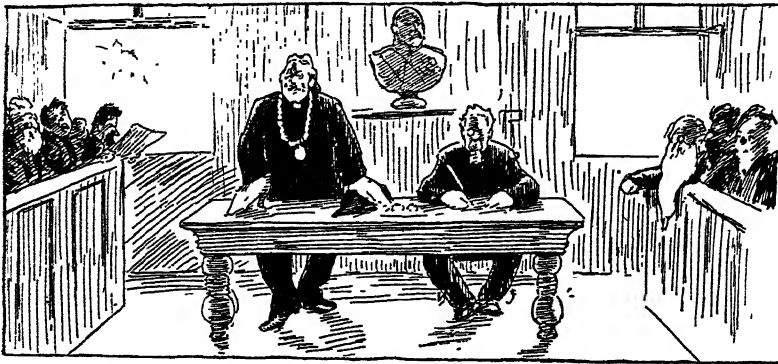
Modest, as though a record so fair,
A brain so big, and a soul so rare,
Were a mere matter of every day.

His eloquent lips the Truth have kissed,
His valiant eyes for the Right have shone.
Pray, and listen—'twere well you list—
Look not away lest the chance be missed,
Look on a Man, ere your chance be gone!

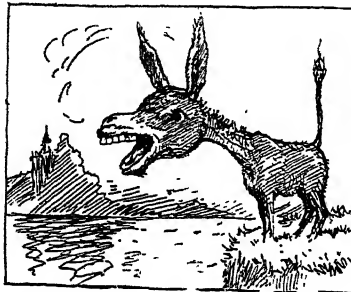
MARTINEAU lives, he's alive, he's here!
He loved, and married, seventy years' syne.
Look at him, taintless of fraud or fear,
Alive and manful at Ninety Year,
And blush at your pitiful pessimist whine!

HAMLET (*amended by Lord Farrar*).—"In
my mind's eye, O ratio!"

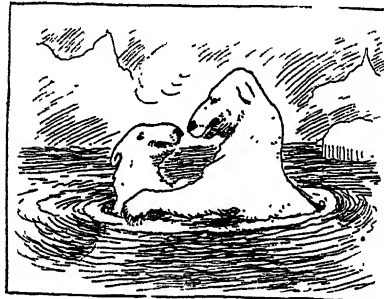
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



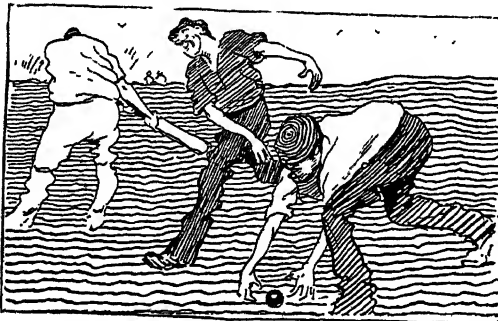
No. 436. The President and Mr. Marks, R.A., as seen at a long range.



No. 39. Bray on the Thames. By T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.



No. 321. "You should see us dance the Pole-ka!" By Arthur Wardle.



No. 91. Gloucestershire "Colts" at practice. New left-handed bowler promises well. By George Clausen, A.R.A.



No. 195. All' snugged up! The President is compelled to economise space.



No. 147. A Father's Cuss!



No. 503. "How long! how long!" Portrait of a blasé youth. Even his cane is jade-d. By John S. Sargent, A.R.A.



No. 172. Couldn't 'e Padmore? By John S. Sargent, A.R.A.

A. R. AT THE R. A.

(I.e., A Representative at the Royal Academy.)

ANYONE arriving at Burlington House so early as to be the first person to pay his money and take his choice, will probably look straight before him, and will feel somewhat confused at seeing in the distance, but exactly opposite him, a dignified figure wearing a chain of office, politely rising to receive the early visitor. "It can be no other than the President himself," will at once occur to the stranger within the gates; "and yet, did I not hear that he was abroad for the benefit of his health?" Then, just as he is about to bow his acknowledgments of the courtesy extended to him personally by the Chief Representative of Art in this country, he will notice seated, at the President's left hand, and staring at him, with a pen in his hand, ready either to take down the name of the visitor, or to make a sketch of him, a gentleman in whose lineaments anyone having the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Mr. STACY MARKS, R.A., would at once recognise those of that distinguished humourist in bird-painting. "Is there wisdom about?" will the puzzled visitor quote to himself, and then boldly advancing, hat in hand, to be soon replaced on head, he will come face to face with the biggest picture in the Academy, covering almost the entire wall.

The stately figure is not Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., who unfortunately has been compelled to go abroad for the benefit of his health—*prosit!*—nor is the seated figure Mr. S. MARKS; but the former is "The *Bürgermeister of Landsberg, Bavaria*," and the latter is his secretary, while the other figures, all an admirable one, and, as will be pretty generally admitted, a masterpiece of the master's, is No. 436 in the book, the work of Meister HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. But as this is in Gallery No. VI., and as it is not every one who will be



No. 277. The G. O. M. at Cannes. By T. Graham.

privileged to see the picture as the early bird has seen it, and as some few others may, perhaps, see it, during the season, this Representative retraces his steps from No. VI., and commences *de novo* with No. I.

No. 17. "*Finan Haddie*," fresh as ever, caught by J. C. HOOK, R.A.; title, of course, should have been "*Finan Haddie Hook'd*."

Sir JOHN MILLAIS' *St. Stephen* (not a parliamentary subject), showing that Good Sir JOHN's hand has lost none of its cunning, is No. 18; and after bowing politely to Mrs. JOHNSON-FERGUSON, and pausing before this charming picture by LUKE FILDES, R.A., to take a last Luke at her, you will pass on, please, to No. 25, "*The Fisherman and the Jin*," and will wonder why VAL. C. PRINSEP, R.A., spells the cordial spirit with a "J" instead of a "G." It is a spirited composition.

No. 31. Mr. JOHN S. SARGENT, A., let "*Mrs. Ernest Hills*" go out of his studio in a hurry. She is evidently "to be finished in his next."

No. 34. "*A Quiet Rehearsal*," Lady Amateur all alone, book in hand, to which she is not referring, trying to remember her part and say it off by heart. It is by W. B. RICHMOND, A. To quote a cigarette paper, this work may be fairly entitled "*A Richmond Gem*."

No. 43. "*Evening*," By B. W. LEADER, A. Delightful. Artistic aspirants in this line cannot play a better game than that of "Follow my Leader."

This Representative recognised "*Dr. Jameson, C.B.*" by HERKOMER, at a glance. If you are asked by anyone to look at "*Hay Boat*," do not correct him and say "You mean *A Boat*," or you will find yourself in the wrong boat, but admire HILDA MONTALBA's painting, and pass on to OULESS, R.A.'s, excellent portrait of "*J. J. Aubertin*" (a compound name, whose first two syllables suggest delightful music while the last syllable means money); thence welcome our old friend FRITH, R.A., who, in 67, [and a trifle over, eh?] shows us "*Mrs. Gresham and Her Little Daughter*." From the "little D.'s" expressive face may be gathered that she has just received a "Gresham Lecture." After noting No. 73 and 83 (the unhappily separated twins) together, you may look on No. 126. Two fierce animals deer-stalking in a wild mountainous region, painted by ARTHUR WARDLE. Only from what coign of vantage did Mr. WARDLE, the artist, make this life-like sketch? However, he came out of the difficulty safe and sound, and we are as glad to welcome a "*Wardle*" as we should be to see his ancient associate "*Pickwick*," or a "*Weller*" in Burlington House.

No. 139. Charming is Sir F. LEIGHTON's "*Fair One with the Golden Locks*." To complete the picture the hairdresser should have been thrown in. She is *en peignoir*, and evidently awaiting his visit. This is the key to these locks.

No. 242. Mr. ANDREW C. GOW, R.A., gives us BUONAPARTE riding on the sands with a party of officers, "1805" The Emperor is cantering ahead of the staff. Another title might be "*Going Nap at Boulogne*."

No. 160. "*A Lion Tamer's Private Rehearsal*." But BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A., calls it "*Phæbus Apollo*."

No. 251. Queer incident in the life of a respectable middle-aged gentleman. Like Mr. *Pickwick*, he has mistaken his room in the hotel, and has gone to bed. Suddenly, lady, in brilliant diamond tiara, returns from ball, and finds him there. The noise she makes in opening the curtains awakes him. He starts up alarmed. "Hallo!" he cries, and for the moment the ballad of "*Margaret's Grim Ghosts*" recurs to his mind. His next thought is, "How fortunate I went to bed in my copper-coloured pyjamas, with a red cummerbund round me." Of course he apologised, and withdrew. What happened subsequently is not revealed by the artist who has so admirably depicted this effective scene, and whose name is Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Bart., R.A.

No. 368. Excellent likeness, by Mr. ARTHUR S. COPE, of the well-known and popular parson ROGERS. *A Parsona Grata*. This typical old-fashioned English clergyman, who, in ordinary ministerial functions, would be the very last person to be associated with a "chasuble," will henceforth never be dissociated from a "COPE."

No. 491. A picture by Mr. FRED ROE. If NELSON's enemies had only known of this incident in his lifetime!! Here is our great naval hero, evidently "half seas over," being personally conducted through some by-streets of Portsmouth, on his way back to the *Victory*, in order to avoid the crowd. Rather a hard Roe, this.

No. 767. Congratulations to T. B. KENNINGTON on his "*Alderman George Doughty, J.P.*," or, as the name might be from the characteristic colouring, Alderman DEOREF GOUVRTY, which is quite in keeping with the proverbial aldermanic tradition.

A LITTLE MIXED.—In its account of the private view at the Royal Academy the *Daily News* says:—"The Countess of MALMESBURY studied the sculpture in a harmonious costume of striped black and pink, and a picture hat trimmed with pink roses." This is presumably the result of the influence of Mr. HORSLEY. But isn't it going a little too far, at least to begin with? A piece of sculpture—say, a *Venus*—in a harmonious costume of striped black and pink might pass. But the addition of a picture hat trimmed with pink roses is surely fatal.



A NASTY ONE.

Disgusted Sculptor. "So you've got THE LINE IN TWO PLACES! HAVE YOU? HANG ME IF I DON'T GIVE UP ART, AND GO IN FOR PAINTING!"

AT THE BANQUET, SATURDAY, MAY 4.

CHAIR of absent President ably filled by Sir JOHN MILLAIS, who, pluckily struggling against evidently painful hoarseness, made, in returning thanks, an exceptionally graceful, touching, and altogether memorable speech. Odd to note that, had Sir JOHN, speaking hoarsely, broken down, we should have heard his *remplacant* Horsley speaking. The incident, however, which will mark this banquet as unique in Academical records, was Sir JOHN's mistaking one Archbishop for the other, and, in consequence, pleasantly indicating by a polite bow to the prelate on his left, that he called upon him, the Archbishop of YORK, to reply for the visitors. "YORK, you're wanted," said, in effect, the genial Sir JOHN, utterly ignoring the presence of His Grace of CANTERBURY. Whereupon, CANTERBURY collapsed, while the Northern Primate, vainly attempting to dissemble his delight, professed his utter surprise, his total unpreparedness, and straightforth hastened to improve the occasion. But before fifty words had passed the jubilant Prelate's lips, Sir JOHN, having discovered his mistake, rose quickly in his stirrups, so to speak, and pulled up the impetuous YORK just then getting into his stride. Genially beaming on the slighted CANTERBURY, Sir JOHN called on "The Primate of All England" (a snub this for YORK) to return thanks. "One Archbishop very like another Archbishop," chuckled the unabashed Sir JOHN to himself, as he resumed his seat, "but quite forgot that YORK as Chaplain to Academy is 'His Grace before dinner,' and CANTERBURY represents 'Grace after dinner.'" "Twas ever thus," muttered YORK, moodily eyeing the last drop in his champagne-glass, as he mentally recalled ancient ecclesiastical quarrels between the two provinces, from which the Southern Prelate had issued victorious. CANTERBURY flattered, but, fluttered, lost his chance. His Royal Highness's speech brief, comprehensive, effective. Lord ROSEBURY entertaining. "The rest is silence," or better if it had been. No more at present. Good luck to the Academy Show of 1895.



COLD COMFORT!

Aunt Phillida. "THE LAST TIME I WENT TO A GROWN-UP FANCY BALL, I WENT AS A WASP. THAT WAS ONLY TEN YEARS AGO. I DON'T SUPPOSE I SHALL EVER AGAIN GO TO A FANCY BALL AS A WASP!"

Mary. "HARDLY AS A WASP, AUNT PHILLIDA. BUT YOU'D LOOK VERY SPLENDID AS A BUMBLE-BEE!"

THE UP-TO-DATE DUCKLINGS.

(A Fable.)

A DUCK that had lately succeeded in hatching a fine brood of ducklings, and was much concerned on the point of their polite education, took them down to the river one day in order to teach them to swim.

"See, my dears!" she said when they were all got to the bank, addressing her brood in encouraging accents, "this is the way to do it," and so saying the old duck pushed off from the land, in evident expectation that her young ones would follow her.

The Ducklings, however, instead of coming after their mother, remained on the bank, talking and laughing and whispering among themselves in a very knowing manner; until at last the old bird, provoked by their levity and wondering what ailed them, called out sharply to them from mid-stream to come into the water at once; upon which one of the Ducklings, who had evidently been constituted spokesman for the rest, made bold to address his mother in the following words.

"You must be a simpleton indeed, Madam," said he, "to imagine that we are going to do anything so foolish as to endanger our lives in the reckless fashion in which you are now exposing yours; for though it may be true that in obedience to some unwritten law of nature (unknown at present to us) you are floating securely upon the surface of the stream, instead of sinking to the bottom of it, yet it by no means follows from thence that we should do the same thing, supposing we were so foolish as to follow your example. Rest assured, dear Madam," continued the Duckling, "that so soon as we have sifted this matter to the

bottom for ourselves, we shall act on the knowledge of it, according as our experience may suggest to us; but for the present, at any rate, we prefer to remain where we are."

And so saying, the Duckling, accompanied by the rest of the brood, turned his back on his natural element, and returned forthwith to the poultry-yard.

A PHILISTINE PÆAN;

Or, *The Triumph of the Timid One.*

At last! I see signs of a turn in the tide,
And O, I perceive it with infinite gratitude.
No more need I go with a crick in my side
In attempts to preserve a non-natural attitude.

Something has changed in the season, somewhere;
I'm sure I can feel a cool whiff of fresh air!

Mental malaria worse than the *grippe*
Has asphyxiated my mind, or choke-damped it.
The plain honest truth has been strange to
I've shammed it, and fudged it, humbugged it and vamped it

Till I wasn't I, self-respect was all gone,
And I hadn't a taste that I dared call my own.
I do not love horror. I do not like muck;
And mystical muddle to me is abhorrent.
In Stygian shallows long time I have stuck,
Or, like a dead dog on a sewage-fouled torrent,

Have gone with the stream; but beyond the least doubt
I'm grateful—so much—for a chance to creep out.

Egomania it seems then is *not* the last word
Of latter-day wisdom! By Jove I am glad!
I always *did* feel it was highly absurd

To worship the maudlin, and aim at the mad;
And now, there's a chance for the decent again,
One may relish one's DICKENS, yet not seem insane!

The ghoulish-grotesque, and the grimy-
obscure,

I have tried to gloat on in poem and prose,
But oh! all the while there seemed something impure

In the *sniff* of the thing that tormented my nose;
And as to High Art—well, to me it seemed high,

Like an over-hung hare—only food for the fly.

Yet I didn't dare say that I felt it to be
Pseudo-sphinxian fudge, and sheer Belial bosh;

Or that after Art-babble at five o'clock tea,
I felt that the thing I most craved was—a wash;

Because in the view of the Mystical School,
That would just write you down a mere Philistine fool.

I am not *quite* sure that I *quite* understand
How they've suddenly found all our fads are degenerate;

Why MAETERLINCK, IBSEN, VERLAINE, SARAH GRAND,
TOLSTOY, GRANT ALLEN, ZOLA, are "lumped"

—but, at any rate,
I know I'm relieved from one horrible bore,—

I need not admire what I hate any more.



THE BIRMINGHAM BENEDICK.

MR. J-S-PH CH-MB-EL-N (as "*Benedick*"). "DOETH NOT THE APPETITE CHANGE? A MAN LOVES THE MEAT IN HIS YOUTH THAT HE CANNOT ENDURE IN HIS AGE. . . . WHEN I SAID I WOULD DIE AN INDEPENDENT RADICAL, I DID NOT THINK I SHOULD LIVE TO BE ALLIED WITH A TORY PARTY."

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II., Sc. 3 (slightly "*modified*").



DRURIOLANUS¹ THE CHEF, OPENS THE OPERATIC PIE.

"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPEN
THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING."

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

By DUNNO WÄHRILÄ.

(Translated from the original Loppish by Mr. Punch's own
Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

No. IV.—SIGNS AND WONDERS.

I SAT on the beach one forenoon in midsummer. A great number of people were doing much the same. The rhapsodists and orators, the blameless Ethiopians with their barbaric instruments of music, the itinerant magicians with their wands, the statuesque groups posed before the tripod of the photographer, the snow-white sea-chariots with crimson wheels, the bare-legged riders on antique steeds, made me fancy I was gazing at a scene of Southern Hellenic life. Why I know not—for it was not in the least like.

Then I saw an enormous black hand stretch down over the fjord. I was not alarmed, for I am becoming accustomed to apparitions of this kind.

It set weird signs and black marks upon the railings of the jetty, and on the white sides of the bathing machines, and on the sails of the fishing-boats, and when I turned about, the parade itself was plastered with tablets.

And on all things had the New Lawgiver incised in letters of gold and azure and purple upon shining tables the new commandments: "Use Skäuerskjinn's Soap!"; "Try Tommeliden Tonic!"; "Buy Boömpvig's Pills!"; "Ask for Baldersen's Hairwash!"

And I heard the voice of the wild waves saying, as they lapped up over the cheap sandshoes and saturated paper bags full of ginger-bread nuts:

"This is the new moral law. That men should spherish the outside and insides of their bodies, and keep them clean, like precious vessels of brass and copper. Rather to let the picturesque perish than forget for a moment which is the best soap for the complexion, and which will not wash clothes. Never to see a ship spreading her canvas like a sea bird without associations of a Purifying Saline Draught or a Relishing Pickle. To ask and see that ye procure!"

Then I looked into the heavens above me, and behold, high above the esplanade hung a hand, enormous as the one that had set its marks on everything below, but white, white; and it held a brush and wrote until the sky was full of signs, and they had form and colour, but not of this world, and those who ran could read them.

And I bought a shell-box and a bath bun, and closed my eyes, and lay musing in an agony of soul. Suddenly I felt the pain snap, and something grow in me, and I saw in my soul's dawning the great half-opened shell of a strange oyster.

And this oyster has its bed on my very heart, and it is my salt tears that nourish it, and it grows inside, invisible to all but me.

But I know that, when the oyster opens, I shall find within its shell, like a gleaming dove-coloured pearl, the great Panacea of the To Be; and, if you ask me to explain my meaning more fully, I reply that the bearings of this blind allegory lie in the application thereof, and that ye are a blow-fly brood of dull-witted hucksters.

A FIRST STEP

TOWARDS HISTRIONICS.—II.

(Under the guidance of Herr Goethemann.)

Questioner. You were good enough to promise me at our next meeting a specimen of the Author-publisher's dramatic manner.

Answer. With pleasure. I will read it to you.

"Afternoon. Two-pair suburban back. Upright piano. High-minded table. HENRY (dramatic author and host) under it, heavy with wine. ROMEO (his friend and Town Blood) communing with MARY ANN (local ingénue). ELIZA (her sister and hostess) outside just now, making coffee. She will come in presently, and realise DRAMATIC MOMENT.

Mary Ann. Get up, Henry, and give us a regular old rousing tune.

Henry (huskily, emerging from retreat). What shall it be?

Romeo. Oh, anything. WAGNER for choice.

[Gifted musician obliges with a pot pourri of 'Parsifal,'

Romeo absently whistling the trombone part.

Mary Ann. Ripping! Now something classical. Let's have 'After the Ball.' Come on, ROMEO, we'll waltz; push back the fire-place. (They push back the fire-place; ROMEO grasps MARY ANN, and they revolve. He kisses her on the cheek L. C.) Well, I never did! For shame! I decline to dance with you. There!

[Declines to dance with him.

Henry. One for you, my buck! Cheer up, MARY ANN; I'll give you a turn. [Pirouettes twice with her, humming suitable air.

Mary Ann (rendered completely breathless). It's not like real dancing when you only hum!

Henry. Can't play and dance at same time, you know. Piano too stationary. So you must take ROMEO on again, or go without.

Eliza (entering with coffee-tray and realising situation). Well, I declare! Having high jinks while I was making the coffee. What dramatic irony!

[ROMEO gallantly invites her to join the giddy throng. They dance.

Eliza (rendered completely breathless). My soul! I'm in bad training!

Mary Ann (having got her second wind). Have a turn with me, ELIZA! ROMEO's no good; he misses out every other bar.

Eliza. Want my coffee. No wind left.

[HENRY spontaneously sings a Lullaby of BRAHMS'. Stops in middle to see what they all think of it. They all think a lot of it. Goes on singing. Only ELIZA goes on thinking a lot of it. Others talk quite loud, ROMEO being a Town Blood. HENRY finishes, under conviction that they have no manners to speak of. Mind wanders off to the leading lady in his new piece, and he drops inadvertently into 'Daisy' waltz. ELIZA waits for second wind. ROMEO grapples with MARY ANN, the latter reluctant. She is rapt away in mazy whirl, kicking feebly. He again kisses her on the cheek, this time R. C.

Eliza. Man! I saw you! It was a wanton act.

Henry (casually). Anything broken?

Eliza. Oh, HENRY! He went and kissed my MARY ANN, my own sister!

Romeo (with easy bravado). A mere nothing, I assure you. She's so provoking, don't you know? Had to do it in self-defence.

Eliza. It is contrary to established etiquette in our circles. MARY ANN, how could you?

Mary Ann. I didn't. It was him. I shall scream another time.

Eliza. Man, you will oblige me by treating my sister as you would your own.

[Exit with crushing expression which leaves ROMEO intact. Mary Ann. ELIZA talks rot. (To ROMEO.) Not that you're not a beast, all the same.

[Exit in two frames of mind. HENRY laughs and makes light of osculation. The men converse. The plot becomes even more intricate. The end is nigh."

Question. Do I miss the purpose of the Author-publisher?

Answer. I should think it highly improbable.

Q. But why did he write it?

A. It is a "problem-play," and that, as I said, is the problem.

CHEERING.—Liberal Party much encouraged by East Wicklow and East Leeds. "Wisdom from the East," they call it.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Nervous Youth. "WELL—ER—GOOD-BYE, MRS. THOMAS. AWFULLY GLAD I MET YOU! ER—SO GOOD OF YOU—SO MUCH PLEASANTER THAN RIDING ALONE!" [*Shrugs up.*]

FROM CORINTO TO HERNE BAY.

(*An Anglo-Nicaraguan Parallel.*)

THE young Midshipman looked towards Corinto. The public buildings were still within range of the monster guns. The select army of one hundred and fifty had retired before the advance of the blue jackets and marines. All was tranquil, and, as he gazed upon the Nicaraguan capital, his eyes closed, and he dreamed a dream.

He was once more in England. He was at the seaside. Here in front of him were bathing-machines. There, to his right, was a circulating library. He could see a clock-tower and a shortened pier. Then he laughed in his glee. He was at Herne Bay! Close to the Isle of Thanet—within sight of the Reculvers!

He had scarcely realised his happiness, when he noticed on the ocean a flotilla. Three gigantic ironclads were approaching the tranquil town!

"The Nicaraguan fleet!" he murmured in his sleep.

It, alas! was too true! The Central American Admiral had sent an ultimatum. The news had run from one end of Herne Bay to the other that, unless the sum demanded were paid at once, the as-yet-unconquered watering-place would be "ploughed," as the Poet BUNN would have put it, "by the hoof of the ruthless invader."

Then there was a hurried consultation. What could be done with that overpowering fleet? It was useless to defend the bathing-machines; the donkeys and their drivers were no match for heavy ordnance. What could the few coast-guardsmen do when threatened by five hundred Nicaraguans?

"Herne Bay must surrender!" murmured the Midshipman in his sleep. "There is no help for it."

And then came a strange sight. The search-lights of the Nicaraguan fleet played upon the sea front, and the little garrison of Herne Bay retired towards Birchington and

Margate. The Band (lent from the Militia) marched away, followed by the heavy cavalry of the bathers, and the Uhlan-like donkeys of the sands. The representatives of the Navy (carrying their look-out telescopes) brought up the rear.

Then, when all had gone, the sailors and marines of the Nicaraguan fleet landed. The British flag was hauled down, and replaced by the colours of the enemy.

Herne Bay was conquered!

At this point the Midshipman awoke with a start. He looked round, and sighed a great sigh of relief.

"How fortunate it is that the English fleet have conquered Corinto and not the Nicaraguan fleet Herne Bay!" he cried in an ecstasy of patriotic fervour. Then he performed for hours the duties of his command. Towards the close of day he again casually glanced at Corinto and once more was involuntarily reminded of Herne Bay. And as he gazed upon the Central American town he came to the conclusion that it was about as formidable and about as well defended as the Kentish watering-place. And having arrived at this opinion he determined in his own mind that the taking of Corinto, as a feat of arms, was scarcely on a par with the Victory of Trafalgar.

TO A GRAND OLD MANNS.'

(*On his Seventieth Birthday.*)

To MANNS of Crystal Palace fame,
Punch sends his kindly greeting.

The ever keen, the never tame,
Time may he long be beating
(For Time it seems cannot beat him).

Time's darts may he resist all
With *bâton* brisk and eyes un-dim.

Beneath that dome of Crystal—
For many a year! And decades hence

Punch hopes it may betha' that
He'll shout, before that choir immense,
"A MANNS' a Man for a' that!"

A CLASSIC CANDIDATE.—Mr. HOMER in West Dorset is the Independent Farmers' Candidate. He is, of course, more than a positive "Home Ruler," being a comparative hopeful "HOMER Ruler." But surely the language of HOMER must be Greek to most of his hearers, even at Bridport, and in view of the *poluphoisboio thalasses*.

THE RAD TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

(*On the Humdrum Budget.*)

JUST "As you were"! Ingenious, fair,
And all that, I've no doubt;
But titled swells you do not scare,
Nor rich monopolists flout.
I tolerate where I would praise.
Reform is a slow grower!
My spirits, WILL, it will not raise,
To see *your* spirits lower!
Free Breakfast Table? Graduation?—
Chances seem getting fewer:
Well WILL, my only consolation
Is this—you've "copped the brewer!"

IN the title of his new book, "ANTHONY HOPE" has taken the Roman *prénom* which evidently by right belonged to him. There is no comma, nor introduction of "by," and so straight off we read in golden letters on the back, "*A Man of Mark Anthony Hope.*" O BRAVE MARK ANTHONY! His readers have great faith in HOPE.

PARLIAMENTARY.—The nearest approach to a dead-lock is a live (J. G.) WEBB.

NEW GALLERY QUERIES.

Is Mr. HITCHCOCK's "*Flight into Egypt*" a view of Dartmoor? and what are all those blue flowers? Borage, blue currants, corn-flowers, "new broom," gorse dyed blue for this occasion only, or what? I have been offered all these random suggestions by distinguished critics, but they somehow don't seem convincing.

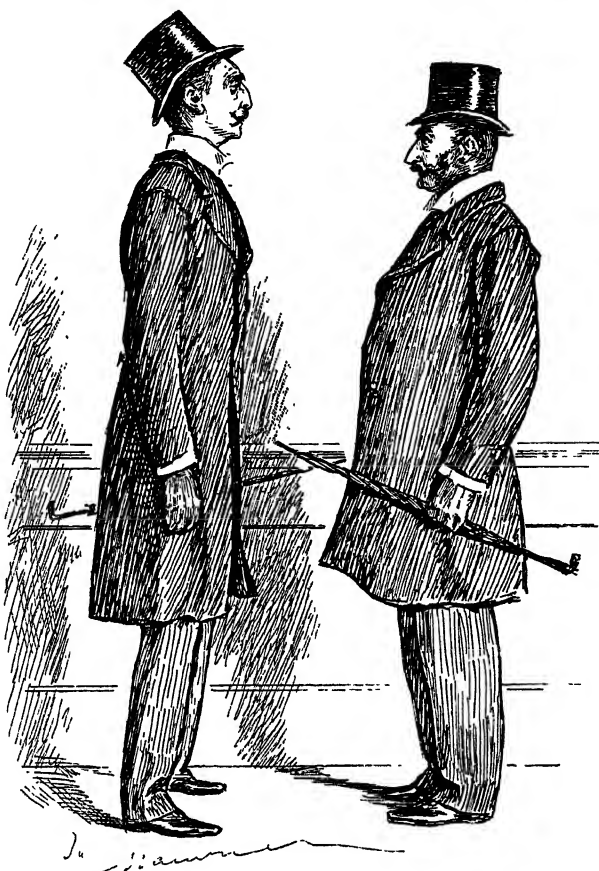
Why are the competitors in the charming swimming-match between Mermaids and Tritons so remarkably *dry* in the upper parts? I always get decidedly damp when I enter the sea, but these ladies take to it like ducks—"Dux femina facti" (as said an ancient poet in anticipation)—and so I suppose the water rolls off their backs.

Will "*Her First Offering*" of grass and daisies go far towards softening the heart of a statuette? Her sister, last year, had a much more tempting "*Gift for the Gods*," but there is no accounting for divinities' tastes.

What does Mr. KPOFFNH—dear me, I can not get his name right?—mean by "*Sous les Arbres*?" Is it a man or a statue, a spook or a symbol? Why does he wear a marble wig? Why does his brown hair show underneath it? Why has he got a walleye? Why is he "under the trees?" Why is he at large at all? Why—But there, I give it up! I don't believe there are any answers to these conundrums!

How is it I've been looking at "*Kit*" for two whole minutes before realising that there's a Persian cat in the composition? But she's a real beauty, when you do coax her out of this "puzzle picture."

Why (this is no new query!)



A PROGNOSIS.

"BY THE WAY, DOCTOR, THE 'NEW WOMAN,' DON'TCHERKNOW—WHAT 'LL SHE BE LIKE, WHEN SHE'S GROWN OLD?"

"MY DEAR COLONEL, SHE'LL NEVER GROW OLD!"

"GREAT SCOTT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY SHE'S GOING TO LAST FOR EVER!"

"SHE WON'T EVEN LAST OUT THE CENTURY! SHE'S GOT EVERY MALADY UNDER THE SUN!"

have Sir EDWARD BURNE-JONES' Luciferians and Sleeping Beauties and peeresses and children and brides one and all the same world-weary expression? Why do they, without exception, look as if they were off to a funeral, or had just seen themselves in the glass? Are there no other colours in the land but dull green, steel-blue, ink-purple, and brick-red? Why do I immediately want to commit suicide after studying these masterpieces? Why doesn't Psyche cheer up a bit, even though she is going to be married? *She wasn't a réa gwrh, I'm sure!*

Why does the dog in Mr. HOLMAN HUNT's picture look as if it had softening of the brain? and why do I pass on hurriedly to the next picture?

Will Miss REHAN's left shoulder hold up her dress much longer, I wonder, in Mr. SARGENT's portrait? I don't know, but I have fears!

Is the lady in Mrs. SWYNNERTON's "*Sense of Sight*," preparing to catch a cricket ball, or cutting an acquaintance, or going to recite something? I should like to know.

Why couldn't some enterprising dentist supply the ladies in "*Echoes*" with false teeth, and why weren't they taken away quietly home, and not allowed to exhibit their other anatomical innovations? Echo answers to these and all my queries, "Why, indeed?"

The Chester Cup.

The *Rock Dove* don't pooh-pooh, A dove can make a *coup*;
The odds? You yet may nobble 'em.

'Tis four to one
'Gainst *Son of a Gun*,
But *Euclid* is a problem.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 29.—When Mr. Toots, in agony of perturbed bashfulness, sat down on *Florence Dombey's* best bonnet, he murmured, "Oh, it's of no consequence." SQUIRE of MALWOOD does not resemble Mr. Toots in any respect, not even that of bashfulness. But he has a way, when taking important move, of studiously investing it with appearance of "no consequence." Thus to-night, asking for lion's share of time for remaining portion of Session, he could hardly bring himself to uplift his voice: mumbled over phrases; coughed at conjunctions; half paralysed by prepositions; looked round with pained astonishment when Members behind cried, "Speak up!" Why should he trouble to speak up on so immaterial a matter? Still, to oblige, he would say all he wanted was to take for Government purposes, for rest of Session, all the time of House, save the inconvenient Wednesday afternoon sitting, and the inconsiderable Friday night.

More marked this cultured mannerism when announcing immediate introduction of Bill prohibiting plural voting. This a genuine surprise. Not been talked of since House met. Nobody thinking of it. SQUIRE in almost whisper announced its introduction to-morrow. Astonished beyond measure at commotion created; the boisterous cheers of Liberals, the uneasy laughter of Opposition.

"Most remarkable place this House of Commons," he said afterwards, gazing over my head into the infinite horizon, where shadowy figure of Local Veto Bill is visible to the eye of faith. "Always full of surprises even for old practitioners like you and me."

PRINCE ARTHUR, much relishing this subtle humour, was himself in sprightliest mood. The whole business of Session, he protested, was an elaborate joke. If they were there to work, he would take off his coat and ding on with the best of them. But they were there

to play. "Well, let us play," he said, holding out both hands with gesture of invitation to Treasury Bench.

Proposal irresistible. House divided forthwith; SQUIRE's motion carried by majority of 22; then, whilst half a dozen naval men talked water-tube boiler, PRINCE ARTHUR, SQUIRE of MALWOOD, and picked company from either side went out behind SPEAKER'S Chair to play. Such larks! To see PRINCE ARTHUR take in a stride "the backs" given him by the SQUIRE of MALWOOD, with CAWMEL-BANNERMAN next; to see JOHN MORLEY seriously whipping a top; to watch BRUCE breathless behind the nimble hoop; to look on while EDWARD GREY, forgetful of China and Japan, thinking nothing of Nicaragua, played a game of marbles with HART DYKE; to see LOCKWOOD trying a spurt with DICK WEBSTER, the course being twice round the Division Lobby, ASQUITH, fresh from the Cab-arbitration, having handicapped them—to see this, and much else, was a spectacle wholesome for those engaged in it, interesting for the solitary spectator.

Business done.—Shipbuilding Vote in Navy Estimates agreed to.

Tuesday.—Odd thing that on this particular night, when Government bring in Bill prohibiting plurality of voting, BILL should bring in a Bill. His first and only Bill. Of course he might argue if we have one man one vote, one BILL one Bill is all right. Yes; but, as SARK with his keen mathematical instinct points out, this is a case of two Bills—BILL, the Member for Leek, and a Bill to empower magistrates to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors to persons previously convicted of drunkenness. That is obviously a plurality of Bills. But we are getting hopelessly mixed. The only man among us who sees clear is JOHN WILLIAM. Deep pathos in his voice as he says the time is near at hand when a tyrannical Government will attempt to enforce principle of "One Man One Drink."

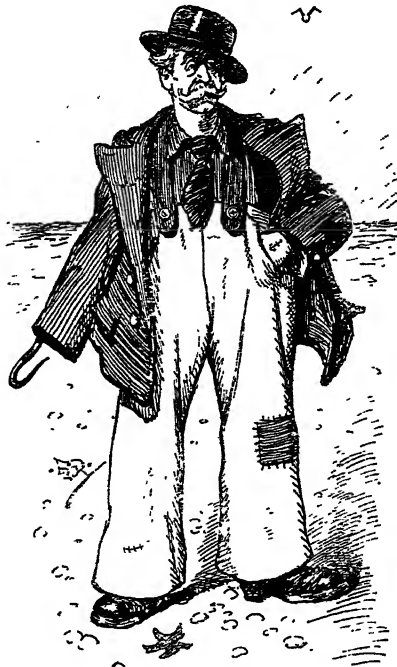
Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES had best of dreary evening. Mentioned yesterday, with tears from his honest blue eyes coursing down his

rugged, weather-beaten cheek, fresh infamy on part of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Had announced on Thursday that, at Monday's sitting, Naval Works Loan Bill would be proceeded with. TOMMY accordingly cleaved up, and ran for port; laying to for forty-eight hours, prepared speech on Naval Works. Now SQUIRE calmly announced that Ship-building Vote was to be taken. What was TOMMY to do with speech prepared on Naval Works Loans?

In despair yesterday; to-day bright idea struck him. SHAW-LEFEVRE had moved to introduce One Man One Vote Bill. Why shouldn't TOMMY, flying that flag, run in and deliver his speech on Naval Works? A bold experiment; only hope of success was that House, being in almost comatose state, wouldn't notice ruse if cleverly managed. Trust TOMMY for clever management. Holding sheaf of notes firmly in left hand, deftly turning them over with the hook that serves him for right hand, the old salt read his speech on Naval Works Loan Bill. Here and there, when he observed restless movement in any part of House, fired off phrase about "forty-shilling freeholder," "occupation votes," "rural constituencies," "re-distribution," "country going to the dogs," "jerrymandering," and "right hon. gentleman opposite." Scheme worked admirably; speech reeled off, and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD'S knavish trick confounded.

Business done.—One Man One Vote Bill brought in.

Thursday.—House not to be moved to evidence of excitement even by prospect of Budget night. On such occasion in ordinary times attendance at prayer-time most encouraging to Chaplain. Begins to think that at last his ministrations are bearing fruit. This afternoon congregation not much above average. No rush for tickets for seats. When SQUIRE rose to open his statement, great gaps below Gangway on Ministerial side. The SQUIRE, recognising situation, refrained from heroics, content to deliver plain business speech. No exordium; no peroration; no flight into empyrean heights of eloquence as was the wont of Mr. G. Some sympathetic movement when SQUIRE, with momentarily increased briskness of manner, spoke of snap of cold weather in February, with its accompaniment of influenza, increased



Cap'en Tommy Bowles.

death-rate, and fuller flow of death duties into National coffers. The quality of this mercy was not quite unstrained. Not dropping, like the gentle dew from heaven, till February, increased death rates will not come into account till succeeding year. Still, there was rum. As thermometer fell rum went up with a rush.

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest.
High ho! and a bottle of rum.

What with comforting the mourners, and imbibed as a preventive, rum brought a windfall of £100,000 into the Treasury.

That was well in its way. But then there were those 75,000 mean-spirited people who ought to have died last year, their estates paying tribute to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, and who positively insisted upon living. The long-trained fortitude of the SQUIRE nearly broke down when he mentioned this circumstance. Pretty to see how it also touched JOKIM. The wounds of riven friendship temporarily closed up; the rivalry of recent year forgotten in contemplation of these 75,000 reckless, ruthless people, who, in defiance of law of average, didn't die in financial year ending March 31, 1895. The past CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER and his successor in office mingled their tears. But for intervention of table they would probably have flung themselves into each other's arms and sobbed aloud.

"Thus," said PRINCE ARTHUR, himself not unaffected by the scene, "doth one touch of nature make Chancellors of the Exchequer kin." *Business done.*—Budget brought in.

Friday Night.—ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS submitted proposal to dock payment of £10,000 annuity to Duke of COBURG. Thinks H.R.H. might, in circumstances, get along nicely without it. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE agrees. T. H. BOLTONPARTY, on the other hand, gravely differs. Folding his arms as was his wont on eve of Austerlitz, he regards ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS with awful frown. Imperial instincts naturally wounded. "No trifling with the personal revenues of our Royal cousins, whether at home or abroad," said T. H. BOLTONPARTY in the voice of thunder that once reverberated across the shivering chasms of the Alps.

Business done.—Proposal to cut off Duke of COBURG'S pension negatived by 193 votes against 72.

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

FIRST WAY.

From the Representative of Her Britannic Majesty's Government to the — Minister for Foreign Affairs.

January 1, 18-0.

I HAVE the honour to inform your Excellency that I am instructed by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that Her Britannic Majesty's Government has reason to complain of the conduct of the Government of which your Excellency is the representative. I have the honour to say that it will be advisable for your Excellency to urge upon the Government of which your Excellency is the representative the necessity of inquiry into the matter as speedily as possible. I have further the honour to add that it will be gratifying to Her Britannic Majesty's Government if the Government of which your Excellency is a representative will give the matter to which I refer the earliest attention.

From the Representative, &c., to the — Minister, &c.

January 1, 18-1.

I have the honour to call the attention of your Excellency to the long and unsatisfactory correspondence that has passed during the last year between your Excellency as representing the Government of which you are the representative and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs upon the matter of the despatch I had the honour to forward to your Excellency dated January 1, 18-0. I am directed to have the honour of requesting your Excellency to urge upon the Government of which your Excellency is a representative the necessity of a speedy settlement of the matter in dispute.

From the Representative, &c., to the — Minister, &c.

January 1, 18-2.

I have again the honour to call the attention of your Excellency to, &c., &c.
(Rather longer than the foregoing one. Then follow two more "from the same to the same" in 18-3 and 18-4. This is the first way.)

SECOND (AND SHORTER) WAY.

From British Admiral to — Minister.

January 1, 18-5, 12 Noon.

If you don't pay up within a quarter of an hour, I will bombard your capital, seize your country, and imprison the Government of which you are the representative.

From — Minister, &c., to British Admiral.

January 1, 18-5, 12.10 P.M.

Don't fire. Have sent money demanded by P.O.O.

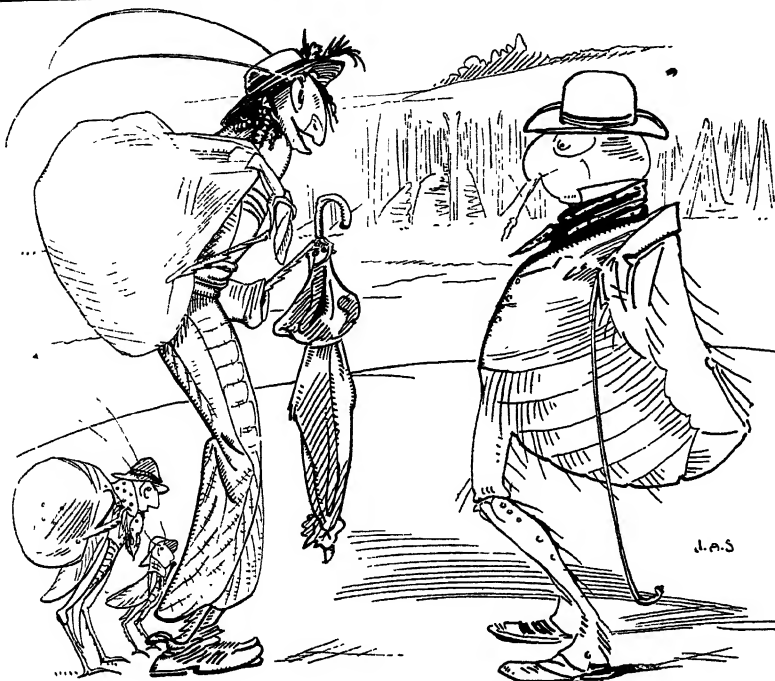
The Predominant Partner.

'Tis to the "New National Party," 'tis clear,
That CHAMBERLAIN swears his affiance.
The Triple Alliance? Why, no, 'twould appear
The third, and predominant partner, is Beer,
So let's call it "The Triple Alliance."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—To all, and especially to all travellers, on account of its portable size, the Baron begs to recommend a charming novelette written by GUY BOOTHABY, entitled *A Lost Endeavour*, published by DENT of Aldine House. When Mr. GUY BOOTHABY brings out another story equal to this, the Baron will be delighted to draw public attention to it by saying, "Here's another GUY—BOOTHABY!"

AN AWFUL MONSTER RECENTLY LET OUT IN A CHURCH!—A second-hand sermon with eight heads

MOTTO FOR THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—"Quantum snuff."



HOP PROSPECTS.

SAID PULEX THE SKIPPER TO MISS CICADA, "DO YOU EXPECT A GOOD HOPPING SEASON THIS YEAR?"

ODE TO A (LONDON) "LARK."

(Some Way after Quisquis.)

Oh, "lark," which all the "Comiques" sing,
And every drunken rowdy pup, too;
Sure you're a vicious, vulgar thing
As ever toper swigged a cup to.

Hints of the boozy and the blue
Surround you; sodden brains you soften;
Yet rhymsters make a song of you,
And rowdies sing it—far too often.

The aim of every loose-lipped lout
Appears to be to "lark" divinely;
When from his haunts he gets chucked out,
He deems his "spree" has ended finely.

He tracks the "lark"—aye, "like a bird,"
Upon the turf, among its "daisies";
But, by sweet SHELLEY, 'tis absurd,
Foul bird of prey, to pipe your praises!

A KIND OFFER.—A lady who is not well up in Parliamentary matters writes to us saying that she has seen mentioned in the papers "Mr. Speaker's Retirement Bill," and would very much like to know what the amount is. Her admiration for the late SPEAKER is so great that, our fair correspondent goes on to say, she would willingly defray the whole amount herself, or if the total be too much for her pocket, then would she cheerfully head a subscription list. She is perfectly certain that Mr. PEEL was a very moderate man, and therefore the entire sum cannot be very startling.

RATHER "BOLD ADVERTISEMENT."

["Advertisements for some time past have been inserted in Government publications."—*Daily Paper*.]

SCENE—Room of a Secretary of State. Present Right Hon. Gentleman attended by his Private Secretary.

Right Hon. Gentleman. Well, TENTERFORE, anything for me this morning?

Private Secretary. I think not. You will find that I have worked out the answers to to-day's questions—the list is not a very heavy one, only a couple of dozen queries or thereabouts.

Rt. Hon. Gent. That's right. Such a lot of time is wasted in that sort of thing. And has anyone come for me?

Priv. Sec. No one of importance. A fellow with a new invention or something of that sort. Said you were extremely busy just now, but that if he would write, his letter would receive the attention of the department.

Rt. Hon. Gent. Was he satisfied?

Priv. Sec. (smiling). Well, I fear not entirely. I think he must have had some experience of Government offices. He said he preferred to see you personally.

Rt. Hon. Gent. (amused). I daresay he would. Anyone else?

Priv. Sec. Only a man about advertisements.

Rt. Hon. Gent. (aghast). You did not send him away?

Priv. Sec. Well, no. I believe he is still in the waiting-room. But surely you don't want to see him?

Rt. Hon. Gent. Of course I do. A most important person. Send a messenger for him at once. (Exit Private Secretary.) That's the worst of TENTERFORE—so impulsive! Means well, but so very impulsive! (Knock.) Ah, here comes my visitor. (Enter stranger.) My very dear Sir, I am delighted to see you. (He shakes hands warmly and provides him with an arm-chair.) I am sorry you should have been detained—quite a mistake.

Stranger (surprised). You are most kind. I come about some advertisements.

Rt. Hon. Gent. I know, my dear Sir, I know. Now what can I tempt you with? You arrive at a most fortunate moment. We are thinking of letting the sides of our cruisers for posters. The Mediterranean fleet will be a most excellent medium. We can do sixteen double crowns at a very reasonable rate; of course the Admiral's flag-ship would be a trifle extra. Is your leading article soap, pickles, or hair-dye?

Stranger. I am afraid you do not understand me.

Rt. Hon. Gent. Oh yes, I do; but, if you object to marine advertisements, I think we can suit you on land. We have several commanding positions on the colours of some of the most popular regi-

ments in the service vacant. (Showing plans.) You see we can insert type—we object to blocks—on the material without interfering with the badges or the victories. A most admirable medium, I assure you.

Stranger. You really are in error. I wish to say—

Rt. Hon. Gent. (interrupting). Yes, I know. You think that something would be better. Well, we can put advertisements on the backs of all petitions presented to Parliament, and let you out hoardings in front of the more prominent of the Government offices. How would that suit you?

Stranger. Really, you must allow me to explain. Advertisements of matters interesting to mariners—such as notices of wrecks—are inserted solely in the *London Gazette* and—

Rt. Hon. Gent. Ah, you are thinking of the sky signs. Well, of course, we might utilise the lighthouses, but we have not quite made up our minds whether such a course might not cause confusion in misty weather.

Stranger. I was going to propose that the Government might feel inclined to insert the advertisements to which I have referred in a paper with which I am connected, and which is extensively circulated amongst seafaring men.

Rt. Hon. Gent. (astounded). You want me to give you an advertisement! No, Sir; now that we have taken up advertisements we insert them and don't give them out. (Enter Private Secretary.) Mr. TENTERFORE, be so good as to explain to this gentleman that my time is valuable.

[Scene closes in upon the Secretary of State performing the now rather miscellaneous duties appertaining to his office.]

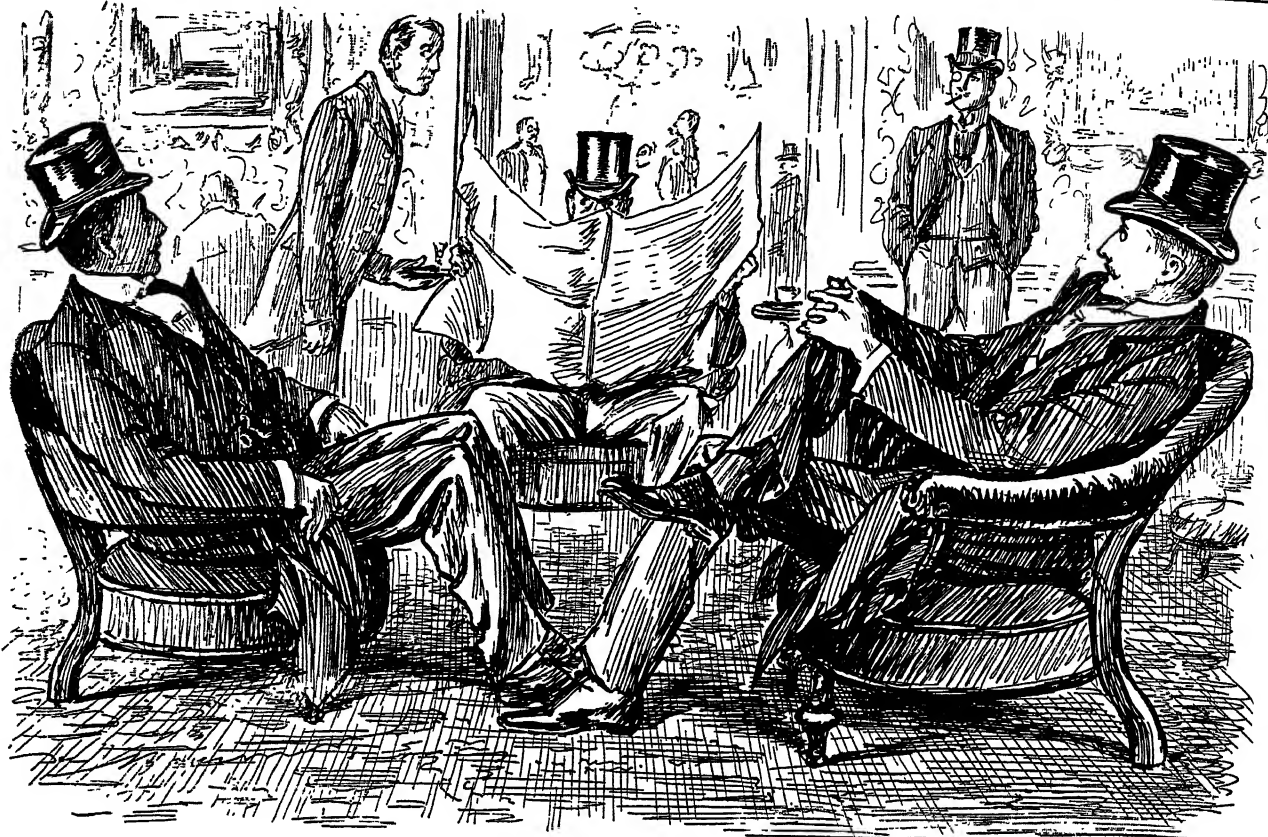
BRIEF STAY IN LONDON OF THE EMINENT FRENCH NOVELIST.—He has not quite mastered our idioms, but he has made a pun in English, when saying, "*J'y suis, moi, Daudet; je pars demain*," i.e., "I am here Do-day, and gone to-morrow."

SUGGESTION.—"The Attaree Khat Tea Co." is a nice name. Why not follow with the "Attaree Khat and Kitten Milk Co."? Very attaree-active to some pussons.

MOTTO (ADDRESSED TO FLUTES, HAUTOBOYS, &C.) FOR CONDUCTOR OF THE STRAUSS ORCHESTRA.—"STRAUSS shows how the wind is to blow."

"INFANT PHENOMENON!"—At Drury Lane, the arduous part of *Don Cesar* in the opera of *Maritana* was last Friday played by a CHILD!

WORD OF COMMAND FOR HOSPITAL SUNDAY.—"Present Alms!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Alg. "COME AND DINE WITH ME TO-NIGHT, SNOBBINGTON?"

Snoobington. "SORRY TO SAY I CAN'T, OLD CHAPPIE. AFRAID I'VE GOT TO GO AND DINE WITH THAT OLD FOOL LORD BOREHAM, FOR MY SINS!"

Lord Boreham (from behind his Newspaper). "PRAY CONSIDER YOURSELF EXCUSED THIS EVENING, MR.—MR.—A—I FIND I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU BY SIGHT!"

[Which is quite true!]

'ARRY AND THE NEW WOMAN.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Ow are you, old shipmate? I've bin layin' low for a time.

'Ard years these 'ere Nineties, my nibs, yus, and bizness 'as bin fur from prime.

All grind and no gay galoot, CHARLIE, of late 'as bin my little lot; An' between you and me and the post, I think most things is going to pot!



It's Newness wot's doing it, CHARLIE! "Lor! that's a rum gospel," sez you. Well, p'raps in your green tooral-looral you don't hear so much of the New; But in town with New Art, and New Women, New Drammer, New Humour, and such,

There seems nothink old left in creation, save four-art, and DANNEL's old Dutch.

She's old, and no hapricots, CHARLIE. But DANNEL's a decentish sort, And the way as she lays down the law about up-to-date woman is sport. 'Er nutcrackers clitter and clatter; and when she is fair on the shout, Concernin' fresh feminine fashions, you bet it's a reglar knock-out!

I took LIL, DANNEL's youngest, larst week to the play, with some tickets I'd got. Well, paperers mustn't be choosers. But oh, mate, of all the dashed rot

They ever chucked over the footlights, this 'ere Problem Play wos the wust! It left me with brain discomfuddled, the blues, and a thundering thust.

It gave poor LIL 'ARRIS the 'orrors. "Lor, 'ARRY," she sez, coming out, "They've styged it, no doubt, tol-lol-poppish, but wot is the 'ole thing about? I feel just as creepy and 'oller, along o' these 'ere warmed-up ghosts, As if I'd bin dining on spiders. Eugh! Let's 'ave a glarss at 'The Posts.'"

It took two 'ot tiddleys to warm 'er. An' when I was blowin' a cloud A-top o' the tram going 'ome, she sez, "'ARRY," sez she, "I ain't proud, But don't tyke me never no more to no New Woman nonsense," sez she. "It's narsty; and not one good snivel or larf in the whole jamboree.

"I don't call them *people*, I don't." "No; they're problems, LIL, that's wot *they* are. [he-problem suks 'is cigar; She-problem a tearin' 'er 'air, whilst the Two gurl-problems sniffing at Marriage, that played-out old farce—at sixteen!—I thought we was fair up-to-date, LIL, but, bless yer, we're simply pea-green!"]

And when we arrived at Lamb's Conduit Street, old DANNEL 'ARRIS's shop, His old Dutch got fair on the grind, and when started she's orkud to stop. "New Woman?" sez she. "She's no clarss, LIL, and don't know a mite where she are.

Yah! We used to call 'em Old Cats; and a sootabler name, too, by far.

"There ain't nothink new in *their* Newness; it's only old garbige warmed up. Mere bubble-and-squeak. The stale taters and greens on which poor people sup Is 'olesome compared with sich offal. Yah! Weddings 'll outlast *that* lot; And while gals is gals the old Eve 'll jest make the new evil seem rot."

The jawsome old guffin wos right, CHARLIE; leastways, she wosn't fur out. Yer female footballers and bikers, as swagger and go on the shout, And spile a good sport *and* their handles, are not more complete off the track Than them as "revolt"—agin Nature, and cock their she-bokos—at fack!

All splutter-sludge, CHARLIE! On styge or on cinder-path, sillypop things As want to play Man and *be* Woman are trying to fly without wings, Or fight without fistes. Are Men, the world's masters—like you, mate, and Me—To be knocked out by problems in petticoats? Wot bloomin' fiddle-de-dee!

The Old Dutch, and young LIL, and myself are all much of a mind on this job. Old 'ARRIS sez men are not in it. He don't mean it, I'll bet a bob.

It ain't very likely, not now, that Yours Scrumptiously ever *will* marry; But if I should tyke a Old Woman, it won't be no New Woman!

'ARRY.



Edith. "I DON'T BELIEVE JACK WILL EVER LEARN TO DANCE!"

Alice (whose dress has suffered). "WORSE THAN THAT—HE WILL NEVER LEARN NOT TO ATTEMPT IT!"

FAIR CHILDREN IN GRAFTON STREET.

A SPLENDID show, though some of the children are neither fair nor beautiful. Note No. 114, "*The Chinese Boy*," by Sir JOSHUA. He is a boy, certainly, but his complexion has a mahogany tinge not usually associated with loveliness. CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, if we may judge by No. 67, was a plain, decent, housewifely body, with a family of four horrors, three male and one female, all of whom, eventually, wore a crown. Can it be possible that *La Reine Margot* ever looked like *that*? If so, the great DUMAS is convicted of gross deceit. For a screaming farce in oil, let the visitor look at No. 155, "*The Infant Johnson*," by Sir JOSHUA. Some one has evidently suggested to the baby lexicographer that he should have a bath. Naturally enough he is furious at the idea. "Sir," he seems to say, "let us take a perambulator down Fleet Street, or anywhere else, but let us not bathe." Can there not be found a companion picture of the mighty infant in a cheerful mood, prattling out a "What, nurse, are you for a frolic? Then I'm with you." In a case labelled No. 454 are to be seen toys, dolls, and playthings found in Children's Tombs in Egypt. Here, too, is the "*Mummy of a Baby*." "I see the baby," observed an intelligent child-visitor; "but where is its Mummy? *My Mummy* never ties baby up like that."

NOT DUE NORTH.—The *North British Daily Mail*, referring to the rumour that the Prince of WALES may go to New York in the autumn to see the contest for the America Cup, says: "There will be better racing on the Clyde than there was last year. Let the PRINCE come north at midsummer this year." Very likely the race on the Clyde will be a good one. But our Scottish contemporary forgets that a visit to the United States on the part of H.R.H. would be to the advantage of two races—the American and the British. It would be sure to cause good feeling on either side of the Atlantic. Why should not Caledonia wait?

BY OUR OWN CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.—For any ordinary English team to attempt tackling the Australian Eleven coming over here next season, would show not so much the merit of the team, but its team-erity.

THE PRIVILEGE OF THE PRESS.

SCENE—*Anywhere*. Present, BROWN and JONES.

Brown (perusing paper). Capital speech of ARTHUR J. BALFOUR at the Newspaper Society's Dinner the other evening. His compliments to the Press were in every way deserved.

Jones (also reading a journal). Quite so. I am glad to see that the admirable publication I am now devouring objects to gambling in all its branches.

Brown. So does this. There is an excellent leader on the fourth page exposing the scandals of the Stock Exchange.

Jones. And here I find on page two a most earnest attack upon the abuses of the turf.

Brown. Such intelligent comments should do a world of good.

Jones. I am sure of it. I know, speaking for myself, I feel much better after perusing a column that might have supplied the pabulum of a sermon.

Brown. Just my case. It really strengthens one's moral perceptions to come across such noble sentiments. Well, as we have both read the leaders, let us exchange papers.

Jones. With pleasure, only I want just to glance at the latest odds. This journal gives the latest information on all matters connected with racing and the turf generally.

Brown. Just so, that is why I wanted to read it. Well, I must fill up the time by looking at the money article. Commend me to the city editor of this favourite production when you want to have a gentle flutter!

"KEY-NOTES."—In anticipation of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES visiting the Isle of Man later in the year, though at present

The Prince of WALES declines, with thanks,

The invitation sent from Manx,

the House of Keys has put every quay on the bunch at His Royal Highness's disposal for landing.

FLOWER SHOWS AND CITY BUSINESS.—"*Preference Stocks*, Chatham Seconds *Rose*." What a sweet combination of colour and scent per cent!

EXPECTEDNESS.

"INEVITABLE" is the new cant phrase, and certain phrases are inevitable, it would seem.

It is inevitable, if you should happen to beg the pardon of one of the lower middle class, that he (or more generally *she*) will reply with "Granted!"

It is inevitable, if you converse with a young Oxonian of immature intellect, that he will murder the QUEEN's, or (as he would call it) Quagger's, English by some such expression as "What a beastly sensagger!" or invite you to "stagger for the dagger" (*i.e.* stay for the day). But competent authorities are inclined to think that this laborious form of undergraduate wit, or "wagger," is doomed to speedy "extigger."

It is inevitable that the would-be smart business person, when inditing a circular or club notice, will say, "Forward *same*," or, "I inclose *same*," instead of "*it*," whatever it may happen to be.

It is inevitable that, when ARRY wishes to be familiarly polite at parting, he will take his leave with "So long."

It is inevitable that, when a young City man desires to express his disapproval of any individual or thing, he will dismiss it as "no class."

It is inevitable, if you make any surprising or absurd statement to a Yankee, that his comment thereon will be, "Is that so!"

It is inevitable, if you meet an actor "resting" in the Strand, that he will ask you to "Name it," and you will proceed to do so (possibly at your own expense) at one or more of the excellent drinking-bars in that locality.



A YORKSHIRE GOSSIP.

First Gossip. "SO YOU WAS NIVVER AXED TUT FUNERAL?"

Second Gossip. "NIVVER AS MUCH AS INSIDE T'HOUSE. BUT NOB-BUT WAIT TILL WE HEV' A FUNERAL OF US OWN, AN' WE'LL SHOW 'EM!"

A-DRESS BY MR. SPEAKER.

"Certain Members object to attending the SPEAKER's dinner or *levées* in full dress."

Mr. Speaker.

"OH, ye must walk in silk attire,
And swords and buckles wear,
Gin ye wad come to dine wi' me,
Or tend my *levées* mair."

The Members.

"Oh, what's to us your silken
show, [smart?—
And swords and buckles
And if you still insist upon 't,
Then you and we must part!"

Mr. Speaker.

"Then ye shall come in what attire
It suits ye best to wear,
Gin ye'll consent to mind the
Whip,
Nor plague the Party mair."

WORTHY OBJECT.—It is encouraging to hear of a "*Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen*." The deeper the sea-fishermen are, the more necessary is the mission. These Deep Sea-Fishermen are generally supposed to be able to look after their own soles; but now they will receive aid in their work. As the Bishop of LIVERPOOL is a prominent patron of this good work, it may be taken for granted that most of these deep uns are fishermen in his Lordship's See.

AN ACQUITTAL.—With what a sense of relief does a *bon vivant* who has been brought up by Corporal AILMENT before the Doctor's Court Martial hear the verdict of "Not G'uty!"

LAW IN BLANK.

(A Natural Development of the Modern System of Suppression.)

SCENE—Interior of one of the Royal Courts. Customary occupants and surroundings. Witness in the box undergoing cross-examination.

First Counsel. And now will you give me the name of the person you met on that occasion?

Second Counsel. I do not wish to interfere without reason; but surely it is unnecessary to introduce third parties into this inquiry.

Witness. Perhaps I might follow the plan I adopted in my examination-in-chief and write the name on a piece of paper?

The Judge. That seems a reasonable course to pursue.

First Counsel. As your Lordship pleases. Then be so good as to give me the name as suggested. (*Witness complies.*) Thank you. (*After reading the paper.*) Do you spell the name with a final "e"?

Second Counsel. Really, my learned friend is carrying matters too far. If the anonymity of third parties is to be preserved, such a leading question would reveal the identity at once.

The Judge. I suppose you mean that the query about the final "e" would indicate that the veiled name was "BROWNE."

Second Counsel. Quite so, my lord; that is a conclusion that would be accepted by persons of the most ordinary intelligence.

First Counsel. But as a matter of fact, the name to which I refer is certainly neither BROWN nor BROWNE. I will submit the paper to your lordship.

The Judge (after perusing the slip which has been handed to him by an usher). Dear me! I am greatly surprised!

Foreman of the Jury. May we, my lord, learn the name?

First Counsel. So far as I am concerned, I shall be only too pleased to allow the Gentlemen of the Jury to have the fullest information on the point.

Second Counsel. If I object, it is not because I have not the greatest confidence in the Jury's discretion, but simply as a matter of principle.

First Counsel. I do not see how the affair is a matter of principle,

but if my learned friend objects I have no wish to push the point further. (*Turning to Witness.*) And now, where did you meet this person whose name we have arranged to leave undiscovered?

Witness. Perhaps you will allow me to write the locality on a piece of paper and pass it round?

The Judge. I think we may do that.

First Counsel. As your Lordship pleases. (*Course suggested pursued.*) And now, have you ever seen any one else on the subject?

Witness. Certainly. (*Produces a scroll.*) Here is a list. I have purposely written their names in shorthand, so that they may only be recognised by those who have a knowledge of FITMAN's method.

The Judge. Certainly.

First Counsel. And that, my Lord, is my case. [*Sits down.*]

The Judge. And now, Gentlemen, before we proceed further, I would like to make a suggestion. When we commenced this trial we arranged that the names of the Plaintiff and Defendant should not be made public. Since then it seems to me that we should learn them. What do you say, Gentlemen?

Foreman of the Jury. We share your Lordship's curiosity.

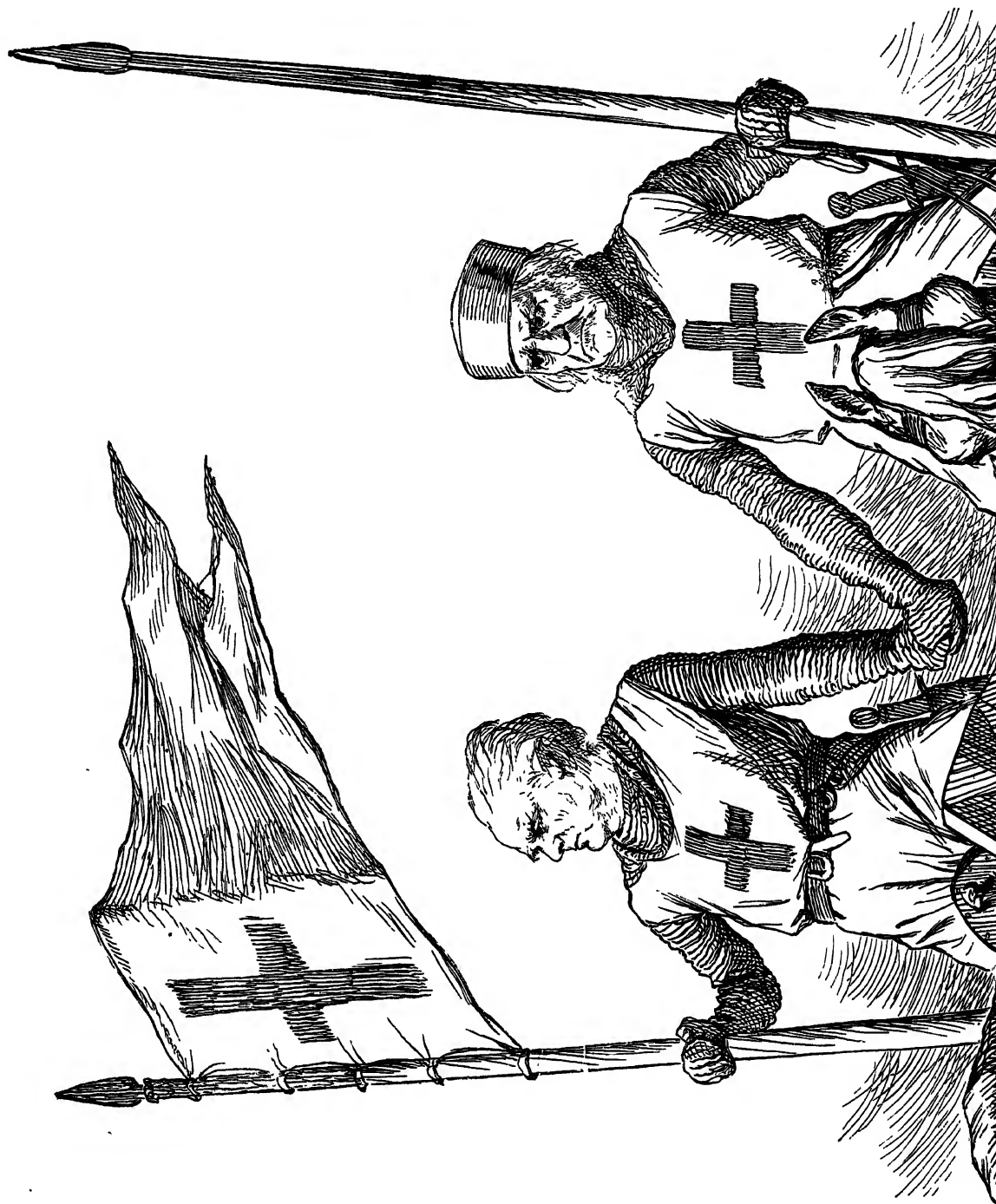
The Judge (addressing Counsel). You hear.

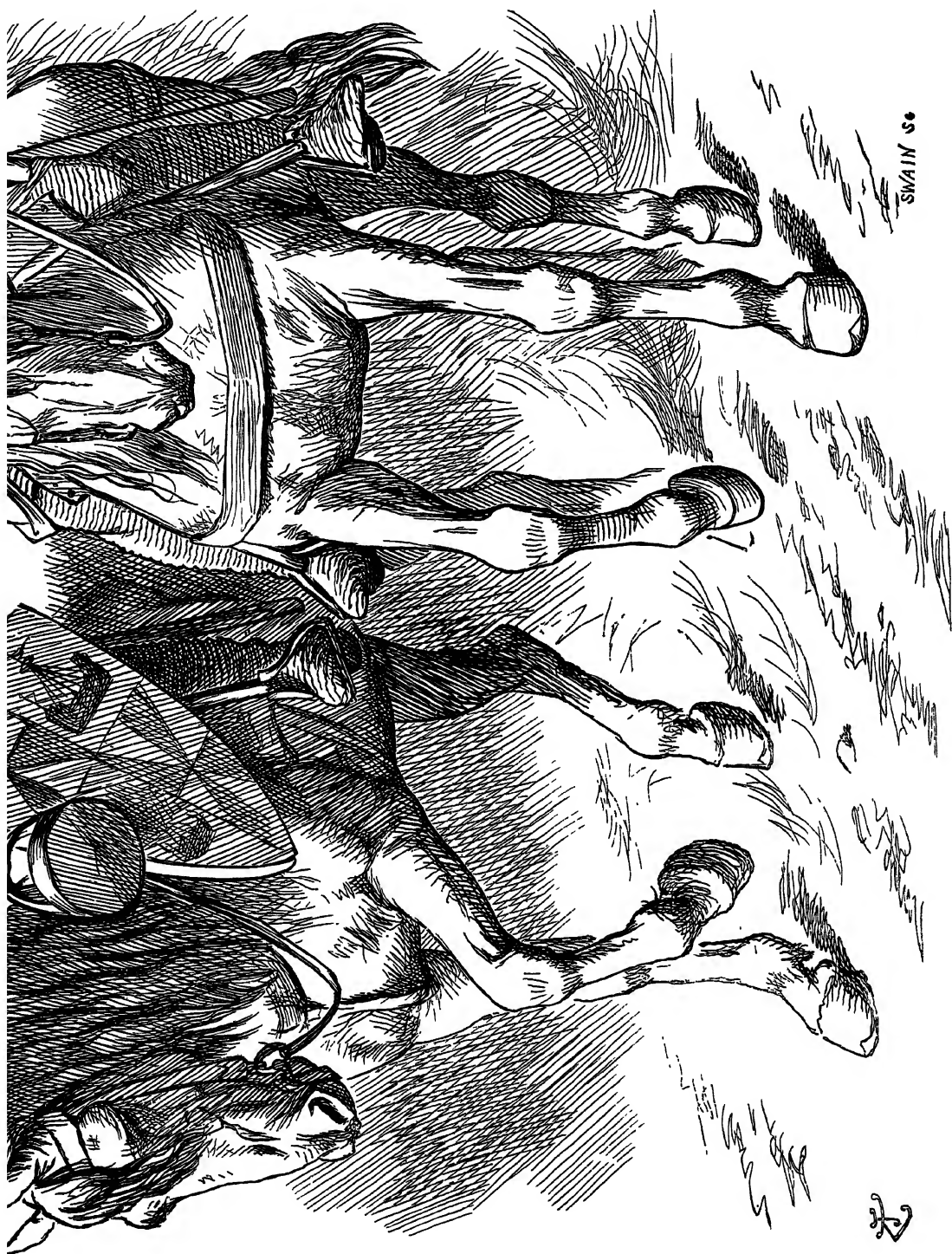
First Counsel (after consultation with his opponent). My Lord, I need scarcely say that both my friend and myself are most anxious to meet the wishes of your Lordship. But as this is a point of great importance to our clients, we should like to have an opportunity of consulting them. No doubt the names asked for might only have a limited circulation—be known only to your Lordship and the Gentlemen of the Jury. Still there are objections to even so partial a publication as I have shadowed forth which make it most desirable that we should have an opportunity of giving the matter our fullest consideration. Perhaps we might adjourn until to-morrow morning?

The Judge. Oh, certainly, certainly.

[*Court consequently adjourns to meet the necessities of the situation.*]

MOTTO FOR THE VINEYARD PROPRIETORS IN A CERTAIN CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT.—"Make Ay while the sun shines."





THE OLD CRUSADERS!

THE DUKE OF ARG-LL AND MR. GL-DST-NE "BROTHERS IN ARMS" AGAIN!

BULGARIA, 1876. ARMENIA, 1895.

NEURALGIA.

WHAT do I care if sunny Spring
Come now at last with balmy
weather?

What do I care for anything?
I hate existence altogether.
It makes me almost mad, in truth,
This awful aching in my tooth.

What do I care for wealth or fame,
Or woman's charms the most
entrancing?
Despised or loved, it's all the
same.

You would not catch me even
glancing
At any face you ever saw;
I'm only thinking of my jaw.

What do I care if Trunks are low,
Argentines flat, Home Rails
neglected?

Though mines may come and
mines may go,
I'm indescribably dejected.
They may be, I am, "dull" and
"weak."

Confound my throbbing, swollen
cheek!

What do I care which party's in,
To take more pennies from my
income,

Or, if from tax on beer or gin,
Or milk and water extra "tin"
come?

My thoughts are "in another
place";
This aching spreads throughout
my face.

What do I care for any play,
For dance or dinner, song or
supper?

With pangs like these I can't be
They spread from lower jaw to
upper,



A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

"BACK AGAIN, DOCTOR? I'VE BEEN SO MUCH BETTER SINCE
YOU WENT AWAY!"

Across my face, as I have said
And now attack my hair
head.

What do I even care if She
May frown upon her wretched
lover,

And like another more than n
Such pangs I might in
recover.

I do not care, I do not know;
I'm aching now from top to t

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING
written another Barrack-r
Ballad (see *Pall Mall Gazette*
Thursday last). It is called
"*Men that fought at Minden*,"
is perhaps the most coarse
unattractive specimen of
that this great young man
put forth yet—a jumble of w
without a trace of swing
music. All this Tommy Atkins
business, with its "Rookie"
and its "Johnny Raws,"
its affectation of intimate kno
ledge of the common soldi
inmost feelings, is about play
out, and the interest in it
not likely to be revived by s
jargon as "*The Men that fou
at Minden*." Besides, did
Lord GEORGE SACKVILLE fight
at Minden?

[EXPLAINED AT LAST.—The (Zo
logical excuse given for the b
constrictor when he swallowed
companion, was that "he or
wanted a snack for luncheon."
had been hinted that he found "t
other one" such a "boa" at me
times that he was determined
put him down. But this is n
the fact.

A LITTLE CHANGE.

HANG it all! They have blocked the street and are laying it with
asphalte; just in May, as usual. From early morning the quiet of
my rooms is disturbed by the noise of the work, when I go out I
scramble over heaps of rubbish, past smoking cauldrons of pitch, and
when I come home at night my cab drops me nearly a quarter of
a mile away. Moreover, one neighbouring house is being painted, and
the other is being rebuilt. I fly from falling dust and brickbats, only
to run against ladders and paint-pots. It is awful. And now my
Aunt JANE is coming up from Bath, and has invited herself to tea at
my chambers. Her rheumatism prevents her from walking more
than a yard or two, she cannot bear any noise, and the smell of paint
makes her ill. She is very rich, and could leave all she has to the
poor. Accurately speaking, that class includes me, but in my aunt's
opinion it does not. She is very suspicious, and, if I made excuses
and invited her to tea anywhere else, she would feel convinced that I
was hiding some guilty secret in my dull, quiet, respectable rooms.
She is very prim, and the mere suggestion of such a thing would
alienate her from me for ever. Why on earth can't she stop in
Bath? And I shall have to go with her to May meetings! It is im-
possible; I must fly. But where? She has a horror and suspicion of
all foreign nations, except perhaps the steady, industrious Swiss.
Good idea—Switzerland. But what reason can I give for rushing off
just now? Someone must send me. I have it. She knows I try to
write a little, so I will say my editor requires me to go at once to
Geneva to write a series of articles in the *Jardin Alpin d'Acclimatation*
on Alpine botany. Botany, how respectable! Geneva, how
sedate! Makes one think at once of CALVIN and Geneva bands.
These sound rather frivolous, something like German bands, but they
are not really so, only, I believe, a sort of clerical cravat. Then I
will start off to Paris, the direct way to Geneva.

Perhaps I shall never reach Geneva. Paris will do well enough.
No streets there taken up in the Spring. No painting on the clean
stone houses. No rebuilding on the Boulevards. No aunt of mine
anywhere near. I shall escape all my troubles. I shall be able to
smoke my cigarette lazily in the pleasant courtyard of the Grand

Hôtel, and try to imagine that I see some of the people in *Trilby*
Little Billee, or *Taffy*, or the *Laird*—amongst the animated, cosm
opolitan crowd. And the stately giant in the gilt chain will solemn
arrange the newspapers in all languages, and will supply me wi
note-paper. I must be careful not to write to my aunt a long d
scription of the *Jardin Alpin d'Acclimatation de Genève* on pap
stamped "Grand Hôtel, Paris." And the attentive JOSEPH, wi
those long grey whiskers, sacred to the elderly French waiter a
the elderly French lawyer, will exclaim, "*V'la, M'sieu!*" in a
those varied tones which make the two syllables mean "Yes sir!
"Coming, Sir!" "Here is your coffee, Sir!" "In a minute, Sir!
and so many things besides. And I shall be able to watel
assembled from all parts of the world, some younger and prettie
faces than my Aunt JANE'S. That settles it. A regretful letter t
my aunt. And to-morrow en route!

CHANGE OF SPELLING?—Our dramatic friend known to the publi
through *Mr. Punch* as ENRY HAUTHOR JONES appears to hav
recently altered the spelling of his name. He has left the JONE
and the HENRY alone, but in the *Times* of Friday he appears a
"HENRY ARTHUR JONES," "U" out of it; and what was "E"
doing there?

PRESENTATION TO THE REV. GUINNESS ROGERS.—Last week thi
worthy minister was presented by his Congregationalists with an
address and a cheque for a thousand guineas, Mr. GLADSTONE, ex-
minister, being among the subscribers. In future the *bénéficiair*
will be remembered as the 'Rev. rer d T housand GUINNESS ROGERS.'

MUSIC NOTE (after hearing Mr. J. M. Coward's performance on
the *Orchestral Harmonium*).—It would be high praise to say of any
organist that "he attacks his instrument in a Cowardly manner."

"VERY APPROPRIATE."—Last Wednesday the Right Hon. A. W.
PEEL became a "Skinner."

A COMING CHARGE.

(Prematurely Communicated by our
Prophetic Reporter.)

GENTLEMEN of the Jury, for the last couple of years or so you have no doubt read any number of denunciations of the conduct of the man whose actions you are now about to investigate. You have heard him abused right and left. You have seen pictures of him, in which he has been held up to scorn and public ridicule. You have heard it announced in all quarters that he is a scoundrel and a thief. And as this has been the case, Gentlemen of the Jury, it is my duty to tell you that you must put aside the recollection of these attacks. You must treat the prisoner before you as if he were immaculate. In fact you must lay aside all prejudice, and give the man a fair trial; and, Gentlemen, it is my duty (sanctioned by precedent) to have the pleasure of informing you that I am sure you will! Yes, Gentlemen of the Jury, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, I repeat, I am sure you will!

At the National Liberal Club, on Wednesday, Lord ROSEBURY told the company they were not dancing on a volcano. That may be true, but it is equally true that the Government, in proposing to remit the sixpenny duty on whisky, are riding for a fall in (or, shall we say, a drop of) the "crater."



A WELLINGTON (STREET) MEMORIAL.

GENERAL OPINION (MR. PUNCH) PRESENTS THE MEDAL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER OF HISTORIC MERIT TO HENRY IRVING IN RECOGNITION OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AS CORPORAL GREGORY BREWSTER IN THE ACTION OF CONAN DOYLE'S "STORY OF WATERLOO."

ON THE NEW STATUE.

["Her Majesty's Government are about to entrust to one of our first sculptors a great historical statue, which has too long been wanting to the series of those who have governed England."—Lord Rosebery at the Royal Academy Banquet.]

Our "Uncrowned King" at last to stand
'Midst the legitimate Lord's Anointed? [band,
How will they shrink, that sacred Dismayed, disgusted, disappointed!
The parvenu Protector thrust Amidst the true Porphyrogeniti?
How will it stir right royal dust! The mutton-eating king's amenity [slur.
Were hardly proof against this WILLIAM the thief, RUFUS the bully, [cur,—
The traitor JOHN, and JAMES the Their royal purple how 'twill sully
To rub against the brewer's buff! HARRY, old Mother Church's glory
Meet this Conventicler?—Enough! The Butcher dimmed not England's story [nown.
But rather brightened her re- In camp and court it must be said, And if he did not win a crown, At least he never lost his head!

AMONG Mr. LE GALLIENNE'S new poems there is one entitled *Tree Worship*. It is not dedicated to the lessee of the Haymarket Theatre by "an Admirer."

A MAY MEETING.

THEY met in a cake-shop hard by the Strand,
He in black broadcloth, and she in silk.
She had a glass of "fizz" in her hand,
He had a bun and a cup of milk.
She had a sunshade of burnished crimson,
He had a broily imperfectly furled,
And a pair of pince-nez with tortoiseshell rims on.
He looked the Church, and she seemed the World.

They sat on each side of a marble table,
His legs were curled round the legs of his chair.
Around them babbled a miniature Babel;
The sunlight gleamed on her coppery hair.
She held a crumpled Academy Guide,
Scored with crosses in bold blacklead;
A pile of leaflets lay at his side,
And he grasped a Report, which he gravely read.

His shaven lip was pendulous, long,
Her mouth was a cherry-hued mouse mutine,
His complacent, uncomely, strong,
Hers soft appetite sharpened with spleen.
Her eyes scale-glitter, his oyster-dim,
His huge mouth hardened, her small lips curled
As he gazed at her and she glanced at him;
He looked the Church, and she seemed the World.

"A holy spouter from Exeter Hall!"
(So she mused as she sipped her wine.)
"A butterfly in the Belial thrall
Of Vanity Fair, all tinkle and shine!"
So thought he as he crumbled his bun
With clumsy fingers in loose black cloth;

And the impish spirit of genial fun
Hovered about them and mocked them both.

Mutual ignorance, mutual scorn,
Revealed in glances a flame though fleeting;
Such, in the glow of this glad May morn,
The inhuman spirit of mortal meeting.
The worm must disparage the butterfly,
The butterfly must despise the worm;
And Scorn, the purblind, will ne'er descry
A common bond, or a middle term.

Modish folly, factitious Art?
True, grave homilist, sadly true!
But Boanerges truculent, tart,
What of the part that is played by you?
You denouncing the "Snare of Beauty,"
She affecting to feel its spell,—
Which falls shortest of human duty?
Shallow censor, can you quite tell?

Meanwhile the lilac is blithely budding,
And sweetly breatheth the nutty May,
The golden sunshine the earth is flooding,
And you—you echo the old, old bray
Of Boanerges. A broader greeting
Of brotherhood full, warm hearts, wide eyes
Might lend a meaning to your "May Meeting"
To gladden the gentle and win the wise.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME? A ROSSA, &c."—
Before being ejected from the House of Commons on Wednesday last, O'DONOVAN ROSSA shouted out that "A stain had been put upon his name." Where is the ingenious craftsman who did it? He might try his hand next time at gilding refined gold.

QUERY.—Can a champagne wine from the vintage of "Ay" be invariably and fairly described as "Ay 1"?

MODES AND METALS.

["Neckties made of aluminium have just been invented in Germany."—*Evening Paper*.]

VISITED my tailor's puddling works to-day. He has some really neat new pig-iron fabrics for the season. I am thinking of trying his Bessemer steel indestructible evening-dress suits.

Really this new plan of mineral clothing comes in very usefully when one is attacked by roughs on a dark night. Floored an assailant most satisfactorily with a touch of my lead handkerchief.

The only objection I can find to my aluminium summer suiting is its tendency to get red hot if I stand in the sun for five minutes.

I think I can now safely defy my laundress to injure my patent safety ironclad steel shirts.

I find, however, that there is no need of a laundress at all. When one's linen is soiled, sand-paper and a mop will clean it in no time.

My frock-coat has got a nasty kink in it; must send it to be repaired at the smelting furnace.

ONCE CUT DON'T COME AGAIN!—It was said by *The Figaro* last week that Japan would demand "an extra payment of one hundred millions of taels by China." But surely a hundred million Chinamen would evince a pig-headed obstinacy in parting with, or being parted from, their "tails" on any consideration.

"A LIGHTSHIP SUNK."—Impossible! couldn't have been a lightship, it must have been a very heavy ship.



Daughter (enthusiastically). "OH, MAMMA! I MUST LEARN BICYCLING! SO DELIGHTFUL TO GO AT SUCH A PACE!"
Mamma (severely). "NO THANK YOU, MY DEAR; YOU ARE QUITE 'FAST' ENOUGH ALREADY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 6.—Welsh Disestablishment Bill on. So is The Man from Shropshire. STANLEY LEIGHTON, as GEORGE TREVELYAN pointed out long ago, is irresistibly like the

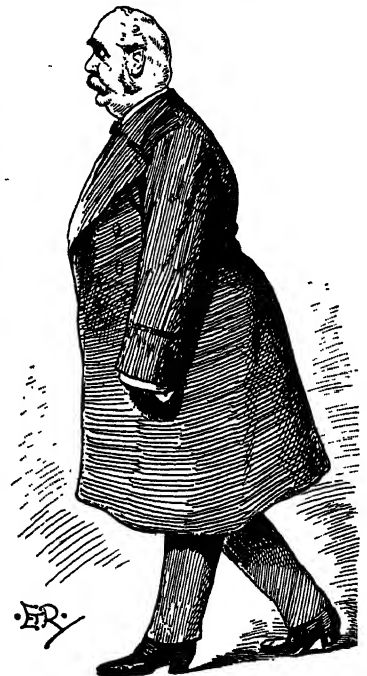
ruined Chancery Suitor of *Bleak House*. Always dashing into debate as The Man from Shropshire broke in on the business of the Court of Chancery. "Mr. Chairman!" he shouts, and waves his arms, as The Man from Shropshire cried aloud, "My lord! My lord!" and tried to seize the Lord Chancellor by wig or neck. After first ebullition, our Man from Shropshire quiets down. Argues with gravity of tone and manner that seem to imply he has something to say. Turns out he hasn't; but, on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, that no

Curious how this Church Bill brings to the front men who, if heard at all, certainly do not speak in chorus on any other question. After The Man from Shropshire comes TOMLINSON, who, early in proceedings, displays irresistible tendency to discuss points of order with SPEAKER. New SPEAKER has, however, already got hand in, and, before TOMLINSON, who remembers being on his feet addressing Chair, quite knows where he is, he finds himself sitting down again. CRANBORNE also on warpath, his very hair bristling with indignation at this fresh attack on the Church. GLIB GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN has a field-night; makes long speech on moving Instruction standing in his own name. His obvious, unaffected enjoyment of his own oratory should be infectious; but isn't.

Colonel LOCKWOOD, that pillar of the Church, was the first called on in Committee to move amendment. Colonel not in his place. Report has it the devout man is in library reading THOMAS A KEMPIS, or DRELLINCOURT on Death. Here is opportunity for GLIB GRIFFITH to make another speech. Dashes in; starting off with promise of good half-hour; desire for LOCKWOOD's appearance irresistible. As ADDISON says, with hereditary disposition to drop into poetry, and the belief that he is quoting TENNYSON,



The Joys of Office. "Speaker! Hats off, Strangers!" matter.



The Cares of Office. Cawmel-Bannerman crosses the Lobby.

Better fifty words from LOCKWOOD
Than a thousand from BOSCAWEN.

Scouts sent out in all directions. The Colonel discovered in sort of oratory he has contrived in far recess of library. Brought back to House; found BOSCAWEN bowling along. "This is my show," said the Colonel as he passed BOSCAWEN on his way to his seat. More fierceness in his eye than befit the man or the occasion. BOSCAWEN stared over his head, and went on with his speech. Opportunity too precious to be lost. If LOCKWOOD meant to move his amendment he should have been there when called upon. He wasn't: BOSCAWEN found it, so to speak, by roadside. Now it was his; would make the most of it; pegged along whilst the Colonel muttered remarks as he glared upon him. Some who sat by said it was a prayer. Others, catching a word here and there, said it was a quotation from THOMAS À KEMPIS. Whatever it might have been, Colonel seemed much moved. Hardly pacified when, at end of twenty minutes, GLIS-GRIFFITH sat down, and LOCKWOOD, finding himself in peculiar position of seconding his own amendment, delivered the speech he had prepared for moving it.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Tuesday.—Pretty to see PRINCE ARTHUR drop down on GEORGE RUSSELL just now for speaking disrespectfully of SILOMIO. That eminent patriot, having in his newly-assumed character of Patron Saint of Japan, cross-examined EDWARD GREY upon latest Treaty negotiations, accused ASQUITH of nothing less than stealing a county. "Filching" was precise word, which has its equivalent in Slang Dictionary in sneaking. Idea of HOME SECRETARY hovering over the Marches in dead of night, and, when he thought no one was looking, picking up Monmouthshire, and putting it in his coat-tail pocket, amused scanty audience. But SILOMIO really wrath. "Always Anti-English this Government," he exclaimed, with scornful sweep of red right hand along line of smiling faces on Treasury Bench. "A stirring burst of British patriotism" GEORGE RUSSELL characterised it. JOHN BULL in excelsis. The more notable since, on reference to official record, he found the Knight from Sheffield was born in the United States, and descended from the Pilgrim Fathers.

"Which one?" inquired voice from back bench, an inquiry very properly disregarded. (A new phrase this, SARK notes, for use by retired tradesmen, setting up to spend rest of useful lives in retirement at Clapham or Camberwell. To trace their family tree back to transplantation at period of Conquest, played out. Instead of "Came over with the Conqueror," newer, more picturesque, equally historical to say, "Came over with the Pilgrim Fathers.")

PRINCE ARTHUR not in mood for speculation of this kind. Cut to the heart by remarks he suspected of slighting intent towards his friend and colleague. In SILOMIO PRINCE ARTHUR has long learned to recognise all the graces and all the talents. Apart from personal consideration, he feels how much the Party owe to him for having raised within its ranks the standard of culture and conduct. To have him attacked, even in fun, by an Under Secretary, was more than he could stand. So, in gravest tone, with no flicker of a smile on his expressive countenance, he declared that a more unfortunate speech he had never heard. "If the hon. gentleman intends," he added, "to take a considerable part in debate, I would earnestly recommend him either to change the character of his humour, or entirely to repress the exhibition."

Beautiful! In its way, all things considered, best thing PRINCE ARTHUR has done this Session. House grinned; but two big hot tears coursed down cheek of SILOMIO, making deep furrows in the war paint.

"That's tit for tat with GEORGE RUSSELL," said HERBERT GARDNER to SOLICITOR-GENERAL, with vague recollection of a historic phrase.

"Quite perfect," said LOCKWOOD. "But what a loss the stage has sustained by PRINCE ARTHUR taking to politics? Tried both myself and know something about it." *Business done.*—An eight hours day with Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday.—TANNER's curiosity inconveniently uncontrollable. At end of sitting given up to Scotland no one thinking about COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF or TANNER either. Successive divisions had carried sitting far beyond midnight, that blessed hour at which, in ordinary circumstances, debate stands adjourned. Quarter of an hour occupied in dividing on question whether they should divide on amendment. Proposal affirmed; another quarter of an hour spent in fresh division. Nothing possible further to be done. Members streamed forth, scrambling for cabs in Palace Yard. CONYBEARE in charge of a Bill dealing with false alarms of fire, managed to get it through Committee unopposed. Members little recked how near they were to real alarm of worse than fire.

Twenty minutes earlier, when last division taken, over 330 Members filled House. Now the tide ebbed; only the thirty odd Members in their places jealously watching SPEAKER running through Orders of the Day. TANNER bobbing up and down on bench like parched pea. Heard it somewhere whispered that Duke of CAMBRIDGE, worn out with long campaign, about to unhelm, unbuckle his sword, hang up his dinted armour. TANNER feels he can't go to bed leaving unsettled the problem of truth or phantasy. Not a moment to be lost. SPEAKER risen to put question "That this House do now adjourn." Then TANNER blurts out the inquiry, "Is it true?" "Order! order!" says the SPEAKER. Well, if they didn't like the question in the form he had first put it, he would try again.

"I would ask," he said, adopting conditional mood as least likely to hurt anyone's feelings, "whether a member of the Royal Family who has really" (most desirous of not putting it too strongly, but really you know) "been drawing public money too long is going to retire?"

"Order! order!" roared the few Members present. "I would ask that question," repeated TANNER, still in the conditional mood, but nodding confidentially all round. The Blameless BARTLEY happily at post of duty. Broke in with protest. SPEAKER ruled question out of order. But the good TANNER came back like a bad sixpence.

"Is his Royal Highness going to retire?" he insisted, getting redder than ever in the face. "Order! order!" shouted Members in chorus. Thus encouraged, TANNER sang out the solo again. "Is his Royal Highness going to retire?"

That was his question. The SPEAKER, distinctly differing, affirmed "The question is that the House do now adjourn," which it did straightway, leaving Dr. TANNER to go to a sleepless bed haunted by an unanswered question.

"What I should like," said Lieut.-General Sir FREDERICK WELINGTON FITZ WYGRAM, who served in the Crimea with H.R.H., has been in command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot, and in other positions come in personal contact with the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, "What I should like," he repeated reflectively, stroking his chin, "would be the opportunity, enjoyed from a safe distance, of hearing the Dook personally reply to TANNER's interrogation."

Business done.—Wrangle all night round Scotch Committee.

Friday.—SQUIRE sat through dull morning sitting listening with air of pathetic resignation to Members talking round Budget. QUILLER led off with prodigiously long paper on the Art of Brewing Beer. Seems they fill up the cup with all kinds of mysterious ingredients. BROOKFIELD, looking round and observing both JOSEPH and JESSE absent, whispered in ear of sympathetic Chairman that Birmingham has reputation in the Trade of making and drinking beer containing minimum of malt, maximum of sugar, and warranted to do the greatest damage to the system. SQUIRE, momentarily waking up from mournful mood, observed that Birmingham is also headquarters of Liberal Unionism. Might be nothing in coincidence, but there it was. RASCH posed as the distressed agriculturist. JOKIM tried to walk on both sides of road at same time, and Government got majority of 24. *Business done.*—Budget Resolutions agreed to.

TO YVETTE GUILBERT AT THE EMPIRE.

YVETTE! your praise resounds on every hand,
And those laugh loudest who least understand.



Piling Peeler upon Rossa!



STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN, AS THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

["Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman." C. R. LESLIE, R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1831.]

A MARK AGAINST DENMARK.—At the beginning of last week it was mid-summer weather, and *not* to have cast off winter clothing and donned light attire would have been deemed "Mid-summer madness." But by Thursday "on a *chagné tout cela*," except the clothes, and we were in midwinter! The *Daily Telegraph's* weather-clerk observed that all "this resulted from a deep depression in Denmark." It certainly caused deep depression here; and there must be "something rotten in the State of Denmark" which ought to be looked to immediately. Ere these lines appear we hope—sincerely hope—that we shall have retraced our steps towards summer.

QUERY SUGGESTED.—We read in the *Financial Times* that "A corner in camphor is, it is stated, being arranged." Is to be in "a corner in camphor" as good as being "laid up in lavender"?

A CENTURY OF CENTURIES.

[By scoring 288 in the match Gloucester v. Somerset at Bristol, on May 17, Mr. W. G. GRACE, now nearing his 47th birthday, made his hundredth innings of 100 runs or over in first-class matches.]

"O FRAEJOUS day! Callooh! Callay!" Sang *Punch* on the seventeenth instant May, With a true Jabberwockian chortle, As he saw the swiipe, on the Bristol ground, Which worked GRACE's hundred of centuries round; A record ne'er equalled by mortal.

"My beamish boy"—of nigh forty-seven— There isn't a cheerier sight under heaven Than W. G. at the wicket. [snack.] When your "vorpal" bat "goes snicker-*Punch* loves to lie, with a tree at his back, And watch what he calls Cricket.

And now, as a topper of thirty years, After many hopes, and a few faint fears, (Which *Punch* never shared for a jiffy.) You've done the trick! Did your pulse beat quick As you crept notch by notch within reach of the nick? Did even your heart feel squiffy?

Punch frankly owns his went pit-a-pat While he followed the ball and watched your bat As the nineties slowly tottled; And the boys of the Bristol Brigade held breath, In an anxious silence as still as death. But oh! like good fizz unbottled,

We all "let go" with a loud "hooray" As the leather was safely "put away" For that hundredth hundred. Verily, Now you're the "many centuried" GRACE! And for many a year may you keep top place, Piling three-figure innings right merrily!

GAME FROM THE HIGHLANDS.—A "Scotch Golfer of Twenty Years' Standing" (poor man! he certainly ought to be invited to take the chair at any Golf meeting!) writes to the *Liverpool Daily Post* complaining that novices in England will persist in sounding the letter "l" in the title of the sport, "although on every green from John o'Groats to Airlie it remains silent in the mouth of player and caddie alike." As the Golfer "puts" it, the name should be "guff," or even "gowf." As long as there is plenty of acreage for the game, an "ell" is not worth mentioning.

MUSICAL NOTE of "Herr WILLY BURMESTER"—or "Our" WILLY. "Bless you!" as the old salt said; "he fiddles like an angel!" Of course, like all violinists, the hair of his head is peculiar, but his airs on his violin are marvellous in execution.

UNIVERSITY PRIVILEGE NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—When a resident Oxonian is suffering from a bronchial attack he is entitled to the professional attendance (gratis) of "The Curators of the Chest."

EXTRA-ORDINARY SELF-ANNIHILATING CANNIBALS.—Children, when they over-eat themselves.

THE WAIL OF THE WALWORTH WOTER.

["Many of our men have certainly been got at."—*Walworth Liberal Agent.*]

"Got at," my boy? Well, that's a fack; Yet not by LANSBURY, READE, or BAILEY. But by the burdens on our back, As seem a-gettin' heavier daily. Trade's bloomin' bad, and rents is high; Yet more and more the Guv'ment axes. Progress, old man, is all my hey,— As means raised rents, and rates, and taxes. School Boards, Free Libraries, an' such, With County Council schemes, *look* proper; When they too 'ard poor pockets touch On them the poor *must* put a stopper. Fust we've got to live, I say; To pay our way, and grub our young 'uns. Will Rads make that more easier, hay, Than wot you call "Bible and Bung'uns"? By Jingo, if you want our wotes, You'll git 'em, not by playing peeper, Or wetoing beer from our poor throats; But—making life easier and cheaper! Got at? Wy, yus, by want o' grub, And rents an' taxes too extensive; And so we'll weto—not the Pub, But "Progress" wot comes too expensive!

PARTIES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Besides the usual number of parties, there will always be, during the fine summer weather, Tea-parties.

CONTRADICTION.—Tremendous "Crushing Reports" come in from the mines, and, in spite of this, mining shares are better than ever.



HERCULES AND OMPHALE; OR, PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

Hercules (Prince Bismarck). "I BELIEVE THAT FEMALE SYMPATHY WITH OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS IS A MUCH STRONGER BULWARK AGAINST SOCIAL DEMOCRACY THAN OUR REVOLUTION BILL WOULD HAVE BEEN IF IT HAD BEEN PASSED." (*See Daily Papers.*)



New Assistant (after hair-cutting, to Jones, who has been away for a couple of weeks). "YOUR 'AIR IS VERY THIN BE'IND, SIR. TRY SINGING!"
Jones (after a pause). "YES, I THINK I WILL."
N. A. (after singing). "SHAMPOO, SIR! GOOD FOR THE 'AIR, SIR."
Jones. "THANK YOU. YES."
N. A. "YOUR MUSTACHES CURLED?"
Jones. "PLEASE."
N. A. "MAY I GIVE YOU A FRICTION?"
Jones. "THANK YOU."
N. A. "WILL YOU TRY SOME OF OUR—"
Manager (who has just sighted his man, in Stage whisper). "YOU IDIOT! HE'S A SUBSCRIBER!!"

WAITING FOR NASRULLA.

"The original arrangements for NASRULLA KHAN's reception in London have undergone considerable alteration."—*Daily Paper.*

"Of course we ought to act on precedent," said Wise Man Number One. "We can't be far out if we do that."

"I am not so sure," replied Number Two of the Series. "When the SHAH came over we gave him a prize-fight at Buckingham Palace, and the entertainment subsequently caused much hostile criticism in Clapham."

"It is to be regretted," sighed the Third, "that the Polytechnic Institution no longer exists. It would have amused his Highness to have descended in the diving bell."

"No doubt," put in the initial speaker; "but something of the same effect might be obtained by conducting NASRULLA either to the Museum of Mines in Jermyn Street or the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House."

"Quite so. And what do you say to the Natural History Museum, and a special visit in semi-state to the top of the Monument?"

This suggestion was well received. Then a trip to Kew, and a ride on the Elephant at the Zoo were considered not unfavourably.

"Shall he go to any of the theatres?" was the next question.

"It may be a little dangerous to his morals if he understands English," seemed to be the popular answer.

Then a visit to a music-hall under the immediate supervision of the London County Council was proposed.

Then a Wise Man (less sage than the majority of his fellows) proposed a little "slumming."

"He might visit the East End, and pass a night in a Casual Ward."

Fortunately for the honour of the British Empire the proposal was negatived without the formality of a division.

"Could he be exhibited at a side show, either at Sydenham, Earl's Court, or West Kensington?"

Again there was a shout of "No." The visit of the Representative of the Ameer was not to be made a source of income to the Imperial, or, if it came to that, any other Exchequer.

"Besides," said the initial speaker, "the British Public does not care for paying for its raree-show. When we *do* get hold of a native, we like to find him on view free, gratis and for nothing."

Then it was agreed that NASRULLA should appear at the Queen's Birthday Parade, and other "features" were discussed with animation.

"But what the KHAN will ultimately do, Sir," murmured an experienced official at the conclusion of the confab, "only Time can show—with the assistance of the Government."

A NEW TERROR.—Politics on the stage. In ENRY HAUTHOR Jones's *Bauble Shop* at the Criterion we were taken into the House of Commons and got somehow mixed up with Party Politics; but in *The Home Secretary*, Mr. CARTON, it appears, has attempted to drag his audience, with Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, into the inner circle of Parliamentary life. What next? A debate on the Budget in Four Acts? Or shall we have, in five Parliamentary Acts, with a Prologue and Epilogue, the Comedy with a short Jonesian title called *Home Rule for Ireland: or, how the O'Reillys, the Maguires, and the Kellys went into the Opposition Lobby, and how one Government came in and the other went out, &c. &c.*? Save us from politics on the stage! There was just enough of the political element in *Dora* to give it a peculiar interest. But then *Dora* was written by VICTORIEN SARDOU.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.—The initials being "R. M. T." will not be descriptive of the state of the seats in the Agricultural Hall during the performance. The announcement will be "Are Quite Full," not "R. M. T."

QUOTATION FOR LONDONER LAST WEEK, ON SEEING THE DUKE OF YORK IN PAUL MALL.—"I know that man, he comes from Sheffield."

THE NEW COINS.—It was announced that the reverse was to have been altered. On the contrary, it is quite the reverse.



CLASSIC QUOTATIONS ILLUSTRATED.

(For the Use of Schools.)

EXAMPLE II.—“PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.”

THE POET AND HIS INTERVIEWERS.

I do not dwell in a back-attic with the windows pasted up with brown paper, neither do I wallow up to my eyes in a litter of manuscript with flue on the carpet and dust on all the furniture. If ye, or the Public, have any such impression, ye are very much mistaken. I may be a literary person and a prose-poet; but I live quite respectably, and have everything handsome about me. Come and see!

Ye will find the doorsteps freshly scoured, and the door-handle brightly polished—which ye will make a note of after ye have rung the bell.

A trim parlourmaid—whom ye will allude to as “a neat-handed PHYLLIS”—will open the door, and request ye to wipe your dirty boots upon the doormat in the passage—which ye are expected to mention as the “spacious entrance hall.”

I shall stand on the threshold of my dining-room, and receive ye with as much surprise as if the visit were not by previous appointment; shall accompany ye through all my rooms, and tell ye interesting facts about the china and the chimney ornaments. I shall not object to your bringing a camera and taking views of my “cosy corner” and my hat and umbrella-stand.

They are exactly like those of everybody else, so they are sure to be pleasing to an art-loving Public.

Ye will find in the drawing-room the perfume of many flowers—provided I do not forget to send out for some penny bunches of violets beforehand—and ye can take a photograph of the cottage piano and my pet canary (which usually has its habitation in the kitchen, as I loathe all birds—but this is *not* for publication).

I will show ye the stand of wax-flowers fashioned by my maternal grandmother—which will give ye an opportunity of commenting upon the heredity of genius in my talented family—and ye may peer into the silver *épergne* that was presented to my Uncle at the Cattle Show for a prize pig. Ye will probably think it necessary to make a copy of the inscription.

In the study—to which I shall humorously allude as my “den”—there is little of general interest except my old carpet slippers. Mayhap ye will point to a few pipes that lie on the mantelpiece; but

they are merely “properties,” for the public expects all striking literary personalities to write with pipes in their mouths.

Come to me! I fear ye not. It is ye who confer celebrity. I know ye so well. I shall follow ye out into the garden, and ye shall carry stylographs in your waistcoat pockets, and I will relate to ye my early literary experiences, give ye my theories on the Social Question, and let ye kodak my child in its perambulator.

I know ye; ye will convey a totally false impression of my views, which I shall have to write to all the leading journals to correct. Ye will force me into the publicity and self-advertisement from which my sensitive soul shrinks. Ye will describe the insides of my rooms, for the benefit of the buzzing swarm which has hitherto shown no overwhelming curiosity concerning the insides of my works.

Still, I do not mind your coming, provided that ye give me an opportunity of revising a proof of the interview. Ye are necessary nuisances.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

“The insertion of advertisements at enhanced prices in the very body of a magazine is the noblest achievement of journalistic enterprise. This intrinsically beautiful idea, however, admits of considerable development in the near future, unless, as is improbable, the reading public declines to take its romantic literature in piebald strata.”—*The Type Worm.*]

A TWENTIETH CENTURY IDYLL.

LAZILY, dreamily, we floated down the pellucid stream, ASPASIA at the single thwart, I, her loved one, at the tiller. The last gleaner had left the fields. Over the grave of the dead sun I saw the eye of Hesperus, early and thoughtful. The words of the Poet Laureate came back to me; it seemed that “in yonder Orient star a hundred spirits whispered

[KEEP YOUR HAIR ON! Try our own Fertiliser. The Next-of-Kin-but-One to the Hohenzollern dynasty writes:—“I have tried your lotion for a vacancy in the crown, and should in all human probability have succeeded, but for the birth of an infant in the direct line. Make what use of this you like. It has been none to me.”]

“Peace!” Now the light shallop trembled to the stroke of ASPASIA’s sculls, and the brawny muscles lifted beneath her flannel suiting. Myself so frail, I adore the pride and prowess of womanhood, that moves through the world conquering and to conquer. This life of the open air, so free, so expansive, that despises the thought of

[COHESIVE CORSETS.—Supply the want, or disguise the existence, of adipose deposit. Send immediately a plaster cast of your bust. Insure against fracture in the Parcel Post.]

control or seclusion, how different from that of men, studiously repressed in a hothouse atmosphere of fashion and traditional proprieties. We only guess of their world from hearsay or from books. And most of these are by women for women, and Papa says they are not fit for innocent men to read. And so we have to be content to study dress and the lures that fascinate the other sex. But they—they go forth to fight our battles, make our laws, have their part in the stir and excitement of

[THE BENEFICENT COVER SYSTEM.—You pay your money and we pocket it. No further liabilities whatever.]

the world, while we sit at home and tattle over the tea-things and marry when we’re asked. And, *à propos*, how I longed to tell ASPASIA that my heart is hers! But I am a man; it was for her to speak.

At last she pulled herself together with the self-assurance of a woman who knows that

[OUR MATCHES STRIKE ONLY ON THE TROUSERS.]

the weaker sex is at her mercy. “Dear ARIEL,” she began, and her deep mulierile notes vibrated through my fluttering chest; “dear ARIEL, this halcyon eve, this ethereal air that breathes the subtle incense of eucalyptus—all, all, invite me to offer you

[LITTLE TEASERS.—For the liver. As used in the Russo-Japanese negotiations. The Arch-Prince General von SOEPLITZSKI sends us the following despatch:—“Plenipotentiary ITA BINO had a difference with me on the question of a peninsula. Two of your LITTLE TEASERS, however, came home to him, and he is now more amenable. You have my authority for stating that your system of internal adjustment has averted a disastrous and even stupid war.”]

[Left advertising.



OPERATIC NOTES.

Opening of Opera. Monday, May 13.—Crowded house. *Grand Otello Co.* unlimited. The Orchestra has been sunk four feet, thus giving Stalls clear view of stage. DRURIOLANUS proposes a puzzler "Orchestra lowered," he says, "yet all performers in it *hired!*" Royal Highnesses present. DRURIOLANUS, taking happy musical publishers' points of view, looks towards Royal Box and murmurs "Royalties" on music. ALBANI surpasses herself as *Desdemona*: quite wonder that *Otello-Tamagno* has the heart to smother her with pillow after her song about the willow. Signor PESSINA as *Iago*: rather a ponderous villain. Pecuniary operatic prospects exceptionally good: at all events, possessing JEAN DE RESZKE, TAMAGNO, and BERTRAN, DRURIOLANUS has "three tenners" in hand to start with.

Tuesday.—Boito's *Mefistofele*. "An opera that 'grows on you,'" says LOUNGER in the Lobby. "If there were a probability of many such growing on you, my dear LOUNGER," quoth Sir DRURIOLANUS, with satirical affability, "you would be worth cultivating." The



Vocal and Orchestral. Marguerite and Strauss.

advantage of along opera, with disconnected acts, is, that you can "pick 'em where you like," as the coster says of the walnuts, and come in anywhere for something good. MAGGIE MACINTYRE is "getting a big girl now." Charming as *Margherita* and *Labelle Hélène*. Signor DE LUCIA a rather timorous and bashful *Faust*, with one eye for MAGGIE and the other for NELLI (short for MANCINELLI), as if

praying the latter to conduct him safely and keep him from temptation to go wrong. *Faust* in situation of TOOLE in *The Houseboat*, when he used to exclaim, "SARAH! I'm slipping!" PLANÇON equally good as *Jupiter* or *Mefistofele*; this time it is *Mefisto*. *Wednesday.*—*Le Prophète*. In spite of name, unprofitable opera. Signor TAMAGNO (or familiarly TAM AGNO), as *Jean de Leyden*, rather over-laden, but bearing burthen bravely. TAM receives big encore in Star-spangled Banner Hymn. The two CORIS and CASTELMARY ably represent Liberator Firm of Jonas, Zaccaria, Mathisen & Co., always ready to draw on their false prophet in order to save their own credit. Two CORIS and dessert to follow. Beaming BEVIGNANI conducts invisible orchestra.

Thursday.—Sudden change from summer to winter. Comparatively thin house. Ladies as wrapperees in furs. Everyone welcoming *Pagliacci*, or the *Mummers*, as pantomime suitable to season. In spite of this, warm welcome to *Pagliacci* and to Madame FANNY MOODY as *Nedda*. She is quite the character: Moody yet lively. ANCONA and DE LUCIA good and dramatic as ever as *Tonio* and *Canio*. *Début* of Miss MARIE ENGLE, who, whether German or French, will be a favourite with the Engle-ish, starting uncommonly well as *Little Bo-Peep-Baucis*. *King Jove-Plançon* and *Vulcan-Castelmary*, the limping Olympian, excellent as usual. Everyone suffering from wintry blasts in stalls envies *Vulcan* rubbing his hands and warming himself at *Bonnard-Philémon's* fire. Such a night in May is enough to knock any piece to shivers. The conductors of the operatic 'bus were, for the first journey, Soothing SEPPILLI; and for the second, Beaming BEVIGNANI.

Friday.—Still wintry. Italian-German opera *Lohengrin*, with Cosmopolitan Caste, going stronger than ever. House full and fully satisfied. Hard to please if it had not been so, with ALBANI as *Elsa*,—(says WAGSTAFF, affecting a drawl, "Nobody else-a can touch her in this"),—*Jupiter-Plançon* as a King, not of gods but men, and BERTRAN, from La Scala, as a *First-Knight Lohengrin*. As to intruder *Ortruda* and Terrible *Tetramonda*, these heavy weights are lifted by Mlle. OLITZKA and Signor ANCONA. Monarchical MANCINELLI treats Time like a dusty carpet, beating it strongly.

Saturday.—Crowded house to welcome old friend *Trovatore*. PESSINA as the wicked nobleman; and TAMAGNO—now known as "TAM"—in splendid voice for the *Trovatore* himself. "TAM" doubly encored after "*Di quella pira*." JULIA RAVOGLI not quite the *Azucena*. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER's first appearance this season: as heroine's sympathetic companion BAUERMEISTER combines the "utile" with the "dulce." MAGGIE MACINTYRE vocally good, dramatically puzzling. House happy: DRURIOLANUS delighted. Fine finish to first week.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

THERE is only one Parish Council in England which is presided over by a lady. Her name is JANE SHAKESPEARE, and she rules the parochial deliberations of Netherseal in Leicestershire. No doubt it will be found by her councillors that JANE hath a way with her, and thus she will be brought into line with her illustrious namesake.

[At Gamlingay, in Cambridgeshire, Mr. DEW declined to undertake the duties of cemetery superintendent for a salary of £5, and Mr. HOWE was consequently appointed to the post.]

MR. DEW, when he heard of the offer, looked blue; He considered a fiver was less than his due. How do it? The question gave rise to no row, For Miss Echo replied, and her answer was HOWE.



Congratulations to Mr. F. Mitchell, of Cambridge University, on his innings of 191 runs against Somerset.

THE men of the county had studied their pitch ill; They did what they could, but they couldn't bowl MITCHELL. His masterly cutting the bowlers appals, For the grass being short, he makes hay of their balls.

A WRITER in *The Manchester Guardian* declares that the main road between Bolton and Bury is in a shocking condition. What is the road between Bolton and Bury? Bolton suggests that he who fights and runs away lives to fight another day, but Bury seems to indicate a path of glory leading to the grave—which things are a paradox. In any case, I endorse the writer's suggestion—

That Alderman HULTON should harness his colt on, And drive o'er the road between Bury and Bolton. The chock-holes and paving are terrible—very, And he may find his tomb e'er he comes back to Bury.

THERE was a gas explosion the other day in Dublin at the house of a Mr. ATOCK. The report states that Mr. ATOCK's injuries were dressed and he and his family afterwards left for the house of Mr. ATOCK senior, at Phibsborough. Phoebe, what a name! As the capital city of the regions of, shall we say, perverted veracity, nothing could be fitter. In any case, condolences to Mr. ATOCK. Is the Blarney stone in Phibsborough?

WHAT is "dockisation"? Whatever it is, they have been debating upon it at Bristol, and the proceedings are described as "decidedly lively." The protagonists were Mr. DE RIDDER and Alderman PROCTOR BAKER.

Dockisation, I think, is a question of docks, And at Bristol it lately gave rise to hard knocks. "Let's be rid of a scheme which is bad for the town," Said DE RIDDER, whose statements excited a frown. But they smiled on beholding this argument-maker By a Proctor well caught and done brown by a Baker.

LEEDS LEADS!

Or, Welcome News from the North.

["The tenor of market reports concerning all the main industries out of which the citizens of Leeds make their living . . . suggests the advent of a turn for the better, commercially, that may almost claim to rank as an industrial revolt."—*The Yorkshire Post*.]

HOORAY! Food for hope the Tyke Town surely yields. The "Sun of York" shines on the Cardigan Fields (Which now should be called the Elysian). The Capitalist and the Builder unite To throw light upon Leeds. Let's sing, "Leeds! kindly light!" (Which we hope will not shock the precisian.) Oh! Bradford and Huddersfield, Dewsbury, Batley!—(These Yorkshire names fall into rhythm most patly)—Your returns and reports Trade is heeding, In hope that the storm, like the North, we may weather, With WALKER AND SONS (there is nothing like leather!), Those great "Men of (Leeds) Light and Leading!"

APPROPRIATE.—Fixed service for "Tied Houses" should be the bounden duty of Tide-waiters.



AN EMBARRASSING QUESTION.

"WHY HAVE YOU GOT SUCH A BARE NECK, MUMMIE?"

"I'M GOING TO A DANCE, DARLING. ONE HAS TO DRESS LIKE THIS FOR A DANCE!"

"DO THE LADIES DANCE IN ONE ROOM, AND THE GENTLEMEN IN ANOTHER, MUMMIE!"

THE PREMIER'S CRUISE.

Portsmouth, Monday.—Thank heaven! Got rid of politics for a season. Off to Cowes, as guest of SPENCER, on board *Enchantress*. Admirable institution, an Admiralty yacht; reconciles one to Naval Estimates, almost. But there!—must not think of Estimates now. Must try and remember this is a holiday, to get ozone and sleep—especially sleep.

Cowes.—SPENCER really very nautical. Talks of fast cruisers and water-tube boilers all the time. Great on torpedo-destroyers. Says the *Havoc* "goes twenty-five knots an hour." Well then, why can't HARCOURT get up the same pace with our Bills? Wish he'd turn into a Parliamentary *Havoc*. Mention this to SPENCER, who laughs, and says, "It's the Opposition who indulge in twenty-five Knots an hour." Believe SPENCER means it as a joke. Turn in, and think of HARCOURT and SPENCER's joke and Twin-Screw Cabinets and Water-veto-boiler Bills. Wretched night!

Portland, Tuesday Morning.—Rather unfair of SPENCER. Now he's got me safely on board, he's always trying to persuade me that Navy wants more money spent on it. More money! Refer him to HARCOURT, the "inexorable *Jorkins*." Try to hide from SPENCER. No good. He finds me behind a coil of rope on half-quarter-deck—is it half-quarter-deck? Not sure, and don't like to ask—and begins again. Seems he would like a few more millions for guns. Thought we had heaps of guns. Talks about a ship he calls *The Heckler*. What a name! Reminds me of every political meeting I've ever attended. Why will Lords of Admiralty give such names? SPENCER explains—seems it's *Hecla*, not *Heckler*. Oh! All right. Fear SPENCER begins to think me rather a land-lubber. Got me at an advantage here. Wait till I take him to Newmarket Heath!

Off Plymouth.—Down in engine-room. Tell head stoker that House of Lords is an effete institution. Stoker winks. Can he be a Tory? Tell him it's a "gilded prison." Stoker seems surprised, and asks, "Why I don't chuck it up, then?" Curious—no repartee handy. And I am so good at them, generally. Must consult "*Fridoline*," *traduit de l'Anglais de "Happy Thoughts"*, to see what would be a "repartee to a stoker." Bed. SPENCER won't hear of it as bed; talks of "turning-in to his bunk." What an enthusiastic "First Lord" SPENCER does make! Thinking of First Lord, wonder who'll be Last Lord? Go on wondering till dawn. What a noise swabbing the deck makes! Wish I were back at the Durdans!

Scilly Islands, Wednesday.—Blue sea, lovely weather. Delightful to have left all worries, all politics, far behind, and to — Boat seen approaching from land. Man says he has a telegram for me! Oh, hang telegrams! Wish I were well out at sea. What can it be about? Japan? Siam? Chitral? No. Only to tell me result of Walworth and West Dorset elections! Hem! Seems I am at sea—politically. Thoughtless of ASQUITH to have wired me on the subject. HOMER handsomely beaten. Why didn't he stick to his Iliad? And READE—deserves the Old Bailey for being licked by the new one! Question now is—where's our majority? Ask SPENCER. SPENCER replies it's "as plain as a marlinspike." Says Walworth lost because not enough money spent on Navy. Assures me Navy "much more important than Army; in fact, it's the Predominant Partner." This is too much! Ask SPENCER, as a favour, to maroon me on some desolate isle—say Lundy. Won't do it. Bribe a sailor. Landed at Lizard. Off to town! Next time I want sea air, shall run down to Clacton on the "*Belle*."

OXFORD DEGREES.—Certainly Messrs. DAN LENO and ALBERT CHEVALIER should have Masterships of Arts conferred on them. The "*Voces Stellarum*" at the Oxford Observatory (otherwise Music Hall) are well worth hearing. Mr. BURNETT (J. P.) has just issued a brochure on this Music-Astronomical subject, chiefly remarkable for a brief essay on "The Pantomimic Art," by PAUL MARTINETTI, whose right to speak on such a theme, as an authority, may be arrived at by any one who sees this most artistic pantomimist in a short melodramatic piece—a piece which thoroughly tells its own tale without words—now being performed nightly at the Oxford. It is admirable. If action can do so much, then why not a Shakspearian play in action, and "the student" could read the words to himself at home? We recommend the idea to Mr. PAUL MARTINETTI, and should advise him to re-arrange *Don Quixote*, as "a piece without words," for Mr. HENRY IRVING, who now looks and acts the part to perfection; the piece itself might then be worthy of the actor, that is,—if action were substituted for its very poor dialogue.

POLITICS À LA PERKYN MIDDLEWICK.—The Radical wire-pullers now regard the middle-class Walworth voters (for Mr. BAILEY) as "Shop 'uns," and the county division which returned Colonel WILLIAMS as "inferior Dosset"



SWAINS

“GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WO(O)L-MER!”

BATHING WOMAN. “COME ALONG, MASTER SELBORNE, AND TAKE YOUR DIP LIKE A LITTLE NOBLEMAN!”

THE SCARLET PARASOL.

SCENE I.—Terrace in front of quaint old country house. VIOLA TRAVERS and MURIEL VANE on garden-chairs. VIOLA is twenty, dark-eyed, and animated; she holds a scarlet parasol. MURIEL is eighteen; she has very fair hair, parted with puritanical precision; the naïve innocence of her manner is not without a suggestion of artistic premeditation.

Muriel (embroidering). It is a marvel to me, VIOLA, that you can ever have a discontented moment in a house so Elizabethan as this.

Viola. It is lovely, MURIEL; a background for mystery and romance. And I have no romance. I have everything else; but I have not a romance.

Muriel. You have ALBERT.

Viola. You know that ALBERT is not a romance.

Muriel. Once—

Viola. Ah, when every one opposed our marriage. I married him for love, and because he was poor and "unsuitable." How could I know that his uncle would die and leave him money and a country house? Everything has turned out so well! It is rather hard to have made "a good match," as they say, without intending it. Of course, I never reproach him.

Muriel. No; you have been very nice about it.

Viola. ALBERT is perfectly happy, playing at being a country gentleman. He was so amazed to find there were real ducks and fowls in the country—and buttercups! He tells me everything. He boasts we tell each other everything. Oh! I should so like to have some little thing to conceal from him—some secret, just for fun! Of course I should tell him all about it afterwards, you know.

Muriel. I am sure you would, dear. You have dropped your handkerchief. (MURIEL picks up handkerchief, book, and paper-knife, and gives them to VIOLA.)

Viola. Dear MURIEL, it is so nice to have you here. You are so calm, and soothing, and decorative, and you never take anyone away from anyone else!

Muriel. I think I have been rather unfortunate lately, VIOLA. No one seems to like me but middle-aged married men—often, too, with whiskers!

Viola. You mean poor Mr. AVERIDGE? He has been married so long that he has forgotten all about it. To-night CLAUDE MIGNON is coming to stay with us. He is the most accomplished idiot in London. He sings, plays, paints, plays games, flirts—I think his flirting, though, has rather gone off. It is getting mechanical. By the way, have you an ideal, MURIEL? I wonder what is your ideal?

Muriel (promptly and cheerfully). A man past his first youth, who has suffered; with iron-grey hair and weary eyes, who knows everything about life and could guide me, and would do exactly what I told him.

Viola. And mine is a young man of genius, just beginning life, with the world before him, who would look up to me as an inspiration—a guiding star!

Muriel. You have dropped your handkerchief again, VIOLA. Who is this coming out?

Viola. It is only Dr. ROBERTS. He has been to see JANE, the housemaid. She has been rather ill.

Muriel. I suppose she had a housemaid's knee.

Viola. You are quite wrong. She had writer's cramp, poor thing!

Muriel. How absurd, VIOLA! How are you, Dr. ROBERTS?

[Dr. ROBERTS has iron-grey hair and dark eyes. As he joins them MURIEL leans down to pat a dog with all the graceful self-consciousness of youth. Dr. ROBERTS looks at VIOLA admiringly.]

Viola. I hope poor JANE is better?

Dr. Roberts. Oh yes; she is quite out of the wood now, Mrs. TRAVERS. In fact, I don't think I need see her anymore. (MURIEL looks up.) Perhaps though, I had better just look in—say—on Thursday?

Viola. Do; and stay and have some tennis.

[Dr. ROBERTS accepts with evident enthusiasm, and takes leave with obvious regret.]

Muriel (watching him drive away). Dr. ROBERTS admires you dreadfully. Is that a romance?

Viola. For him perhaps—not for me! And it isn't a mystery!

[A telegram is brought in.]

Viola. Oh, how delightful! ALAN ROY, the wonderful boy harpist, is coming down! He's coming by the early train! He'll be here directly!

Muriel. You never told me you had asked him! I suppose you forgot it—or remembered it. Doesn't he profess to be even younger than he is? I mean, when he was four, didn't he say he was three? I wonder if he'll come down in a sailor-suit.

Viola. He's quite nineteen. Here are those tiresome AVERIDGES again! I thought I got rid of them for a long drive. (Aloud.) Ah! Here is dear Mr. AVERIDGE!

Mr. AVERIDGE (ponderously, to MURIEL). And how is Miss VANE to-day? Looking as she always does, like a rose in June.

Muriel (coldly). Yes, Mr. AVERIDGE?

Viola (to Mrs. AVERIDGE and ALBERT, who are coming up the steps of the terrace). ALAN ROY is coming down, the ALAN ROY. He will be here directly.

Albert. All right, though I don't approve of child artists. Poor little chap!

Viola. He is very nearly quite grown up, ALBERT! He has golden hair and any amount of *usage du monde*.

Muriel. ALBERT will call it cheek—I daresay!

Mrs. AVERIDGE. He is most amusing. I met him at Lady BAYSWATER'S. He looks quite an angel playing the harp.

Albert. I hope he'll bring his halo in a hat-box. What is that text about "Young lions do lack—"

Muriel. Oh, ALBERT

Servant. Master ALAN ROY!

Albert (aside). Now, don't make the poor child shy.

Enter ALAN ROY. Tall young man, in light grey suit. He wears a turned-down collar, a pink button-hole, and carries a little stick.

Alan. How are you, Mrs. TRAVERS? So sweet of you to ask me! Isn't it a dear day!

Mr. AVERIDGE. And how did the infant prodigy manage to get here all alone?

Alan. I pushed myself in a perambulator. Miss VANE, you look like a Botticelli in a Paris dress. I didn't bring my harp, does it matter?

[Chorus of sham disappointment and real relief.]

Alan (smiling). It was dreadful of me! But I have been keeping the poor thing up so late; I thought a rest—

[Lunch is announced. MURIEL stoops to collect VIOLA'S

handkerchief, &c.]

Alan (to VIOLA). Oh, what a sweet scarlet parasol!

Curtain. End of Scene 1.

(To be continued.)

NEITHER FREE NOR EASY.—The Larne Town Commissioners cannot make up their minds whether they shall acquire the McGarel Town Hall which apparently (to judge from a report in the *Northern Whig*) appears to be in the market. The room, it seems, would be used for a free library. The Committee, after a very lengthy discussion, have adjourned the consideration of the question to some distant date for further information. In the meanwhile, no doubt, they will appropriately adopt for the municipal motto "Live and Larne."

CYNIC TO POET.

["The great lack of the Age is its want of distinction."]

COVENTRY PATMORE.]

ALAS, our poor Age! How against it we rage!

In the seat of the scorner the critics ne'er sat more.

If the pessimist bore would master her lore,

We've only to send him to Coventry—PATMORE!

The bards do not love it. But how to improve it?

That question the poets, like that of the Sphinx, shun.

Distinction my lad? If the Age is so bad,

I think its "great lack" is not that, but extinction!

'Tis easier far to abuse it than mend it,

Must we try MORLEY's other alternative—end it?

A MUSICAL NOTE.—Such has been the success of Mlle. YVETTE GUILBERT, that, on *dû* (French must be used when speaking of this *lionne comique*), it is not improbable she will be engaged to appear in a part in the forthcoming Sullivan Savoy Opera, in which the relation of librettists to composer is to be as two to one. If this be so, then once more at the Savoy will there be a Sullivan-and-Guilbert Combination.

"WHITAKER."

[Mr. JOSEPH WHITAKER, founder and chief proprietor of *Whitaker's Almanack*, died on the 15th May, aged 75.]

GONE! His praises to rehearse
Might engage a friendly verse.
Time, for whom he did so much,
Surely dealt with gentle touch
With this man, of lucky star,
Who the famous calendar,
Schemed on an ingenious plan;
Gave to ever-grateful man.
Millions now would feel the lack
Of the wondrous Almanack.
To adapt BEN JONSON'S phrase
To a worthy of our days,
One might say of our lost brother,
Death: ere thou hast slain another
Good and useful as was he,
"Time shall throw his dart at thee."

CHAMPIONS. — Sir EDWARD GREY, M.P., ought to be a great acquisition at a dance if his prowess as a tennis champion is any indication. "The power with which he often finished the ball" was recently highly praised. His opponent, Mr. GRIEBLE, seems a dangerous man among the ladies, having at Cambridge "won the singles." Quite a Pasha among the "Love sets!" But he could only take one single out of the singles he won.

ODD. — "Doctor GREY" is advertised to give three pianoforte recitals. If his performance is equal to what we hear of his promise, then those will experience considerable pleasure who "come to GREY."

SMALL BUT HARMONIOUS FOOTBALL TEAM FOR SUMMER. — "The Shinner Quar'ette."



WHAT OUR ARCHITECT HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Our Architect (spotting Sixteenth Century gables). "THAT'S AN OLD BIT OF WORK, MY FRIEND!"

"OI, SIR, YEU BE ROIGHT TEEER, THAT YOU BE!"

O. A. (keen for local tradition). "YOU DON'T KNOW EXACTLY HOW OLD, I SUPPOSE!"

"WELL, NOA, SIR; BUT OLD IT BE! WHOI, I'SE KNOWED IT MESELF THESE NOINE YEARS!"

ODE TO AN OVERCOAT.

(By a Shivery Person, in Spring-time.)

"CAST ne'er a clout till May be out,"

The old Scotch proverb says,
Thee, did I doff, "Immensikoff,"
For three most sultry days,
But wind and dust, in gruesome gust,

S-s-arch bosom, back and throat;
And to my nose I button close
My fur-lined Overcoat.
The Merry May has such a way
Of blowing hot and cold,
That fur and cloth I'm always loth

Away, in Spring, to fold.
Gr-r-r! There's a blast! I'll hold thee fast

Dear friend on whom I doat;
Nor lay thee by till—say—July,
My own, my Overcoat!

LEGAL NOTE.—It is presumably unfortunate for the prisoner-at-the-bar when, as is constantly announced in the papers, "Mr. So-and-So, Q.C., will appear to defend SNOOKS." Hard on SNOOKS when his Counsel only appears to defend him. But what a sweet surprise for the unhappy SNOOKS should the Counsel, who only "appears to defend him," really defend him and be victorious!

"VOX CLAMANTIS." — The voice of the Claimant is heard once again. No joke; no Wagga-Waggery. He is publishing his "Entire Life and Full Confession" in the *People* newspaper. According to his own statement, his claim to the Tichborne estates might be described, not only as a fraud, but as a "Wapping" one.

TO A COUNTRY HOST.

(A Candid Answer to a Hospitable Invitation.)

You're kind enough to bid me spend
The "week-end," at your country seat,
You offer tennis and a friend

You feel I'm sure to like to meet.

I hope you will not think me rude—

You're very kind to ask me down—

But if the simple truth be told,

I much prefer to stay in town.

You tell me that the ground is bare,

And only gets by slow degrees

Recovered from our Arctic spell,

That leafless still are all the trees.

Well, here, in spite of smoke and soot,

And all the bustle and the hum

Of men and things, we don't await

The Spring—because the Spring has come.

Each morning as I go to work

I take my bus to Marble Arch,

And thence amid a wealth of flowers,

And air perfumed with odours, march

To Hyde Park Corner. Tell me where—

I honestly should like to know—

The much belauded "country" can

Produce a comparable show?

Our grass is green, though yours is brown.

On every tree the lovely bud

Is bursting into lovelier leaf,

The Spring runs madly in one's blood.

To leave such joys I can't consent,
Too great a struggle it would be,
But just to show you don't resent
These lines—come up and stay with me!

HOW (OF COURSE) IT IS NOT DONE.

(Imaginary Sketch of impossible Incident.)

SCENE—Editor's Room. TIME—Within measurable distance of publication. Editor discovered in consultation with his Chief Sub.

Editor. We can't find room for everything.

Chief Sub. Quite so, Sir; still it seems a pity to slaughter this telegram from the front.

Editor. Does it make very much?

Chief Sub. No, Sir. If you will allow me, I will run through it. (Reads.) "Yesterday the Loamshire Regiment, headed by its Commander, Colonel SNOOKS, made one of the gallantest charges on record."

Editor. Sure it was SNOOKS?

Chief Sub. Oh yes. We verified it in the *Army List*. SNOOKS went out with the Second Battalion when they were ordered to the front. (Continues reading.) "The soldiers dashed forward over the Tam-Tam river, and up the steep sides of the Yah-Yah mountains, carrying all before them."

Editor. Sure of those names?

Chief Sub. Yes, Sir; verified them on the map. (Resumes reading.) "Nothing could withstand the rain of lead and the row of steel.

The Chutnese attempted to use their 'punga-rees'—a rude sort of pruning knife—but without the slightest effect. Uttering their weird yells of 'Tomata, tomatu,' and beating their drum-like vessels known over here as 'bang-wangs,' they faltered, floundered and fled."

Editor. Sure that those names are correct?

Chief Sub. Quite, Sir. We verified the local colouring with MOKE'S *Six Months in Chutney on the top of a Camel*.

Editor. Very good. Is there much more?

Chief Sub. About a third of a column, describing the taking of the native village, the storming of the stockade, and the bivouac by moonlight after the victory at Pennavilla.

Editor (after consideration). Well, it might give us an effective line for the bill. (A whistle is heard: Editor listens at a speaking-tube.) Afraid we must sacrifice it. Manager tells me there is another rush of advertisements, so space is more precious than ever. You had better boil it down into a three-line paragraph.

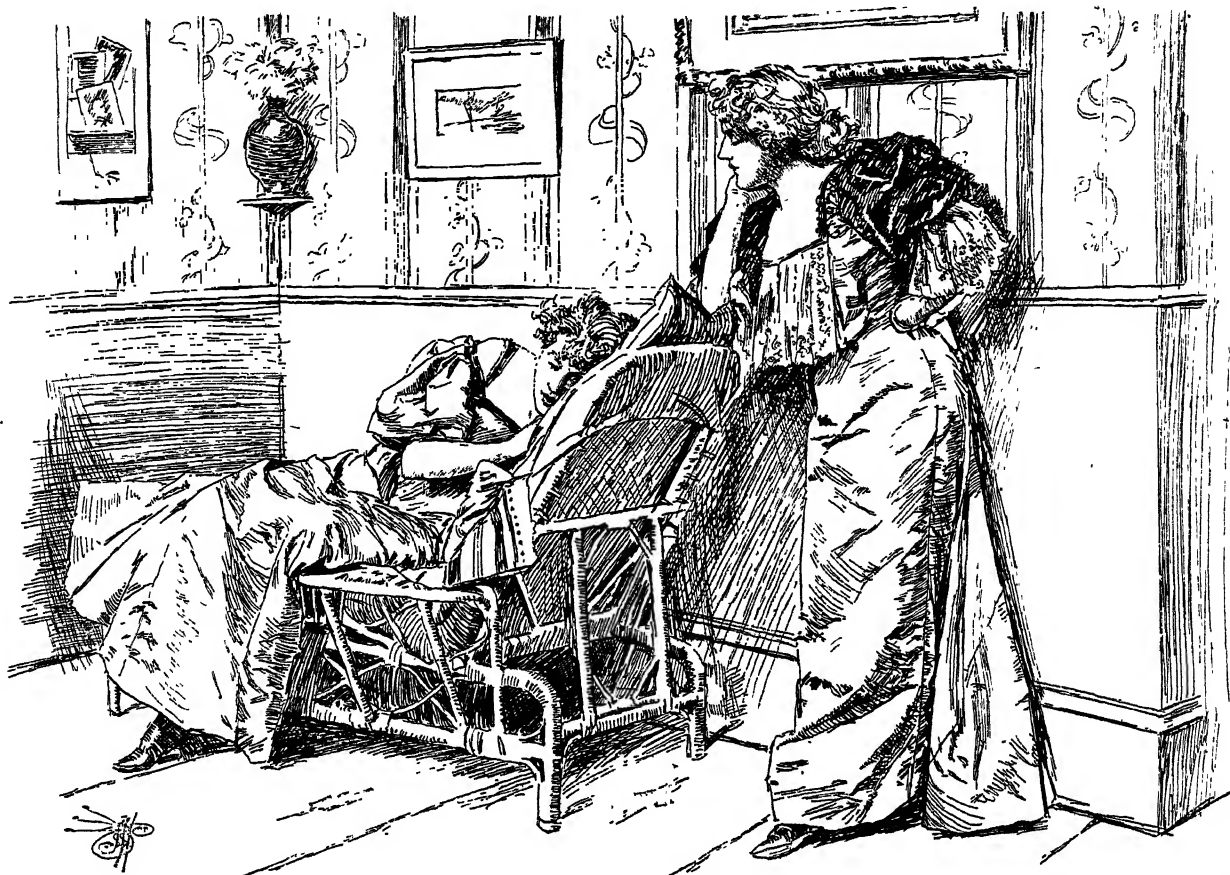
Chief Sub. No need to do that, Sir. If there's a scarcity of room we had better give the original telegram.

Editor. The original telegram?

Chief Sub. Yes, Sir; from which we have worked up the extended account. Here it is. (Reads.) "Loamshire, after a skirmish, has reached Pennavilla." That, with a suitable heading, will just complete the column.

Editor. Quite so.

[Scene closes in upon the arrangement.]



"WAS HE VERY MUCH CAST DOWN AFTER HE'D SPOKEN TO PAPA?"

"YES. THREE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS!"

A MOAN IN MAYTIME.

By a Weary Waltonian.

OH, Maytime is a gay time for the artist and the dangler,
The pretty girl, the parson, and the scout;
And it ought to be a time of rosy rapture for the angler,
In the capture of the delicate May trout.
But though SMUDGE, R.A., "feels fine" with his six upon the line,
And the dangler "does" the galleries with delight;
Though white-chokered clerics muster amidst eloquent fluster,
And our girls salute the Season sweet and bright;
Though the "Cattylog" vendors shout, and cab-runners scout
and tout,
The disciple of Old IZAAK is not gay,
For although the "Grawnno" 's off, and the trout at "Alders"
scoff,
The May Fly—drat it, does *not* rise in May!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 13.—"Well," said the Member for the Otley division of Yorkshire, "I suppose I've gone through as many vicissitudes as most men. First I was a BARRAN, now I'm a baronite. Really, I don't know but what, if they'd made me an earl, I wouldn't go and sit in the House of Lords. Not because, as good Radical, I don't despise them, but just to give them advantage of my company, and place in their way a useful example. Instead of which, here's WOLMER become Earl of SELBORNE, and insists upon continuing to sit with us!"

Incursion of the Pirate Peer effectively managed. Those old campaigners, GEORGE CURZON and ST. JOHN BRODRICK, took the business in hand. The thing was to be a great surprise. Accordingly, took the SPEAKER into confidence, also the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (The Little Minister, MACFARLANE, who has just been reading BARRIE, calls him), PRINCE ARTHUR, JOSEPH, and a score or two others. The Pirate Peer was to come down in hansom at four o'clock, to be met by BRODRICK in Palace Yard; CURZON, armed

to the teeth, standing at fifty paces nearer entrance to House of Commons.

BRODRICK, who likes to do the thing thoroughly, suggested that the Pirate Peer should fly a black flag out of port-hole at top of cab. CURZON liked idea, but thought it would attract inconvenient attention. Finally compromised by arrangement that cabby should tie bit of black ribbon on his whip. Effect symbolic without being obtrusive.

Everything went off excellently. Not a hitch in the arrangements. Whilst questions still going on GEORGE CURZON, with frock-coat lightly but firmly buttoned over a belt teeming with pistols, sauntered in from lobby. Glanced carelessly round House. Accidentally, as it were, placed himself between unsuspecting Sergeant-at-Arms and glass door giving entrance to House. If the armed official attacked Pirate Peer it should be across his (CURZON'S) body.

At preconcerted signal BRODRICK rapidly entered; hustled down to Front Opposition Bench. Attention of Members thus attracted, the Pirate Peer followed, strode with firm step down House. "Just as if he were walking the plank," said DONALD CURRIE, looking on admiringly. Before House knew what had happened, there he sat, smiling and blushing, between those pillars of Law and Order, JOE and COURTNEY. Never since Parliaments began had British Constitution received such a staggering blow. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, whilst anxious to see destruction of House of Lords, is not disposed to have stray fragments incorporated with fabric of Commons. Called SPEAKER'S attention to presence in their midst of the Pirate Peer. Asked what they were going to do with him?

An anxious moment. GEORGE CURZON tugged nervously at the arsenal scarcely concealed under his frock coat. ST. JOHN BRODRICK involuntarily stretched forth his hand in direction of Mace. Suppose he were to seize it, sweep the Treasury Bench clear at a blow, whilst GEORGE CURZON, with pistol in either hand, and dagger between his teeth, let fly a volley or two? We might have had a revolution. Quieter counsels prevailed. SPEAKER directed Pirate Peer to withdraw below Bar whilst his case was being discussed.

SELBORNE obeyed the mandate, and the ground thus left clear, JOE and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had a tussle. JOSEPH accused the SQUIRE of acting in a fit of temper. The SQUIRE retorted that it was

not only untrue, but that at the time of offering remark JOSEPH was perfectly well acquainted with its entire freedom from the trammels of truth.



The Pirate's Convoy. Penny plain, Twopence coloured.

"Dear me," said Pirate Peer, looking round uneasily. "I hope they don't talk like that in the House of Lords."

Business done.—Clause I. Welsh Disestablishment Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—Pirate Peer in the offing again. Ran in, as before, under protection of guns of consorts, GEORGE CURZON and ST. JOHN BRODRICK. Lay to under gallery whilst question discussed at large. House never able to keep up interest in this kind of thing over successive days. Novel and exciting enough yesterday; steam not to be got up for second day. Only for JOE, business would have come to conclusion after formal proposal by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD to refer whole matter to Select Committee. JOSEPH's interposition led to inevitable row. Wanted, for some inexplicable reason, to drag in CARMICHAEL. Quoted *Debrett* to establish his claim to dormant Earldom of Hyndford.

JOE left alone in advocacy of this line. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had rare good time. Read passage from JOE's speech of last year, when question to succession of Coleridge Barony under discussion. Had said then exactly the reverse of what he to-day averred in respect of succession to Selborne Peerage, and status of new Peer in House of Commons.

"The fatal thing about JOSEPH," said SARK, "is that when he makes a statement on one side of a case or the other, he does it with such point, in such felicitous phrase, with such convincing emphasis, that it sticks in the memory. When, twelve months or nine years later, circumstances lead him to other side of question, he delivers himself on it with same incomparable gifts of point and lucidity. The bringing out of his former assertion is not so conclusive as you would think,

because the two—affirming a thing is white one day, protesting on the next it is black—are so evenly balanced that the case stands exactly where it did. This sharp confronting of JOSEPH denying with JOSEPH affirming would be fatal to some men. To our JOE it is not even embarrassing. House roars with delight. He sits silent, apparently unconcerned, and somebody else will suffer by-and-by."

Business done.—Committee appointed to inquire into case of the Pirate Peer.

Thursday.—The longer Major RASCH lives, the fainter grows his faith in the nobility of human nature. To-night brought down with him a few carefully selected, choice specimens of the American pea-bug. Naturally expected everybody would welcome the little stranger.

Especially interesting to Minister of Agriculture. Being a man of taste, Major had installed the insects in dainty *bon-bon* box; swung it lightly between forefinger and thumb as he inquired what HERBERT GARDNER meant to do about it? "Will the right hon. gentleman," he said, "have consignments of peas coming from America marked as such, and put in bond, so that the bugs may develop there, and not in the British market garden?"

At this way of putting it, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD pricked up his ears. To quick instincts of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER bugs in bond suggested new field of taxation. Made a note of it.

The GRAND YOUNG GARDNER smiled at the claims of long descent put forward by RASCH on behalf of the tenants of his *bon-bon* box. "Nothing new in it," he said superciliously. "Known the creature all my official life. Your so-called American pea-bug is nothing more than the pea and bean weevil. Came over with the Conqueror. Agricultural Department even now publishing leaflet describing manners and customs of the early settler, and suggesting various ways of soothing its last moments."

This hard; sorer still conduct of Members immediately near the Major. Began to sheer off, putting him, so to speak, in quarantine.

"I don't care," said TOMLINSON, "whether its American pea-bugs or the pea and bean weevil. What I do say is that no man has any business to bring such things with him into the social circle."

"I may have been Rash," said the Major humbly.

"You are," said TOMLINSON tartly.

Business done.—Coolness sprung up between TOMLINSON and Major RASCH. Budget Bill read second time.

Friday.—Pity the sorrows of the poor postman, whose wandering steps has brought him to your door." Thus KEARLEY, in a long speech, from which it appeared that if there is a down-trodden fellow-creature whose state looks hopeless, it is the postman. The story of the man in Wales who trudged seventy miles a day, including the diurnal ascent of a mountain 7,000 feet high, sent thrill of horror through House. KEARLEY subsequently explained he meant 700 feet high. But that a detail. Seven seems to be this man's fateful number, for his pay is seven shillings a week—a shilling a day, including the mountain.

ARNOLD MORLEY, on other hand, showed that the lot of the postman is truly idyllic. Handsomely paid when on duty; booted and uninformed; is accustomed to retire in the prime of life on pension amounting to two-thirds of his salary.

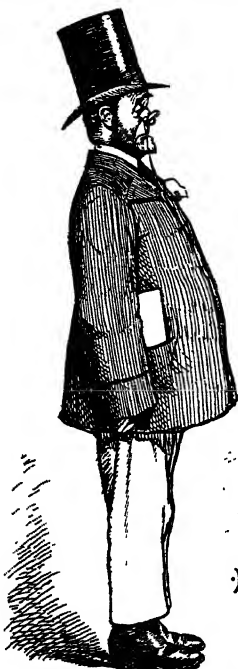
"Why," said WILLIE REDMOND, thinking regretfully of days that are no more, when JOSEPH GILLIS carried the bag, "as things go now, it's better to be a postman than an Irish Member." Finally decided to appoint Committee to inquire into truth of these conflicting statements. *Business done.*—Didn't get into Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB. (For the Use of Local Optionists.)—One Vetoist may keep a toper from his favourite pub; but fifty cannot make him drink—water.

"THE IMMORTAL WILLIAMS" ON THE ANTI-BRITISH MOVEMENT IN EGYPT.—"Oh, my prophetic soul, DELONCLE!"—*Shakespeare, adapted from the French.*



"I may have been Rash."



[Evidently a Dormant Duke!
(Mr. Kn-tehb-ll-H-g-ss-n.)

with same incomparable gifts of point and lucidity. The bringing out of his former assertion is not so conclusive as you would think,

"LONDON AND LIVERPOOL—LITTLE AND GOOD."

It appears that the very excellent proposal of amalgamating all the local branches of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in one national association is meeting with some opposition in Liverpool. Says the *Courier* of that important locality, "It was Liverpool which educated London in the matter of child-protection, and probably the Londoners could still learn in Liverpool many practical lessons. And just when Liverpool is about to be trebled in extent, and have its population largely increased, seems a singularly inappropriate time to subordinate the city to London." From this it would appear that Liverpool in its growth is becoming, to use a colloquialism, "too big for its boots." Surely the benefit of the children should be the first consideration. What the size of either Liverpool or London has to do with that matter, it is difficult to say. No doubt Londoners could learn much from their Liverpool brothers. But the lesson for the moment is to discover how to best protect the little ones. And that subject can only be mastered by a display of goodwill and unselfishness on both sides.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

[May 20, 1895: Fiftieth Anniversary of the Day when the Franklin Expedition set sail.]

THE North returned thee not to British earth,
Whence on that splendid quest thou didst
go forth;

But when our British hearts, in sordid dearth
Of pride, forget thy valour and thy worth,
Those hearts must be yet colder than the
North.

TURF CUTTINGS.



"Taken and Off."



"Getting on" at 6 to 4.

"A BAS 'THE CLUB SWEEP.'"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Although you are a humorist, there is a serious side to your character. I want to appeal to that serious side. I wish to complain of the prevalence in all our West-End Co-operative Palaces of that annual pest, appropriately called "the Club Sweep." Why should it be allowed to prosper? It is a disgrace to civilisation. I know of no more painful sight than the picture of old CROCUS paying the hall-porter to put him down for a dozen places. I am delighted when those twelve positions end in blanks, or starters out of the running. And nearly as unpleasant an incident is the tableau of young JONES taking a pound chance at the same fatal lottery. Put it down, *Mr. Punch*; put it down. I repeat, "the Club Sweep" is unworthy of the civilisation of the close of the nineteenth century. Once more, Sir, put it down.

Yours, most truly,

AN OLD MEMBER OF THE HERCULES CLUB.

P.S.—I am sure the thing is a mistake. Will you believe it, I have put into my own sweep for the last thirty-five years, and have never drawn a starter! Same luck this season!

From the New Sarum Note-Book.

[Lord SALISBURY "believes the SULTAN to be a humane man."—*Speech at Bradford.*]

LORD SALISBURY believes—

That RICHARD THE THIRD was a remarkably amiable man; especially kind to children.

That NERO was the gentlest creature that ever breathed, except CALIGULA.

That HENRY THE EIGHTH was a gentle, unassuming person; most religious and domesticated; in fact, a model husband, and the sort of man that "wouldn't harm a biby."

ROUNDAABOUT READINGS.

THE Hon. GEORGE CURZON and Miss LEITER (U.S.A.) have been married. The State of Illinois is indignant. The two facts are more intimately connected than might be supposed. Four days after the wedding a resolution was introduced into the State Legislature of Illinois by a Mr. MCCARTHY, requesting the daughters of Illinois "not to accept the hand in marriage of any person who is not a citizen of the United States, as we are of opinion that the daughters of Illinois should be patriotic in their views, and should disregard the title of any foreigner, and marry none but a citizen of the United States." It is stated that the resolution "was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations." Surely a Committee on domestic relations or on titled relations would have been more appropriate.

THE Illinois State Legislature obviously has novel ideas of its legislative duties. Imagine an English County Council treating seriously such fantastic rubbish as Mr. MCCARTHY brought before the law-makers of his State. Would it not be more to the point to look after the sons of Illinois, and to keep the hue of their resolution up to the mark? If they are laggards in love, who shall blame the British aristocrat for wooing with success the daughters of Illinois, whom their compatriot suitors abandon? Or again, if titles are so irresistible an attraction to the fair, why not establish titles in Illinois, and thus give the Earl of BANGS or the Marquis SALTONTALE that seductive influence which is apparently lacking to plain ZEDEKIAH B. BANGS, and to the unadorned JONATHAN K. SALTONTALE. For it is obviously better that the daughters of Illinois should marry than that they should waste away with an unbridled (let the spelling pass) desire for a title.

At Oxford on Wednesday last the University beat Somerset by one wicket, mainly owing to the admirable batting of Mr. H. D. G. LEVEYSON GOWER, popularly known as "The Shrimp."

To the batsmen of Oxford, who looked very limp,
Father Neptune was kind when he gave them a Shrimp:
For a Shrimp on the grass is most worthy of rhyme,
When he makes a firm stand, but gets runs all the time.

THE inhabitants of Christmas Street in Bristol want to have their thoroughfare laid with wood paving. At present, according to an indignant correspondent, "the pitching in the street is so bad that it is positively dangerous for vehicular traffic... but the risk to life

and limb are entirely subservient to the parsimonious policy of our Bristol Sanitary Authority." Might I suggest Yule logs as an appropriate pavement for Christmas Street? Certainly this accident policy of the Bristol Sanitary Authority ought to be allowed to lapse.

I GATHER from a letter in the *Freeman's Journal* that Bray is not being well treated by the Bray Township Commissioners. "If Bray is to march with the times," says the writer, "and keep pace with the laudable efforts of our Tourist Development Association," something must be done to improve the walk round Bray Head. The picture of Bray keeping pace and marching with the times by walking round its own head is too confusing for the intelligence of the dense Saxon.

An article in the *Scotsman* declares that "a great laxity of costume is characteristic of modern Oxford." Straw hats and brown boots appear to abound everywhere. It is added that "Bowlers are already beginning to be preserved as relics of a bygone race." This will be glorious news for the Cambridge Eleven, for a merely preserved bowler cannot be very dangerous.

FROM a recent issue of the *Freeman's Journal* I extract the following letter, which, it must be admitted, "makes both sides right" with a clearness that leaves nothing to be desired. Note, too, the writer's natural vexation at the idea that he "assisted the constable":—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

114, Lower Clanbrassil Street, Dublin, May 14, 1895.

SIR,—With reference to your issue of the 13th inst., and the stolen tea from one of the London and Northern-Western vans, I beg leave to state that I in no way assisted the constable in the arrest of the prisoner, as you state; neither was there any necessity for me doing so, as he had sufficient help along with him at the time. But I did help the driver of the wagon when on the ground to recover his feet and get back to his wagon with the tea in question. My reasons for doing so were as follows—first, being a van driver myself, and I might say has been such all my lifetime, and knowing that when goods are stolen from any van in nine cases out of every ten the driver of such a van has to make good the same and be put under stoppages although no fault of his. Secondly, when I came on the scene the driver of the wagon seemed to be getting the worst of it, as the offender had two others helping him. If someone did not interfere, therefore, under those circumstances and to protect the interest of my fellow-workers, as I am always ready to do, I interfered, and under no other.—Hoping you will kindly insert this in your next issue and make both sides right, and thanking you for the same, I remain your humble servant,

HENRY PRENDERGAST.



ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOME.

Britannia (to His Highness Nasrulla Khan). DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, FOR YOUR DEAR FATHER'S SAKE!"

THE BOULD SOGER BOYS AT ISLINGTON.

STAGE-MANAGERS Lieut.-Col. TULLY with Lieut.-Col. TILLOTSON and Colonel UNSLOW, not to mention their talented assistants headed by Captain DANN, Master of Ring, have given us a real good show. The Olympian Bossy KIRALFY must be anxiously awaiting the return of the natives from Islington to Kensington, and Sir DRUMMOND LANTUS must have owned that the military managers have run him very close as a master of crowds and of thrilling dramatic situations. Who would not rush out to fight Zulus, or any other savages, to stirring sounds of First Horse Guards' band, and cheered by all sorts and



kinds of inspiring music? You march to a popular song, you build bridge to polka, you make zerebas to the lilt of a waltz, you charge to a galop, and you return victorious to the National Anthem! Hurrah for the life of a soldier, at Islington!

Here the Art of Artillery Driving can be seen to perfection: three times round, clear posts and out again to deafening cheers. Bayonet exercise of Second Battalion Scots Guards is full of point; while the display made by Gymnastic Staff of Egyptian Army shows how our soldiers can advance by leaps and bounds. Excellent device! Enemy dumb-founded and bothered to see our athletic warriors jumping over one another's heads, turning somersaults, and finally heaping themselves up into pyramids—a real Egyptian puzzle this—with hero at apex waving flag. Why, a whole army of fiercest enemies would take to their heels rather than fight with these dancing dragons, and hosts of Mussulmans would flee before such men of muscle. For these tactics no arms required except those already naturally belonging to the corps. So inexpensive! Yet to these merry infants-in-arms the art of war is no child's-play.

The new effects, and one among the numerous attractions, is the Grand Historical Military Pageant, performed with the greatest success by the 3rd King's Own Hussars and the Buffs. Nothing buffo about the Buffs. They appear as Cavalier cavalry and infantry pikemen of JAMES THE SECOND's time, and as cavalry and infantry from that date down through the Georgian period to the present day. The great change is noticeable in the hair, from long flowing curls and periwigs to the short crop of THOMAS ATKINS. Altogether a brilliant success, and should bring in a handsome amount for the benefit of the Military Charities, to whose funds this show makes an invaluable contribution.



"HONOURS EAST."—The *St. James's Gazette* suggests that if leading play-actors are to be knighted, why not principal music-hall singers? Well, not yet; as the chief music-hall singer is already "A CHEVALIER."



Youngster (who has just had a Penny given to him) "'OW MUCH IS THEM GRAPES, MISTER!" Shopkeeper (amused). "THEY ARE FOUR SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE A POUND, MY LAD." Youngster. "WELL, THEN, GIVE US A 'A'POETH O' CARROTS. I'M A DEMON FOR FRUIT!"

A DERBY DIALOGUE.

SCENE—In Town. JONES meets BROWN.

Jones. Going to Epsom?

Brown. No, I think not. Fact is, the place gets duller year by year. The train has knocked the fun out of the road.

Jones. Such a waste of time. Why go in a crowd to see some horses race, when you can read all about it in evening papers?

Brown. Just so. No fun. No excitement. And the Downs are wretched if it rains or snows.

Jones. Certainly. The luncheon, too, is all very well; but, after all, it spoils one's dinner.

Brown. Distinctly. And champagne at two o'clock is premature.

Jones. And lobster-salad undoubtedly indigestible. So it's much better not to go to the Derby—in spite of the luncheon.

Brown. Yes,—in spite of the luncheon.

Two hours pass. Scene changes to Epsom.

Jones. Hullo! You here?

Brown. Hullo! And if it comes to that, you here, too?

Jones. Well, I really found so little doing in town that I thought I might be here as well as anywhere else.

Brown. Just my case. Not that there's much to see or do. Silly as usual.

Jones. Quite. Always said the Derby was a fraud. But I am afraid, my dear fellow, I must hurry away, as I have got to get back to my party for luncheon.

Brown. So have I. [Exeunt severally.]

GREAT AND DESERVED SUCCESS.—LYCEUM.—The First Knight!! Sir HENRY IRVING in an entirely new character. Mr. Punch's sincere congratulations.

BOOKMAKERS ON THE BEACH.

(A Sketch at a Sea-side Race-Meeting.)

SCENE—*The Sands at Baymouth, where some pony and horse races are being run. By the Grand Stand, and under the wall of the esplanade, about a dozen bookmakers, perched on old packing-cases, are clamouring with their customary energy. The public, however, for some reason seems unusually deaf to their blandishments and disinclined for speculation, and the bookmakers, after shouting themselves hoarse with little or no result, are beginning to feel discouraged.*

Bookmakers (antiphonally). Evens on the field! Three to one bar one! Five to one bar two! Six to one bar one! Even money Beeswing! Six to one Popgun! Come on 'ere. Two to one on the field! What do you want to do?

[The public apparently want to look another way.]

First Bookmaker (to Second Bookmaker). Not much 'ere to-day! Shawn't get no roast baked and billed this journey, eh?

Second B. (with deep disgust). They ain't got no money! Baymouth's going down. Why, this might be a bloomin' Sunday-school treat! Blest if I believe they know what we're 'ere for!

Third B. (after pausing to refresh himself, sardonically to Fourth Bookmaker). De-lightful weather, WILLIAM!

William (in a similar tone of irony). What a glorious day, FERDY! Sech a treat to see all the people enjoyin' themselves without any o' the silly speculation yer do find sometimes on occasions like this! *(He accepts the bottle his friend passes, and drinks.)* 'Ere's better luck to us all!

Fifth B. (pathetically). Don't leave your little FREDDY out! *(They DON'T leave their little FREDDY out.)* Cheer up, WILLIAM, there's 'appier days in store; there'll be Jersey comin' soon. We'll be off to the sunny south! *(To a stranger who comes up to him.)* Why, Uncle, you don't say it's you! How well you're looking! Shake 'ands and 'ave a bit on, jest for ole sake's sake! *(The stranger proceeds to introduce himself as the Secretary, and to demand a fee.)* What! pay you five shillins for standin' 'ere wastin' my time and voice like this? Not me! Why, I aint took two blessed sorcepans since I bin 'ere! *(The Secretary remains firm.)* I won't do it, my boy. Not on prinserple, I won't. I wouldn't give you five shillins not if your tongue was 'anging down on to your boots—so there! *(The Secretary does not attempt so violent an appeal to his better nature, but calls a police-inspector.)* 'Ere, I'd sooner git down and chuck the show altogether; jest to mark my contempt for such goings on! *(He descends from his box; takes down his sign, unscrews his pole, folds up his professional triptych, and departs in a state of virtuous indignation only to be expressed by extreme profanity, while the Secretary proceeds unmoved to collect payments from the others; who eventually compromise the claims for half-a-crown.)*

Mr. Sam Satchell ("from Southampton"). Now then, you gentlemen and aristocratic tradesmen, where are you all? Don't any o' you know anything? Come on 'ere. *(He stops an elderly rustic.)* You've got a fancy, I can see! *(The rustic denies the impeachment, grinning.)* Git along with yer, yer artful ole puss,

then, and don't keep gentlemen away as wants to bet! *(To a Yeomanry trooper.)* Come along, my ole soldier-boy, give it a name! *(His old soldier-boy declines to give it any name, and passes on.)* Call yerself a warrior bold, and afraid o' riskin' 'alf-a-crown! Why, yer Queen and country orter be ashamed o' yer! *(As a young farmer in riding-gaiters come up, with the evident intention of business.)* Ah, you don't forget the old firm, I see. . . . What, four to one not good enough for you? You won't get no better odds, go where you like! I suppose you expeck me to make you a present o' the money? *(The farmer moves on.)* I dunno what's come to 'em all. I never see nothing like it in all my life!

IN THE GRAND STAND.

A Glib Person, in a tall hat (as he picks his way up and down

the benches, the occupants of which treat him with tolerant indifference). I'm not a bookmaker, ladies and gentlemen; don't have that impression of me for a moment! I'm simply an amateur, and an independent gentleman o' means, like any of your-selves. You all know more than I do. I don't come 'ere with any intention o' winning your money—far from it. I'm wishful to settle and live among you. I may eventually put up as your member; and, if so, when I take my place in Parliament I shall be in a position to testify that the Baymouth people are extremely cautious as to the manner in which they invest their money on 'orse-racin'! Yes, I'm 'ere on beyarf of the Sporting League, just to prove how tree a meeting like this is from the evils o' gambling. I don't come 'ere to rob ver. I want yer all to win. I like to see yer bright and shining faces around me; I like the friverolity and reckereation and the conviviality of the thing, that's all. I'll tell yer how it is. I've a rich ole aunt, and she puts fifty pound into my 'ands, and sez, "Jacky," she sez, "I love those dear Baymouth people, and I want you to take this 'ere money and lay it out among 'em in moieties, and make 'em rich and 'appy." You can see for yourselves. I've no tickets and no parrifernalia, excep' this little pocket-book, where I enter any bets you honour me with. Come, Miss, win a



"Why the blazes don't ye take it?"

pair o' those three-and-sixpenny gloves at CHICKERELL'S, the ex-Mayor's, to oblige me! Did I tread on your corn, Sir? I assure you it was the last thing I intended. . . . "You knew I'd do it afore I'd done?" . . . Well, Sir, if you've seeh a gift o' seeing into futoority as that, why not make something out of it now? Three to one bar one. Kitty I'm barring. Thank you, Sir; 'alf-a-crown to seven and six on Sportsman. I tell you candidly—you've got the winner. The favourite won't win. Now, then, all you others, where's your Baymouth pluck? I offered you thirty to one Beeswing last race; and you wouldn't take it. And Beeswing won, and you lost the chance o' making yer fortunes. Don't blame me if the same thing 'appens again. I'm on'y bettin', as I told you, for my own amusement, and to get rid o' the money! (S.c., S.c.)

Mr. Sam Satchell (whom the apathy of the public has apparently reduced to a state of defiant buffoonery). Even money Daredevil, you rascals! And why the blazes don't ye take it? Come on. I'll take two little bits o' twos that Kitty don't win! Four to one against ole bread-and-butter Tommy, over there in the corner!

Eleven and a half to three quarters to two against Kitty. "What har the Wild Waves say-hay-ing?" Two Kitties to three *Dare-devils* against a bloomin' goat-chaise! On the Baymouth Durby I'm bettin'!

AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST RACE.

Three horses have started; the favourite has led to the turn and then bolted up the shingle, but, as the tide has come in and almost covered the course, and the other two horses by declining to face the water have let him in again, he wins after an exciting finish, up to the girths in sea-water; and such bookmakers as have succeeded in obtaining patronage are paying up with as much cheerfulness as they can command.

First Bookmaker (to eager backer). Wait a bit, my boy, wait a bit, the number hasn't gone up yet, my son. Where's your ticket—forty-two? (His clerk refers to book.) That's *Squibbs*. I pay over winners—not losers. (To the public.) Come along and fetch your money, the bullion's 'ere! (To another backer.) What was yours—threes? ("Fours I've got," from his clerk.) Why don't yer arst for what you're entitled to, instead o' makin' me arst my clurk what your bet was? There's your money—take it and go!

[The backer departs wealthier but abashed.]
Second B. I'm payin' over that 'ard-run race, gentlemen, men and 'orses exhorsted! I'm payin' over Susan—dear ole Susey-hanner! who wants their money? The Bank o' England's 'ere, gentlemen, Mr. FRANKIE FAIRPRICE and his ole friend, who's always by his side and never loses 'im!

Third B. (who has had to borrow largely from his brethren to meet his engagements). Are you all done now? (To the crowd.) Then I'll wish yer good afternoon, thank ye all for yer comp'ny, but you've bin bloomin' bad fun to-day, and you don't ketch me playin' Patience on a monument at any more o' yer blanky sand' oppin' 'andicaps, that's all!

[However, the local newspaper reports next day that "A number of the sporting fraternity were in attendance to do business, and apparently carried on a brisk and profitable trade"—which only shows how difficult it is for the casual observer to form an accurate opinion.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Crowded house: all charmed with everything and everybody in *Fra Diavolo*. Somebody in grand tier so ecstatically pleased, that, unable any longer to control impulsive movement, he (or she) hurls into the air leather lorgnette case, which, descending at an angle, clears the Prince of WALES's elbow by a few inches, and startles musical enthusiast who, seated at corner of third row of stalls, is at that moment wrapped up in the opera, and thus protected against most external dangers. A thrill went through the house! is it a "B-o-m-b" bomb? BEVIGNANI, pausing, *bâton* in air, gives the horrorstruck singers and concealed orchestra (to whom pause is inexplicable) a few notes rest. Then corner (stall) man picks up lorgnette case, fortunately empty; whereupon the Bold BEVIGNANI's *bâton* is once more in motion, and everyone is "as they were." ARIMONDI and PINI-CORSI earn a big encore for duet and dance. Mr. DAVID BISPHAM with Madame AMADI, as *Milord* and *Miladi*, speaking English and queer Italian, do good service. *Fra Diavolo*—Lucia excellent, and Miss MARIE ENGLE (who naturally quite understood *Milord* and *Miladi* when speaking English) a charming, sprightly *Zerlina*. Revival decided hit.

Wednesday.—VERDI's opera, *Falstaff*. Some charming music in it; otherwise dull opera. Impossible to put *Falstaff* himself, singing or speaking, on any stage. Actor or singer invariably overweighted. ZELIE DE LUSSAN, looking like *Jessica*, sings *Anne Page*'s music charmingly. SHAKESPEARE created "sweet ANNE PAGE" the daughter of Mrs. Page. Why then, in the opera, is she put into the FORD family? I refer to the "Characters" in the book of the opera, where I find "*Mistress Ford*," and "*Anne, her daughter*." GIULIA RAVOGLI a sprightly *Dame Quickly*; PAULINE JORAN a lively *Mistress Ford*; and Signor DE LUCA an amiable *Fenton*, "with a song."

Friday.—House not absolutely crowded to hear *Carmen*. Is *Carmen* a bit "off"? Yet nothing better than performance of ZELIE DE LUSSAN as gay and wicked heroine. Little *Don José de Lucia* first-rate, and ANCONA winning encore for old friend *Toréador*. MARIE ENGLE excellent goody-goody contrast to bold, bad *Carmen*. Police-constable BEVIGNANI, *bâton* in hand, severe when on the beat. In honour of QUEEN'S Birthday, Sir DRURIOLANUS troupe-ing *Il Trovatore*'s operatic colours at Windsor Castle. It ought to have been, appropriately, *Falstaff*.



Saturday.—*Faust*. "House full." The Princess and Princesses present. MELBA's "Jewel song" a gem. M. PLANÇON, whose name, Britishly pronounced, suggests "Mr. PLAIN-song," rather ecclesiastical than diabolical, a highly-coloured but generally effective *Mephistopheles*. Mdlle. BRAZZI appears to-night as "the new woman" in the part of *Siebel*. "She rouses enthusiasm," quoth WAGSTAFF, "no Siebel-lation." *Exeunt omnes*.

THE DISCOVERY OF LONDON.

Interviewer. As a keen student of your fascinating works, permit me to render to you my respectful homage.

Distinguished Foreigner in London. Certainly. I observe that you speak the French of the capital with fluency.

Int. You flatter me. I am only an ordinary journalist. Possibly you prefer to converse in our local language?

D. F. On the contrary, I have only recently acquired the English word, "Yes." Curiously enough, this is my first voyage of discovery to your shores. I had, of course, often heard of England, and your literature is not unfamiliar to me. My secretary reads to me the works of your popular poet, ROBERT BROWNING.

Int. Do you not, with your—er—limited knowledge, if I may so say, of our language, find that writer's meaning somewhat obscure?

D. F. Oh no; for my secretary translates him into idiomatic French verse at sight.

Int. M. ZOLA has also only recently discovered us. How do your novelists find the necessary models for their English types?

D. F. Nothing simpler. Tradition, *voilà tout*. The English-woman, with her large feet, projecting teeth, and execrable French—we know her because we have always known her. It is not necessary to have seen her in the flesh. Indeed, it is only a marvel to me that I find the type so rare in its own country.

Int. Might I dare to ascribe such traditional views to the prejudice of ignorance? Your Press, I believe, does not educate itself by foreign travel.

D. F. I cannot speak for others, but personally, if I do not offend the laws of courtesy by saying this in the city whose hospitality I now enjoy, I detest your race. I regard you as insular.

Int. We cannot, of course, help being born on an island. But we correct this defect by constant visits to the mainland, and from these we have learnt a profound respect for the tastes of our neighbours.

D. F. I am greatly gratified by this. Nothing has impressed me so favourably here as your cordial appreciation of our people. I met a distinguished British novelist who was actually acquainted with the literature of my own Provence!

Int. May I ask what other features of our comparatively inaccessible island have attracted your notice?

D. F. Above all things else, the sinister silence of your city. On the Stock Exchange, down Cheapside, among vendors of journals, you can hear a pin drop. Everywhere the taciturnity of the tomb.

Int. And what of our institutions and types?

D. F. Nothing has impressed me so deeply as the Great Wheel at Earl's Court. It is a monument of national ardour and aspiration. This, and Mr. STANLEY, and your guardsmen, and your way of cooking meat, have left the most indelible impression upon my sentiment and constitution. I dislike the last two of them.

Int. In cooking, we freely yield you the sancepan. But how has our military given you offence?

D. F. I object to the size of its chest, and its manner of occupying the pavement. I have seen a guardsman in Whitehall against whom, in the heyday of my youth, I should indubitably have projected my person.

Int. It would have been a rash and perhaps irreparable act. But tell me more. Kindly hold up once again the veracious mirror, that we may see ourselves as others see us. We are so apt to be blind to our own national defects, unless the impartial observer, like yourself, throws a flood of light upon our idiosyncrasies.

D. F. I should like a few more days in which to complete my study, and verify my anticipations, of your interesting city. Meanwhile, let me refer you to M. GABRIEL MOURET's new work—*Passé le Détroit*. The Ulysses of our century, he has gained a wide knowledge of your race, having been a fearless traveller in *l'Underground*, and seen some of your most typical fogs. You may learn much from him. He is read eagerly at home, where the thirst for books of romantic travel and exploration grows hourly. I wish you the good day. Yes.

A TREETOTAL TIP.—How to Live Long—Never take "something short."





SCENE—A Restaurant near Leicester Square.

Jones. "OH—ER—GABSONG, REGARDEZ EECHE—ER—APPORTEZ-VOO LE—LA——"

Waiter. "BEG PARDON, SIR. I DON'T KNOW FRENCH!"

Jones. "THEN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, SEND ME SOMEBODY WHO DOES!"

'ARRY ON DERBY DAY.

DEAR CHARLIE.—Are you going down? What a pooty blamed world this 'as got, With its CHANTS, and its Anti-Sport Leagues, Local Hoption, and other dashed rot. Wot 'is Libberty comin' to, CHARLIE? 'Ere's 'ARRY leg-lagged to his stool, Because his new Gaffer's a Hawkeite, as means a old-fossilised fool.

The young 'un whose crib I succeeded to skinned the old bloke's petty cash In backing of wrong 'uns last year, as of course was most reckless and rash. But wy should I suffer along of it? Wy must he drop upon me Who wanted the Derby Day off—for cremating my poor uncle G.?

Smelt a rat, the old Smelfungus did, and he lectured me, too, like old boots, Saying, Sport wos a Youpass tree, CHARLIE, and lying wos one of its fruits. He's a reglar front-row Anti-Gambler, a foe of Mirth, Music, and Malt, As would 'ave them lay Tattersall's level, and sow Hepsom race-course with salt.

I'd arranged with a sporting greengrocer, and BOODLE a smart local Bung, To tool down by road with a trotter. Us three would 'ave gone a rare splung, And I ain't missed a Derby this five year. And now all along of old hunks Instead of sweepstaking for winners, I'm making out bills for hair-trunks.

It's beastly, dear boy, and no bottles. I landed on *Ladas* last year, And I've got such a cert. for to-day, as I couldn't go wrong on—no fear!

Oh, laylocks and lemonade, CHARLIE! it do give yours truly the 'ump To think I must miss such a treat, all along of that precious old pump.

The whizz o' the wheels makes mad music, old man, in this dingy old den, Where only the tick of the clock, and the serape of my spiky steel pen, Measure hout the monotonous 'ours, while friend Bung and young Greens are agog. 'Midst the clatter and clink of the course, and the yelp of the old Derby Dog.

I can smell the sweet whiff of their baccy, can taste the cold chikin' an' 'am, And see the fine salmon-hued sparkle of Bung's Jerryboam of Cham.

I know Greens will do it to rights; I am sure a safe winner I'd spot, And my anti-gambling old Gaffer 'as spiled the whole splurge! *Ain't* it rot?

Them plaguey philantherpists, CHARLIE, are turning the world upsidedown!

A cove musn't lap arf-a-pint, and a cove musn't lay arf-a-crown!

It's Weto all over the shop, CHARLIE! But wot I always remarks,— Philanterpy seems to shine mostly in Wetoing other folks larks!

Well, I'm off 'down the road, mate, to Clapham, or wot not, to see 'em return.

My cert, 'asn't come off, I 'ear, so I've dropped arf the screw as I earn

By my six days of nose-to-the-grinstone of Gaffer. He'd larf if he knowed.

But if it ain't *his* bloomin' fault for his sport-ating 'umbug, I'm blowed.

Sport? Sport's in the blood of a gentleman! Cocktails ain't fly to the fun

Of landing a bit off a pal. Lor! a bet, on a 'orse or a gun, Mykes friendship and life reglar flavour-some! 'Ow could your true sportsman care For a drive through green lanes to the Derby without a small flutter when there?

Too late for the flutter to-night, but the Clapham laburnums are out; There are plenty of pubs on that road, to the Wetoist's 'orror, no doubt.

I am sure to meet lots of old pals, full of fun and good stuff as they'll carry, And if we don't 'ave Derby larks, spite o' Gaffers and HAWKES, I ain't, 'ARRY.

Derby Dampers.

HAVING no invitation to join a company on a drag. Having no money to pay for a railway ticket to the course. Having no friends rich enough or rash enough to advance a trifle on account. Having no notion of the betting and no knowledge of the horses engaged. Having no time, no money, and last, but not least, no inclination.

"ALL NODDIN'."—The *Western Daily Mercury* records that the New Woman has broken out in a new place—as A Lady Auctioneer. Woman at all times has known how to go it hammer and tongs. Advanced Femininity drops the tongs, but sticks to the hammer. Formerly man was often gone on fair woman—rather expected of him. The lady now prefers to do the "Going, going, gone," herself. Awful vistas opened up. Will a wink be as good as a nod to the Lady Auctioneer? Will "dinner eyes" have to yield to "auction winks"? A for-bidding prospect.



'A DOUBTFUL "STAYER."

L-BBY. "YOU AIN'T GOT MUCH OF A MOUNT, GUV'NOR!"

R-S-B-RY. "P'RAPS NOT,—BUT I'LL RIDE HIM FOR ALL HE'S WORTH!"

THE SCARLET PARASOL.

SCENE II.—Drawing-room. Windows opening on to Terrace.
Ladies alone.

Muriel (to VIOLA). CLAUDE MIGNON has been saying that I am the only woman he has ever loved!

Viola. Exactly what he says to me!

Muriel. Is it a boast—or a confession?

Viola (quietly). It is a lie, that's all. But what did ALAN ROY say? He didn't speak to me.

Muriel. He says you have a far-away look in your eyes.

Viola (eagerly). Yes? I did my best!

Muriel (simply). So I told him you wanted to have a secret in your life—a romance. He seemed very much interested.

Viola. Oh, MURIEL! How could you? How silly of you! I am very angry indeed.

Muriel (calmly). Why, VIOLA? ALBERT is getting accustomed to his being grown-up, and CLAUDE to his being so young. They all like him immensely. But I think they will be glad when he goes away.

[Enter gentlemen.]

Claude (talking to ALAN). Yes, I felt I had something to say—and I said it—in one volume.

Alan. There is no mistake so fatal as to write because one has something to say.

Claude. How about Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote—

Alan. I am afraid I never read them. I couldn't read till I was ten—and then I read dear HERBERT SPENCER.

[He tries to join VIOLA and passes Mrs. AVERIDGE, who moves to leave room for him on the sofa, and smiles.]

Alan (standing by the sofa). Weren't the flowers quite sweet on the table to-night, Mrs. AVERIDGE?

Mrs. AVERIDGE (trying to be original). I can't bear flowers.

Alan. What do you like, Mrs. AVERIDGE?

Mrs. AVERIDGE (looking out of the window). Oh—trees, I think.

Alan. What! on the table! (He escapes, and joins VIOLA.) Is that the moon outside, Mrs. TRAVERS?

Viola (gazing at it intensely). I think it is.

Alan. Shall we go and see? [They move out on to the terrace.]

Muriel (sitting next to Mrs. AVERIDGE). Isn't ALAN ROY a little dear?

Mrs. AVERIDGE (spitefully). So your sister seems to think. I had no idea she was so fond of children.

Muriel. He has such pretty ways! That new shade of blue is very fashionable, Mrs. AVERIDGE. But it's a little trying to you, do you know? You don't mind my saying so, do you? [Amenities continue.]

Mr. AVERIDGE. It's perfectly amazing! That boy knows everything. He talks politics—

Claude. He's a staunch Tory!

Mr. AVERIDGE. Literature—

Claude. He tells me he's not a Romanticist; he cares only for the Classics.

Mr. AVERIDGE. Art—

Claude (resigned). He dismisses Symbolism with a word, smiles at Impressionism as old-fashioned, but speaks most kindly both of MILLAIS and WHISTLER. He calls them "poor dears." I think that was the phrase. I won't be sure, but I think so.

Mr. AVERIDGE. Yes, he's astounding. [Ponders.]

Claude (to MURIEL). Aren't we going to have some music? How I should like you to play those chants to me again! Won't you, Miss VANE? I love sacred music so.

Muriel. Yes; with pleasure. VIOLA has had my organ put in the billiard-room, to be out of the way. [Rises.]

Claude (as he and MURIEL go into the billiard-room). The worst point about these clever boys is that they are so cynical! No sentiment—no heart! [Continues ad lib.]

On the Terrace.

Alan (to VIOLA). You have very wonderful eyes, Mrs. TRAVERS, haven't you?

Viola. Have I?

Alan. You know you have. Do you believe in palmistry?

Viola. I think I do. Do you?

Alan. I don't know whether I believe in it, I like it. . . . Your line of life. . . . [Continues ad lib.]

In the Drawing-room.

Albert. That boy is bewildering! He flits over every subject under the sun! Have a game of piquet, AVERIDGE? [They play piquet.]

In the Billiard-room. MURIEL playing the organ. CLAUDE by her side trying to look like DICKSEE'S picture, "Harmony."

Claude. Do you ever have that curious feeling that you are doing exactly what you have done before, hearing—seeing something for the second time?

Muriel. Oh, yes! continually! I felt it during the whole of dinner!

Claude. Do you think it shows we knew each other in a previous existence, Miss VANE?

Muriel. No. I am afraid it only shows that you sometimes repeat yourself. [She smiles.]

Claude. How can you be so unkind, and yet look such a perfect angel!

Muriel. I feel exactly like St. Cecilia when I am playing the organ.

Claude. And I feel like St. Anthony, Miss VANE.

On the Terrace.

Alan. To get right away from people, to take a drive together, and bathe our heads in the golden sunlight! In secret! Do—do let us, Mrs. TRAVERS!

Viola. It would be nice! ALBERT is going to town for the day, and the AVERIDGES are going for an excursion. . . . But what could we drive in?

Alan. Oh, I will arrange that. I will hire a dog-cart in the village; and we must meet in a lane, or a field, or something. And you must say you have been to teach the orphan boy to sew or something. It would be too sweet!

Viola. But—Master ROY—

Alan. Don't call me Master ROY. Call me ALAN—when no one is listening.

Viola. ALAN—wouldn't it be much simpler, merely to say we were going for a drive, and to order the carriage?

Alan. Then where's your mystery?

Viola. Very well! Then mind you don't tell anyone!

Alan. Not tell anyone, Mrs. TRAVERS! But what's the use of a secret if one doesn't tell it to everyone?

Viola. Oh!

Alan. I was only joking, dear Mrs. TRAVERS. At three, then. . . . Sh-sh! (He picks up her fan with the air of a conspirator.) If I think of anything else, I'll write a little note, and put it under the clock on that mantelpiece. Shall I?

Viola. What fun! But would it be safe?

Alan. Would you rather we corresponded in the Times about it, Mrs. TRAVERS?

Viola. You're making fun of the whole thing.

[She pouts, &c. He shows by her Line of Fate that all will be well.]

Mrs. AVERIDGE (to herself). Well of all the dull houses I ever stayed at! . . . Piquet in the drawing-room, chants in the billiard-room, palmistry with Infant Phenomenons on the Terrace! . . . It's quite true, too, what that affected little VANE girl said—the colour is trying. . . . I'll never come here again!

[Retires to her room in disgust.]

"HECKLING."—At a meeting of the supporters of Mr. MURRAY, Master of Elibank, the Liberal candidate for West Edinburgh, the following "heckle" took place:—

"Mr. Guy. Seeing you approve of Home Rule all round, what is the smallest number of Parliaments the United Kingdom would require? (Laughter and a Voice: 'Send it back to Parliament Square.')

The Master of Elibank. I think that is a question which can be settled by an ordinary addition sum. (Cheers and laughter.)"

Which shows that the Master is a real Master of Arts as well as of Elibank, and, as regards platform difficulties, good at getting out. But whether he is equally good at "getting in" the future must decide. A slippery customer, evidently, is Mr. MURRAY, and his title ought to be "the Master of Eely-bank."

A REAL "MAN OF THE TIMES."—Mr. Punch congratulates Dr. W. H. RUSSELL, endeared to his friends and companions-in-arms as "BILLY RUSSELL," on his becoming Sir WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, Knight of the Pen. *Prosit!*

SCOTCH JUNKETING.—A "Curd Fair" has been held, as usual, at Kilmarnock, and the number of excursionists who left the town, both by road and rail, is said to have been very large. Well, of course a Curd Fair naturally leads to a number of whey-farers!



ANIMAL SPIRITS ON DERBY DAY.

(With Apologies to W. Frith.)

AFTER THE PLAY.

Junior Playgoer. Why is it called *The Prude's Progress*. I didn't see any Prude, did you?
Elderly Playgoer. No; and no Progress. Slow. CYRIL MAUDSLEY and FANNY BROUGH quite the life and soul of the piece.
Jun. P. High premium wanted to insure its life, eh?
RIGHTON good all round man?
Eld. P. Very much all round. PLAYFAIR's part recalled WYNDHAM jolting down mens. on shirt-cuff.
Jun. P. Yes; somehow it all reminded me of various pieces I've seen.
Eld. P. Quite so. Remember old pantomime song?—

"A little piece here, and a little piece there,
 Here a piece, and there a piece,
 And everywhere a piece."

Jun. P. And it might finish with author—no (*refers to programme*)—authors, JEROME and PHILLIPPS, singing—

"We are two merry, merry men,
 Nobody precisely can find us out."

Eld. P. Exactly. Good night old boy. Better look next time. [*Exeunt severally.*]

THAT TELEGRAM.

(Some Yildiz Comments on a Recent Editorial Exploit.)

MASHALLAH! Am I, the Full Moon That Blazeth in Heaven Like Anything, to be bested by a Penny Journalist, a Ferngeese Writer of the Thing that is Not, a Gazetteer who is Ao-cust? Shall I, the Padishah Whose Piano-playing Edifieth the Distant Constellations, submit to be out-manoeuvred in my own particular line by an Unbelieving Dog, a Giaour of Giaours? What though he be Lord of Lo Ben and of a Hundred Press-carts, he shall learn that a Concocter of Copy is no match for The Unspeakable One! *Insallah!*... What ho! Summon the Grand Vizier, and let the Chief Bowstringer be in attendance! Bring in the medicated coffee for one, and *rahat lakoun* for two!...

What saith the dog of a dragoman? The Infidel Frank refuseth the mark of My very distinguished Favour, the Medjidieh of the Fourth Class? Will not *that* stop his accursed Inquisitiveness? Or doth he wish for an Osmanieh, set in brilliants? Ingleez though he be, he must have his price!... No? He will *not* take an Osmanieh, not even of the First Class!...

Ah, perhaps he will *give*, if he will not take? Times are

hard, and there is that Russian indemnity. Nay, it need but take the form of an Irredeemable Loan, or a Mortgage on the flourishing revenues of Our most prosperous provinces of Arabia Felix. We sorely need a new ironclad or two, for Our boilers are rusting badly, and Our keels are rotting beyond repair at their anchorage in the Bosphorus... *What!*? The alien unbeliever neither giveth nor taketh? And doth not care one "snuff" (whatever that may mean) whether his telegram to Europe in general, and the P-ll M-ll G-z-z-ll in particular, goeth or not? Verily, he knoweth not the rules of Oriental diplomacy. But though the telegram shall not go, if we know it, the Sublime Porte shall yet give the quill-driving outcast a lesson in shilly-shally and hanky-panky. He shall know that the Commander of the Faithful is not to be called an impotent Potentate (with a big P) in vain. We will sit up all night, pretending to re-draft his telegram, and really enjoying his discomfiture! "Impotent Potentate," indeed! Let the chief telegraph-clerk be beheaded on the spot!...

"WHEEL AND WOE,"—"A Word of Warning" to women bicyclists appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* last Friday, by "A Medical Man." Quite right. This Round of Wheel is overdone. Instead of "Wheel," the Medico cries "Woe!"

THE LOSS OF RICHMOND HILL.

AIR—"The Lass of Richmond Hill."

FROM Richmond Hill there is a view
As fair as Tempe's morn;
Its charms are such that sure by few
Their loss were calmly borne.
This view so sweet, no "Jerry" street
Must intercept or kill;
We all decline thus to resign,
The view from Richmond Hill!

How happy would that builder be
Who'd call that plot his own!
His heart is fixed on lease and fee,
Ours on the view alone.
This view so sweet must rest complete,
For not with our good will
For villas fine will we resign
That view from Richmond Hill!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 20.—JAMES GALLOWAY WEIR is a sore man the night. Ross and Cromarty hide their diminished head—or should it be heads?—before the illuminated mountain tops of Inverness-shire. THE MACGREGOR has done him at last, done him hopelessly. Since the present Parliament met, he and THE MACGREGOR have run pretty evenly, neck and neck in race to show what Scotland can do in this way when it concentrates its mighty mind on the effort. In former times Ireland had monopoly of the Crank as he was returned to Parliament. Scotch Members preserved traditional reputation of their country as the home of dour-headed businesslike men. WEIR standing alone would have sufficed to tear this fable to tatters. THE MACGREGOR unaided would have confounded the tradition. The combination of talent was irresistible, overpowering in its force of conviction.

Between these eminent men there has been, from the first, a feeling of generous rivalry. THE MACGREGOR, as befitted the ripper genius, has been more successful in concealing it. Whenever he has put a question about the Crofters, WEIR has managed to drop in with supplementary inquiry. His name appearing in the report, watchful Scotia would take note that THE MACGREGOR was not the only one of her sons who, in a foreign land, cared for her interests. THE MACGREGOR, on the contrary, not less loftily because without apparent design, ignored WEIR. There is reason to believe he did not regard with fullest measure of appreciation his intellectual capacity, his business aptitude, or his parliamentary manner.

"A puir creature!" he said, one night, stering straight up at the gaslit roof. There was no one up there at the moment, and as this happened to be the night when WEIR had eleven questions on the paper, by way of showing his want of confidence in the Government, and was approaching the ninth with ever deepening chest notes, there is too much reason to fear that at that moment the Member for Inverness-shire was not unconscious of the existence of the Member for Ross and Cromarty.

JAMES GALLOWAY's boot-issuing and blood-curdling tones; his tragic reiteration of the phrase, "Is the right hon. gentleman a Weir?" The solemn sweep of his arm as he places the reluctant *pince-nez* on his disputatious nose; his stare of haughty surprise when Lowlanders opposite titter at his inquiry about the lost handle of the parish pump in outraged Pitlochrie; his habit of turning up at unexpected places on either side of the House below the Gangway—these things are



FELINE AMENITIES.

"ARE YOU GOING TO THE BROWNS' DANCE?"

"NO. I HAVEN'T BEEN ASKED."

"OH—I SUPPOSE IT'S QUITE A YOUNG PEOPLE'S DANCE, YOU KNOW!"

unique in their way. In the aggregate they would, save for THE MACGREGOR, have placed him on an unapproachable pinnacle. After to-night he will reign alone. The other King of the Bedlam Brentford has abdicated. But evermore there will rest over JAMES GALLOWAY the chill shadow of the mighty triumph with which his rival closed his public career.

Nothing in the parliamentary life of THE MACGREGOR became him so well as its quaintness. The artful way in which he led the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD up to confession of intent with respect to the Crofters Bill; the SQUIRE's humble plea to wait till Thursday; the MACGREGOR's stern response, "That is not good enough for me;" then his swinging march down the Gangway (almost you could hear the pibroch playing); his halt before the Mace; his stately bow to the SPEAKER; the march resumed; the fresh halt at the Bar;

another sweeping obeisance (again fancy feigned the faint sound of the distant pibroch), and the MACGREGOR was o'er the border, and awa'.

"A puir daft body," said JAMES GALLOWAY WEIR, his musing sight, by strange coincidence, also fixed on the ceiling.

Business done.—THE MACGREGOR shakes the dust of the House of Commons from off his feet. In disordered state of things that followed, paralysed Government escaped defeat in Committee on Welsh Disestablishment Bill by narrow majority of nine.

Tuesday.—Surely never was such a place in the world as House of Commons for bifurcations. Within memory of man there was a time when, of two sides of the political highway, Liberals trod one, Conservatives paced the other. Now House is broken up into half a dozen parties, each with its infinitude of

sections. Most depressing and disappointing development of this tendency appears to-night. The Eldest-Son Party is just bereft of one of its most active members by WOLMER's accession to Earldom. General GEORGE CURZON, whose forces, on full muster, counted two,



THE MACGREGOR RETIRES TO HIS CAVE.

Mr. W-r "Mon, if I hadna thoct he was jokin', I wad ha' gone mysel'—to be even wi' 'im!"

is now reduced, on Queen's Birthdays and other State occasions, to reviewing St. JOHN BRODRICK, *seul*. Force of habit still strong, and, when speaking to-night, he made House acquainted with the views on constitutional question which "I and my friends hold."

It may be singular, but so is the number of the friends. CRANBORNE, in one of his fiery speeches, made it clear just now that the Eldest Sons are divided on the question which General GEORGE CURZON, Quartermaster-General St. JOHN BRODRICK, and the late Army (now gone to another place) made their own. This defection from within not made up by sustentation from without. JOSEPH, having got a little mixed between what he said on Coleridge peerage case, and the exact reverse put forward by him with equal confidence on the Selborne case, judiciously absented himself to-night. COURTNEY also absent. PRINCE ARTHUR sat ominously silent on Front Bench, whilst DICK WEBSTER backed up SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in denouncing position assumed by General GEORGE and Quartermaster-General St. JOHN. As for the Army, multitudinously alluded to as "the Hon. WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE PALMER, commonly called Viscount WOLMER, now Earl of SELBORNE," it was withdrawn, interned as garrisons are at particular crises of civic life. House gladly ordered issue of new writ for West Edinburgh. Constitution remains unreformed, and WILLIAM WALDEGRAVE—to quote with slight variation from the appropriate source of tombstone literature—

Called hence by early doom,
Lives but to show how sweet an Earl
In House of Lords may bloom.

Business done.—Clause III. added to Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday—The Bashful BARTLEY, temporarily overcoming a constitutional weakness that is the despair of his friends, and has proved a serious block in the way of his public advancement, put himself forward just now. Is disturbed by dalliance of Lord BRASSEY, some-time ago appointed Governor of Victoria. BARTLEY has conviction that if, in good time coming, his party should acknowledge faithful service by appointing him to Governorship, he would lose no time in entering upon his new sphere of usefulness. That course Lord BRASSEY

might be expected to follow. "Instead of which, he goes about the country—stealing ducks," BARTLEY, impelled by swing of the quotation, was about to add. Pulling himself up in time, he added, "making party political speeches in favour of candidates at elections."

SYDNEY BUXTON, in his most Severe-Young-Man-manner, informed the not quite Blameless BARTLEY that BRASSEY not yet set out to undertake Governorship of Victoria because he is not yet Governor. HOPETOUN's term does not expire till September, and unless it were desired to run the risk of a sort of colonial *Box and Cox* scene, it would be well he should await the due date of his succession.

BARTLEY blushed, said nothing—at least, not aloud. To himself muttered, "They may say what they like; but, after all, bashfulness is the best policy."

The Tiresome TOMLINSON so affected by this repulse of an esteemed friend and neighbour that when, later in sitting, BARTLEY, forgetting his pious resolve, moved amendment to Budget Bill exempting a wife's revenues from income-tax, T. T., rushing out to support him in division lobby, lost the way. When he arrived at lobby door, found it locked. Rattled at handle; kicked panel. For only reply came whisper through keyhole, in voice he recognised as TOMMY BOWLES: "Too late. Go away, you foolish virgin."

"Bad enough," said T. T., "to lose chance of voting against the Government. But why TOMMY BOWLES should call me a foolish virgin, I don't know. Do I look like one?"

Business done.—Scotch Grand Committee set up. Opposition straightway go and gather sticks wherewith to knock it down.

Friday.—Came across little group in lobby just now steeped in brackish waters of tribulation. Only three of them, but they seemed to have all the trouble of the world divided amongst them.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Been listening to two hours' debate on Budget Bill in Committee?"

"Worse than that," said HART DYKE. "Haven't you heard? CARMARTHEN, riding out on his bicycle, came by sudden turn on steam-roller. Bicycle sbied; pitched DOLLY off."

"Poor DOLLY!" said JOHN PENN, mopping his eye with a J pen-wiper. "He fell on his head."



"NOT FOR JO-ACHIM!"

["The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said that the right hon. member for St. George's had referred to the fact that this was leap year, and they all knew that in leap year proposals could be made that would be considered rather extraordinary in ordinary times. (*Laughter.*) To accept the right hon. gentleman's proposal would not be consistent with his duty."—*Times.*]

HART DYKE and MARK LOCKWOOD (together)—"Oh, then he's not hurt." Sudden brightening of faces as load of apprehension removed from mind; walked off quite cheerfully.

Gracious, kind-hearted comrades! So pleasant, amid turmoil of political warfare, to come upon idyllic scene like this, and learn how sweet a thing is friendship.

Business done.—Budget Bill through Committee.

ROBERT ON THE TEMS.

Mr and sum of the Gents of the Lundo County Counsel, as they calls theirselves, has had sum considerable differences of opinion lately, but I don't suppose as it will cum to much. It seems as sum on em has got theirselves elected into the Tems Conserwancy Gents,



and nothink as is dun quite sattisfys em unless they has the best places on bord the crack steamers as takes em either up the River or Down the River, as the case may be. In course they all wants the werry best heatables and drinkables, and plenty on em; but if the water appens to be jest a little ruff, the one thing as they all scrambles for is plenty to heat and plenty to drink, and

a nice quiet seat in the Saloon all the way home. I herd tell the other day as how as some of the Tems Conserwancy Gents had a reglar quarrel with sum of the County Counsel Gents, all becoz of the diffrence that sum on em wants to make in the way in which things is conducted on bord when agoing on their way home. It most suttently must make a great diffrence weather it is a nice, brilliyant, sunny day, and all happy on bord, or weather it is a dull, dark, rainy day, and not room enuff for harf the company.

I don't find as how as the too partys in the Corporation agrees with one another more than they used to when they used to quarrel so much about everythink. In fack they seems jist as much opposed to each other as ever, and I, for my part, most truly hopes as how as they will continue in the same noble spirit, and then they will hate each other with the same cordial hatred as so distinguished them in days gone by.

I don't know a greater treat mvself than spending a nour or too with the County Counsellers at Charing Cross. They can lay the stingers about in splendid style, and both sides of the question, much alike in force, and werry much alike in quality. But the werry finist sight of all I shoud think woud be to see a thorowly good set to between a picket set of the Tems Conserwancy and another of the County Counsellers. From what I hears of the former I shoud think their chance woud be grand indeed, and from what I have herd of their reckless perseverance I should think their loss almost incredible. The Tems is the river for me, and long may it remain so!

ROBERT.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

TERIBLE things have been happening in Newcastle. If any one doubts this statement, let him read the following extract from one of the local papers. "Though it is a good while," observes a leader-writer, "since it could be said with justice that the trade of the country was advancing by leaps and bounds, the observation may with absolute accuracy be made with respect to our Newcastle rates. They have stolen along with woollen feet, and are now about to strike with iron hands."

I BOW to the ground in awe-struck admiration before this picture of rates stealing along on woollen feet and raising iron hands for a deadly blow at the unfortunate ratepayers of Newcastle. There is something fell and savage in the mere contemplation of it. Prose is quite inadequate to it; it demands rhyme, and must have it:—

Consider Newcastle, its pitiful case,
Where the rates have a habit of stealing.
'Tis a way they are prone to in many a place,
And they do it without any feeling.

They move without noise, and they thus get the pull,
Like a cab with a new rubber tyre on;
For their feet, it is said, are a compound of wool,
Though the hands that they strike with are iron.

The vision appals me, one glimpse is enough;
With terror my bosom is heaving.
Yet I venture the hint—do not treat it as stuff—
That steel were more suited for thieving.

SOMETHING always appears to be wrong with the streets of Bristol. I had to notice the melancholy case of Christmas Street last week. The epidemic has now extended to Old Market Street. Here the pitching is so dangerous that horses fall and break their legs, and ladies die from falls on Easter Mondays. A correspondent who calls attention to this matter says that "it is quite annoying on a busy day to have to ask customers two, three, or even four times what they require." I scarcely see what this has to do with the pavement, but personally I have always found it more than annoying to be asked four times as much as I require, even when my requirements

are small, as they usually are. It is gratifying to find that, in Old Market Street, at any rate, the shopkeeper who asks has an equal share of annoyance.

THEN again, Conduit Place, Lower Ashley Road, is not only badly lighted, but its name is practically unknown. "Even shopkeepers in the neighbourhood and policemen on the beat do not seem to know of it, and sometimes lead people astray in consequence." This, however, is not to be wondered at, as "another difficulty is the numbering of the houses; although only about thirty in the road, they are divided into five terraces with different sets of numbers, which causes endless confusion."

INCREASE not, wanderer, the policeman's load;
Ask not the site of Lower Ashley Road.
Inquire not eagerly for Conduit Place,
But start unasking on thy terraced chase.
These places to policemen are unknown,
So shall the pride of finding be thine own.
Go forth, go forth, itinerary pundit,
And find the place that takes its name from Conduit.
Thy journey, after many a turn and twist 'll
Land thee at Lower Ashley Road in Bristol.
Then pause, and, having raised a thankful voice,
Take 'midst five terraces thy doubtful choice;
And, envied by policemen on their beats,
Return, a lexicon of Bristol streets.

BUT the badness of the streets and the ignorance of policemen as to their whereabouts is nothing to the annoyance caused by the Salvation Army bands near St. Clement's Church in Newfoundland Road. "On Ascension Day," the Vicar writes, "our service was completely stopped for several minutes, as the preacher, who had a bad cold, was unable to shout above the din of the passing drum." I shudder to imagine what would have been the plight of the congregation if the preacher had been free from cold, and capable of shouting down a drum.

ROWING and cricket are more closely connected than many people suppose. In an account of the Oxford eight-oared humping races, I read that "New College started at a tremendous bat." This of course accounts for the bawling on the bank by which these races are always accompanied. Further on it is stated that "New College finished at 40, all out"—which seems rather a small score.

I COMMENT the brevity of the Mayor of Cambridge, Mr. HYDE HILLS, who, being obviously above Hyde Park, does not condescend to the verbosity of the spouters who on Sundays congregate in that locality. The other day Mr. HYDE HILLS was elected to be an Alderman, and all he said was, "I thank you." This is *optimi exempli*, especially for Aldermen.

LATELY I came across the following touching appeal of an impecunious son to his father:—

Sir,—I have piles of bills, Regular miles of bills; My banking account's in a hash. All on the debtor side, Nought on the better side; ["cash." The balance you'd hardly call	'Tis terrible when you're reduced thus to penury, Even if that's nothing new. Hope! Can I dream of it? Yes, there's a gleam of it; My quarter's allowance is due!
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At the Bigg Market in Newcastle was recently held what a local paper describes as "a demonstration in favour of temperance reform." "Demonstration" is a delightful word. It seems to express in the most compact form enthusiasm and strong language.

A QUESTION OF POLICE.—A few days since Liverpool set another lesson to London. No doubt with the consent of the Liverpoolians (inclusive of "the dangerous classes"), the local police force had a grand field-day. To quote our excellent contemporary, the *Courier*, "those who witnessed the police's steady march through the streets in three battalions, and their effectively-performed manoeuvres in Sefton Park, would hardly realise what the turn-out meant to most of the men. They were on duty through the night, and had very little rest before they had to parade for inspection (with the march-out and review), and the weather being warm, the display involved fatigue, so that the refreshments provided were very welcome." Yes, and no doubt well deserved. But why should London wait? Why should not we have something of the same kind? We might have a grand Police Review in Hyde Park. All that would be necessary would be to arrange that the metropolitan thieves should keep the ground!

PROVERBIAL PARLIAMENTARY ECONOMY, OR SHORT COMMONS FOR UPPER HOUSE.—Don't spare the Black Rod, and then you won't have to spoil the Upper-Housemaid.



"WHAT A KNIGHT WE'RE HAVING!"

David Garrick. "CONGRATULATE YOU, SIR HENRY! IN THE NAME OF THE PROFESSION! 'MAY YOU LIVE LONG, AND PROSPER!'"



HINTS FOR THE PARK.

DON'T PUT YOUR HORSE OUT OF THE WALK UNLESS YOU CAN REALLY RIDE.

NOTES FROM A PATIENT'S DIARY.

["Music is a serious therapeutic agent, which exercises a genuine and considerable influence over bodily functions."—*The Lancet*.]

Monday.—Feel rather out of sorts, slight touch of influenza, I fancy. Send round for Doctor. He shakes his head gravely, and produces stethoscope. I protest that there's nothing wrong with my lungs, and this is, therefore, unnecessary. But he explains that he treats all his patients by music nowadays; supposed stethoscope turns out to be a cornet, on which he performs selections from *Il Trovatore* for my benefit. Asks me if I feel better, and in order to get rid of him I pretend that I do. Later on in the day a small musical-box arrives, labelled "to be taken twice a day." Find it only plays one tune out of *Rigoletto*. Pitch it out of window.

Tuesday.—No better. Consult another doctor, who's just taken his degree (in music) at Oxford, and is supposed to be very clever. He feels my pulse, and looks solemn. Then he asks if I've been giving way to Italian opera lately, and appears coldly sceptical when I explain that I have been taking it by medical advice. Prescribes essence of WAGNER, to be taken at short intervals. Begin by attending a RICHTER concert. Dr. RICHTER's practice is said to be enormous, and every part of St. James's Hall is thronged by his patients.

Wednesday.—Better. Receive a large number of patent medicine circulars—this kind of thing: "Try our Indigestion Waltzes! Warranted to cure. All headache, giddiness and faintness removed at first time of hearing." Here's another: "Dentists superseded! All sufferers from Toothache should attend Herr BOSKOWSKY's course of Dental Piano Recitals. Worth a guinea a stall." I also learn that the Hirsutine Symphony cures baldness, and that the Pink Bavarian Band may be engaged to play "Slumber-Songs" to sufferers from insomnia.

Thursday.—Am aroused by five barrel-organs performing simultaneously under my next-door neighbour's window. Send a note round suggesting they should be dispersed. Answer "Sorry to cause annoyance, but our youngest child is suffering from chicken-pox, and has been ordered street-music every three hours." Go out to buy an air-gun. Later in the day, happening to take up the

Lancet at the Club, I find in it a long article on "The treatment of pleurisy by BEETHOVEN's Fifth Symphony in C Minor."

Friday.—Two seedy-looking men suddenly appear in the drawing-room after dinner to-night. Discover that they are "The Brothers TITTLEBAT" from the Abracadabra Music Hall, and that my wife has engaged them, by her doctor's orders, to sing comic songs every evening for a fortnight, in order to cure the depression of spirits from which she believes herself to be suffering. "The Brothers TITTLEBAT" seem to be suffering themselves from elevation of spirits—gin, to judge by the smell: kick them out, and decide to emigrate to-morrow.

LA DIVA AT DALY'S.

GISMONDA is poor stuff. The selection was a mistake. Lucky man SARDOU to have SARA for heroine. Great is SARDOU and SARA is his profit! Splendid as ever, but genius wasted on *Gismonda*. She will be seen at her best in other dramas. Wonderful *artiste*!

Yes, *artiste jusqu'au bout des ongles*, but why give us these real good tips, painted red? If it were in English, SARA might make some joke about her fingers being "reddy" for the assassination of the villain. This explanation does not exist in French. Probably it was the fashion in the time of *Gismonda*.

Will any dramatist give SARA an entirely new part in which she will not be compelled to purr, swear (like a cat, not a trooper), scratch, shriek, tumble on settees, clutch curtains, wrestle with cushions, and so forth?

Why, on first night, revive old custom of handing up baskets of flowers, per orchestra, to the heroine of the play and the Star of the Night? Why keep the audience waiting so long between each Act? We are not in Paris, and when we have too much "song," or play, we can't get any "supper."

NOTE (by our City Man).—Excellent notion for a hot June—"the Chili Loan." It will be a hot favourite: to be taken up warmly. Mem. Invest "cool thousand" in the Chili Loan.

THE SCARLET PARASOL.

SCENE III.—*The Hall. A quarter to Three in the afternoon.**Muriel (to ALAN, who is just taking his hat).* Oh! May I speak to you one moment, Master ROY?*Alan.* Pray do, dear Miss VANE. I am just going for a stroll by myself—to—to develop an idea I've got.*Muriel.* If you should happen to be going for a secret drive along the high road with VIOLA, in a dog-cart from JOHNSTONE'S, would you be so kind as to give her this? (*Hands scarlet parasol.*) She forgot it. And don't let her leave it anywhere. You see her initials are carved round it. And she is *always* losing things. Please be very careful!*Alan.* What on earth can have given you such an extraordinary idea, Miss VANE?*Muriel.* Well, a sort of coach-building, livery-stable person, from JOHNSTONE'S, is engaged to JANE, the housemaid. He came to see her to-day. . . . She has been ill, poor thing!*Alan.* How very distressing!*Muriel.* VIOLA said she was going to visit cottages. However, in case you should meet—one never knows—you'll give her the sunshade.*Alan.* You may depend upon it, Miss VANE.*In the Dog-cart. ALAN is driving very leisurely, and VIOLA trying to hide under her parasol.**Alan.* That's a perfectly delicious hat of yours!*Viola.* I am so glad you like it! This is a very nice dog-cart, and this is a pretty lane to drive in, so cool and green.*Viola (starting violently).* Good heavens! There are the clergyman and his wife.*Alan.* Why are you agitated, Mrs. TRAVERS? They look very gentle and harmless.*Viola.* Gentle and harmless! If they tell ALBERT?*Alan.* Does he disapprove of the clergy taking exercise in the open air?*Viola (pettishly).* Of course not. How absurd!*Alan.* Shall we get out presently, and sit in one of these nice fields, and make daisy-chains? There are daisies in fields, I know—though I am rather urban.*Viola.* Oh, yes; and cowslips!*Alan.* You ought to give a cowslip-ball, Mrs. TRAVERS. It would be charming. May I come?*Viola.* If you're old enough by then!*Alan.* Oh, I'm never going to be old enough.*Viola.* Really not?*Alan (candidly).* It's a great thing to have settled on one's pose, Mrs. TRAVERS; and one can't be always changing—it's so much trouble!*In the Field.**Viola (trying to enjoy herself).* This is lovely! So cool! and the sky so—so blue!*Alan.* You have a perfect passion for scenery! (*He picks some flowers, and gives them to her.*) I have so many things I want to tell you—*Viola.* About yourself?*Alan.* No, about you. Things you don't know—*Viola (starting).* Oh! Is that someone we know?*Alan.* I hope you wouldn't know a man who wears such a hat as that in the country!*Viola.* It's all right—I don't know him.*Alan (trying to recover the thread).* About yourself—your eyes, for instance. Has anyone ever told you how annihilating they are?*Viola.* I'm very glad you like them, Master ROY; but we really must go now, Dr. ROBERTS will be there to tea, and they will think it odd—*Alan (ironically).* Oh, it would be terrible to miss Dr. ROBERTS—quite terrible!*[Follows her, thinking the expedition rather a failure. As he helps her into the dog-cart, she knocks her ankle very slightly.]**Viola.* Oh! Oh! I've broken my ankle! I shan't be able to walk home! It will all be found out! Oh, why did we do this!*Alan (to himself).* Why indeed! (*To VIOLA.*) Poor dear child, how absolutely dreadful! But, if Dr. ROBERTS is there it will be all right. He can set it.*Viola.* Set it! How can you talk in that heartless way! Why did you make me come for this drive?*Alan (apologetically).* I really thought you seemed as if you'd like to! Come, I can't allow you to cry.*[Tries to dry her eyes. She moves away. He drops his whip and has to get out and pick it up. They drive back very quickly and in entire silence, save for a few groans from VIOLA.]**Viola.* Well, I suppose I must try to hobble home. Yes, I'm a little better. Do take the horrid dog-cart away! It's an absurd one—brown and ridiculous. Do I look as if I'd been crying—much?*Alan (coldly but evasively).* You look perfectly charming.*Viola.* Oh! take that buttercup out of your coat! Someone might suspect!*Muriel (meeting VIOLA at the garden gate).* Oh, VIOLA, such wonderful things have been happening! Quick—before we see anyone else. Dr. ROBERTS has been here. Well, he proposed to me! and I accepted him like a girl in a book! You see, you were out.*Viola.* All right. Oh, MURIEL, I am so ill, and so anxious. I have such a toothache, I can hardly walk. I hurt my foot, reading to a poor woman in a cottage.*Muriel.* Some tea will cure you. But, VIOLA, will you and ALBERT be nice about my engagement?*Viola.* The truth is I had such a dull, wretched, idiotic drive with ALAN ROY, that I can't be nice about anything.*Muriel.* Will you consult VALENTINE? Dr. ROBERTS, you know?*Viola.* How can you go and get engaged to people called VALENTINE!*At Dinner. Everyone very cheery, except CLAUDE MIGNON, who looks depressed, and Mrs. AVERIDGE, who is unnoticed.**Albert (serving soup).* What is that ring?*Viola.* Oh, nothing.*Servant.* Please, Sir, it's only JOHNSTONE has sent misses's parasol, that was left in the cart!*Albert.* This is some mistake! You didn't drive to-day, VIOLA?*Muriel (apart to ALAN).* Shall I betray you? (*To ALBERT.*) The fact is Master ROY went out alone, to develop an idea; and I lent him VIOLA's parasol, because he was afraid of getting sunburnt.*Alan.* One has to be so careful. Freckles run dreadfully in my family. I had them once, and a relapse is most dangerous!*After Dinner.**Viola.* Darling MURIEL! I congratulate you and VALENTINE. VALENTINE is such a pretty name! How sweet you were! I shall never have another secret!*Muriel.* And shall you tell ALBERT all about it?*Viola.* Perhaps—to-morrow!*Claude Mignon (to ALAN).* I hate a house where a girl is engaged! I'm going away to-morrow.*Alan.* So am I.*Claude Mignon.* Rather a clumsy-looking creature—the old Doctor?*Alan.* Oh, no! Very distinguished!*Muriel (to ALAN, in a low voice).* I told you not to leave the parasol.*Alan.* You did, dear Miss VANE. It was dear of you.*Muriel.* And did you develop your idea?*Alan.* Well—no. Somehow, it didn't quite come off.

THE END.

BYE-BYE TO DAUDET.—We could not stand the presence of two lions in London; so, when NASRULLA KHAN appeared on the scene, ALPHONSE DAUDET made his exit. Our "*Beau-bel Poëte*" sends us his jingle:—

DAUDET est parti!

Good-bye my hearty!

"Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo,"

Bon soir DAUDET! "*allez faire Dodo!*"AN INTERREGNUM OF BRUTALITY.—The *Times* last week announced that

"Applications for the vacant Chair of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh should be lodged not later than Saturday, June 29."

Alas! Poor Humanity! It may be news to many that the Chair of Humanity is in the possession of the Northern University. Of course a very large arm-chair, with arms to embrace all mankind. And a very easy chair. Whoever sits in it is only a Professor, and what is mere profession without practice?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Madame MELBA as *Juliette*! Bless her heart, she must have had a very large one, being a decidedly fine girl for her age, which I believe was fifteen; while *Romeo* was about nineteen, or thereabouts. MONS. ALVAREZ, it is needless to add, looked quite "thereabouts." Both singing and acting in first-rate style. *Jupiter-Plançon*, converted, appears as *Frère Laurent*, which, sounding like "Law-wrong," is a name rather descriptive of this worthy Friar's somewhat underhand proceedings. *Friar Law-wrong-Plain-song* excellent. Full house night before the Derby. If omens go for anything, the gentleman who was making a book in the lobby, and who overheard some one speak of the opera as *Rosebery and Juliette*, might have made a small fortune. The slip was a tip.



Some people say, "Why orchestra in 'well' below stage?" But Sir DRURIOPLANUS, with experience of general advantage to sound and sight, says, "Shan't touch 'em. 'Leave well alone' is my motto." Exit Sir D. merrily.

Saturday.—Strange case of *Rigoletto & Co.*—"Co." being MELBA at her best, BAUMEISTER and clever JULIA RAVOGLI, with DE LUCIA as the Gay Dook, ANCONA as the Fool, suggestive of the *Paghiacci* mummer with a court appointment, "House full." MAUREL is coming. To *Falstaff* and *Don Giovanni* he will give a "high Maurel tone."

SPORT, SPECULATION, AND COUNSEL'S OPINION.

So many letters have reached me during the past week begging for my opinion upon the legality of what may be termed sporting financial speculation, that I scarcely apologise for asking the hospitality of the columns of the leading law paper to give my response. No doubt the inquiry has to some extent been fostered by the report that I was seen taking part in the hippodromatic revels of the Derby Day. It is true that I certainly visited Epsom on the occasion in question; but only in a semi-official capacity. I have the honour to be consulting assessor of the Diamond Mine Salting Syndicate, Limited, and in that desirable position have frequently attended the meetings of the directors on occasions, so to speak, outside the Board-room. It is true that my experience as one learned in the law is seldom required at such seasons, still the directors, as fiduciaries, are to be applauded for neglecting no opportunity of availing themselves of my services.

Having satisfactorily explained how it came that I was on the Downs when, by a not unnatural coincidence, the Derby was decided, I proceed to consider the question that has been propounded to me. Is sporting speculative finance illegal? It is not a matter that can be decided off-hand. One must be careful not to interfere with the policy of trade, and do nothing to impede the development of honest industry. I am asked by a correspondent, who dates "From Sheffield," if there is anything undignified in his appearing as a "bookie" in a pink velvet coat, a yellow slouch hat, with blue feathers, and black leather knickerbockers. I can see no objection to a tradesman wearing any costume he determines to select. It would perhaps be as well not to attempt to disguise his features, as the operation might savour of secrecy, the chief element of fraud. This limitation of course does not apply to an auctioneer, who, having his name and address displayed on a board hanging on the rostrum he occupies, can legally carry on his business, if it so pleases him, in a false nose, a comic wig, and a pair of green spectacles.

But really, a consideration of the costume of the "bookie" merely reaches the fringe of the subject. The real point at issue is this—Is betting legal or illegal? It is hard to say. That a bet made on the racecourse is recoverable is questionable. Suppose that A is prepared to give odds against *The Earl's Choice* (the favourite, quoted officially at 2 to 1) at the rate of five shillings against one thousand pounds sterling. Presume that B agrees to the wager and *The Earl's Choice* wins. B naturally asks for the immediate payment by A of one thousand pounds sterling. A declines. Has B any remedy against A? I am afraid that the Court (although allowing costs on the higher scale) would not assist the plaintiff in making good his claim. However, it would be possible for B to represent to the other side that the conduct of A was of a character warranting chronic detention in a lunatic asylum. If this suggestion were adopted with the necessary discretion, I have no doubt that a compromise satisfactory to B would eventually be the outcome of the negotiations.

However, although I am a little uncertain about other bets, I have no doubt in my own mind that coach sweepstakes under certain circumstances should be discouraged. I do not wish to rely upon case law, but would rather appeal to that honest, manly feeling that is (so

I have been given to understand) the birthright of every Englishman. When all Nature is smiling, and man (smoking a three-shilling cigar) is at rest, why trouble about mounts and starters and blanks?

I have in my mind at this moment the drawing of a certain sweepstakes. An eminent counsel (I will not mention his name), was present and drew a blank. On his behalf I appeal for a revision, a reversal of judgment. Do not let there be a mixture of the glories of Nature with the ups and down of sporting speculative practice. Let those who took part in that sweep—winners and losers alike—return their stakes. I will hold them on the general behalf. Then when I have received the cash as trustee I will find out that eminent counsel and place the money in his hands. I have nothing more to add, save to set forth as a guarantee of good faith my signature warranted by my address.

Pump-handle Court, June 1, 1895.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

OH, MY PROPHETIC SOUL, MY PUNCHIUS!

[*"Punch* made a great hit" (in his last Cartoon "A Doubtful Stayer"), "and will probably take credit to himself for having been one of the very few who 'tipped' *Sir Visto* for the Derby."—*Leeds Mercury*.]

THANKS, Mercury, thanks! Acclaim from all ranks

Declares *Mr. Punch* is the prophet to follow.

The Public rejoices, and Mercury voices

The popular praise due to Punchius Apollo.

The oracular god, with a genial nod,

Admits that he knew it, foresaw it, and said it!

But oh, deary, deary! His pen it would weary

If for all his successful straight tips he "took credit."

At Delphi of old they sometimes hit the gold;

Punch's oracles nought to equivocal mist owe.

No riddle or rebus contents the new Phœbus,

So all wise men twigg'd when he tipped 'em *Sir Visto*!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE particular Baroness to whom the Baron handed over *The Holy Estate* (a novel in three volumes, by two authors, W. H. WILKINS and FRANK THATCHER, published by HUTCHINSON & Co.), says that in explanation it is called by its authors "a study in morals,"

but where the morals come in or come out it would be difficult to say. Apparently, in the majority of the characters, there is a singular lack of any virtuous quality. A young innocent girl marries a gay soldier and goes out to India. Here she finds herself placed in a land where principles are decidedly at a discount. Her husband turns out, to put it mildly, a blackguard (with a big, big "B"), and his friends are of the same fascinating type. In a typical, melodramatic, "Adelphi villain" there is something almost wholesome as compared with the modern bad man of "*Yellow-Book*" fiction, who is simply revolting. [By the way, interpolates the Baron, the latest *Yellow Book* is comparatively quite decorous and without an Aubrey-Beardsley illustration!] Of course, the hero and heroine of *The Holy Estate* have to pass through the fiery ordeal of Indian Society; how they come out of it the reader may discover. But as pessimism is the artistic order of the day, they are not allowed to finish well and "live happy ever afterwards." My Baroness adds, with a frown, "It cannot be called pleasant reading, nor is there in it any sign of the genius of a DAUDET or a ZOLA which might be accepted as, in some sort, a literary excuse for its being brought into existence."

(Signed)

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

As Broad as Long.

First Critic. Shortness now rules in Novel and in Song,

Which, like men's clothes, are cut and made to

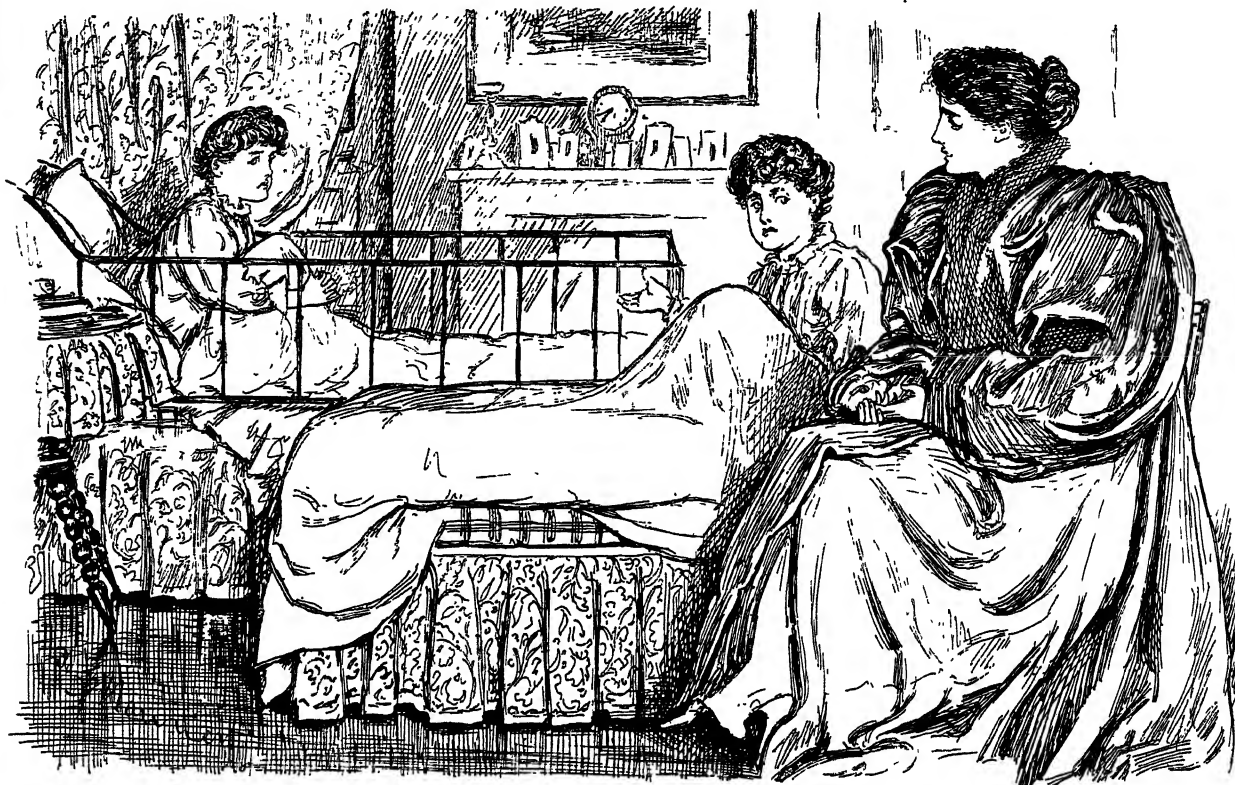
Second Critic. It may be Tale and Lay are now less long, [order.

But they make up for it by growing broader.

SPORTING PARADOX.—ROSEBERY was more of a "favourite" when he was an "outsider." Perhaps, like his *Sir Visto*, when an outsider again—which he seems likely soon to be—he will be safer to back for a "place," if not for an absolute win.

BEST SOLUTION OF MINISTERIAL DIFFICULTIES.—*Dissolution.*





A FORTIORI.

Mamma. "NOT ASLEEP YET, GEORGE?"

George. "NO; I CAN'T GET TO SLEEP BECAUSE JACK SAYS HE'S GOT CRUMBS IN HIS BED. HE COULDN'T MAKE MORE FUSS IF IT WAS THE WHOLE LOAF!"

DAUDET!

(An old Comic Song re-sung for the benefit of a French Critic.)

["As for English women, their looks and their dress, the less said the better. They have, in M. DAUDET's opinion, neither beauty nor taste."—*The Times' Correspondent in Paris.*]

AIR—"Doo-dah!"

OH, ALPHONSE! Gallantry befits your race!
DAUDET! DAUDET!
Can you look hereafter in an Englishwoman's face,
DAUDET? DAUDET-say?
You must have snoozed all night,
You must have blinked all day;
Have been blind—*pro tempore*—to Beauty's light,
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!
Is every Englishwoman then a Grundy or a Gamp,
DAUDET? DAUDET?
Did you play Diogenes—without his lamp—
DAUDET? DAUDET-say?
Have you joined the pessimist churls
Who of nothing good can say,
That you slight our women and insult our girls,
DAUDET? DAUDET-say?
Oh, Dan seems empty and Beersheba bare,
DAUDET! DAUDET!
And there's nothing tasteful, and there's no one fair,
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!
To the saffron skin of France
English rose-tints must give way?
At our British Beauties *did* you get a glance,
DAUDET? DAUDET-say?
You land male Britons, whilst you pour dispraise—
DAUDET! DAUDET!—
On our girls and matrons! 'Tis a travellers' craze,
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!
The Frank abroad—is frank,—
From the *belles* of France away,
He is doubtless home-sick, but he need not turn "crank."
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

The less said the better? Well, *that's* true, no doubt,

DAUDET! DAUDET!

But the little that you *have* said is all sneer and flout,

DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

The maids of France are fair!—

Are the men fair too? Ah! nay.

Not if you're a specimen, my debonaire

DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

Neither taste nor beauty? Oh! you *must* have been bad,

DAUDET! DAUDET!

The *mal de mer* all the time you must have had,

DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

The jaundice worked its will

Upon you all the way!

Try again—after swallowing a big blue pill—

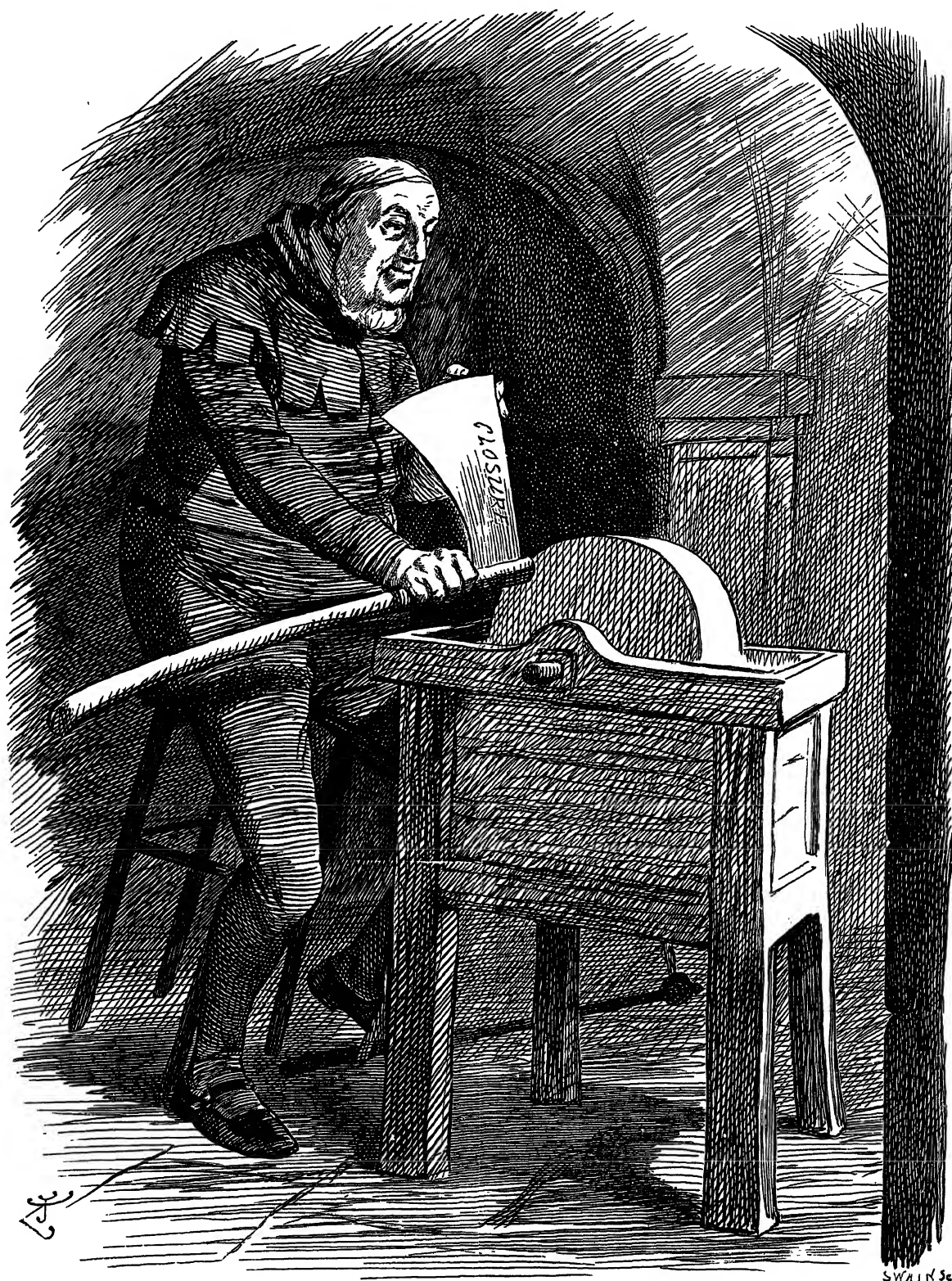
DAUDET! DAUDET-say!

Sands and Sea.

(By a Harrow Boy who was "ploughed" at Exam.)

"PLOUGHING the sands" has been shown, in a letter to the *Times*, to be, in some cases, a productive operation. If the sands are well ploughed, and well sown, then may a fine crop be expected. When "Ploughing the sands" is no longer remunerative, then let all hands be summoned aboard, and the Government vessel in search of General Election Island may "Plough the sea," and come safely into port. What is successful "ploughing" to them will be "harrowing" to the Opposition.

"O SUCH A DAY WAS NEVER SEEN!"—Mr. Justice DAY is always a bright, never a dull DAY. His judicial utterances are like the sea around the Isle of Man, clear and profound. Rarely does he miss a good point; yet so it was the other day when, in a trial of "*Legge v.*" a heap of people (not involving any question of "*Legge bail*"), Mr. Justice DAY observed, "I find now very high rank held by doctors in the Army. There are Captain-surgeons, Colonel-surgeons, and I am not sure there are not Generals. (*Laughter.*)" "Not sure," Mr. Justice! Why 'tis as clear as Day! There is another and a higher grade, viz., "General-Practitioner."



HARCOURT THE HEADSMAN.





'HOPE YOU BACKED THE WINNER?'

'MY DEAR FELLOW, ONLY TOO DELIGHTED. BUT YOU NEVER TOLD ME!'

A REALLY BIG PURCHASE BY A PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL, AT A VERY MODERATE FIGURE. —For 260 guineas Mr. W. AGNEW purchased "Lambeth Palace—in the distance." It is no "distance" to speak of, as twopence more will take the purchaser by steam-boat from almost any landing-stage across the river to Lambeth. It should perhaps be added, so as not to frighten the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, that in the purchase were included "Old Westminster Bridge (a view of), with State Barges and Boats." The whole Thames-water-colour having been painted in oil by SCOTT. This lot, by Great SCOTT, went as above-mentioned.

MUSICAL EXERCISE FOR BICYCLISTS.—Try WAGNER'S "CYCLE."

"WANTS TO KNOW."—"Dear Sir,—I saw a paragraph in the *Times* quite recently headed 'A Confirmed Pickpocket.' I am all for the religious improvement of the dangerous classes, and what I want to know is, *Firstly*, Was the lad a pickpocket before he was confirmed? *Secondly*, Or, did he become a pickpocket after confirmation? *Thirdly*, What bishop or curate was responsible for his confirmation? Other questions arise out of this case, but these are enough for the present. Yours, A FEMALE SEARCHER."

FROM OUR OWN SMALL SCHOLAR.—"That's where I should like to be," sighed SAM SUCKER minus, as in his geography lesson he read the name of Orange Free State. "Fancy, oranges free!!"

A MODEL REMODELLED.

THE "Revised Edition"—probably to style it "The Revised Version" would savour too much of the Biblical Committee Room—of *An Artist's Model* now removed to the Lyric is occasionally "funny," though not absolutely "without being" occasionally "vulgar." Its weakest point is its story, but as the plot only occasionally obtrudes itself upon the audience, the weakest point is, therefore, not worth mentioning, only its strong points, which consist in MARIE TEMPEST'S singing, but not in what she has to sing, and in Miss LETTY LIND'S mild warbling and charming dancing, which latter thoroughly deserves the hearty encores she obtains, as does also Mr. FARKOA'S capital rendering of an otherwise not particularly brilliant French laughing song. Mr. ERIC LEWIS and Mr. W. BLAKELEY attain great distinction by their clever rendering of nothing in particular.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN appears depressed. But comic relief to his sentimental sadness is given by both LAWRENCE D'ORSAY, with as much of the traditional D'ORSAY courtliness that is left of it, and Mr. FARREN SOUTAR, worthy inheritor of a double talent. Lyrics of H. GREENBANK neat, as they always are; but the compositions of Mr. SIDNEY JONES will probably "keep the stage," as it is impossible, at one hearing, at all events, to carry any of it away with you. The "house," on this occasion, excellent; far better than the piece.

Joseph's Coat.

["There is a Chinese regiment which enjoys the terrible and glorious appellation of 'The Tiger-Braves.' They are dressed in coats covered with spots to resemble the skin of the animal from which they take their name. . . . The Government are a regiment of Tiger-Braves."—*Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham.*]

JOE, who should know all about "beasts" and "caves,"

Now calls his whilom colleagues "Tiger-Braves."

Well, his own coat bears strange new Party He is a leopard who *has* "changed his spots."

DELIGHTFUL PROGRAMME.—We see that Mr. CHARLES REDDIE advertises a morning concert for June 11 at Prince's Hall. The audience will be there, and he will be always "Reddie, aye Reddie." Exhausted after playing, he will re-appear and be *Reddie-vivus*; and, in fact, there is a perfect store of puns on his name which must have frequently occurred to himself as a Reddie-witted person. That he is to be assisted by M. EMIL SAURET on the violin no one will be Sauret to hear; and that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE gives his name and presence on this occasion will make the concert ever memorable. Concert under direction of ubiquitous DANIEL MAYER, in himself Mayer and Corporation of musical world.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—In view of the French President's accepting an invitation from the LORD MAYOR, the Common Councillors are daily practising a bacchanalian chorus, in harmony, of which the words are:—

"*Faure!* he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us!"

LYCEUM ADVERTISEMENT.—"King Arthur"—Sir HENRY IRVING. Knightly performance.

MOTTO FOR EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.—Open for "Wheel or Woe!"

COMBINED DISPLAY OF ALL ARMS.—A *soirée dansante* during the season.



"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE CARES FOR YOU?"

"WHY, MAMMA TALKED TO HIM FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR LAST EVENING, AND HE REALLY SEEMED TO ENJOY IT!"

"WATERS, WATERS EVERYWHERE!"

ONE of the reasons for the popularity of Apollinaris Water mentioned the other day at a "meeting of the waters" was, that men generally soon became on such intimate terms with this water-nymph as to be able to speak of her familiarly as "Polly." "Whisky and Polly" seemed to go so well together as to be suggestive of a round dance, in which the admirer of "Polly" was whisky-ing her round the ball-room. The gradual rise of Johannis in public opinion, delayed, of course, in the first place, by politeness on the part of "Johnnie," who must cede the *pas* to "Polly," is due to the fact that the aerated-water drinkers had not made up their minds as to whether Johannis was to be addressed as "Jo" or "Johnnie." We believe that "Johnnie" is now the accepted appellation. Whether "Johnnie" and "Polly" are on the best terms, this deponent knoweth not; nor is he aware that during the season The Bishop of Bath and Wells or The Bishop of Sodor-water-and-Man will bless the union of "Johnnie" and "Polly," though at one time there was a report to that effect. To alter the

title of the old semi-nautical drama, *Poll and Partner Joe*, of which the second hero was a Water-man, "Poll and her Partner Johnnie" ought to get on well together.

AFTER WHITSUNTIDE.

Brown. You're looking extremely well.
Jones. Never fitter!
Brown. Took a run to Paris, eh?
Jones. No. Saw French play, though.
Brown. Went to seaside or river, eh?
Jones. No. Can't stand expensive discomfort. I had some decent boating, though.
Brown. Went for inland scenery?
Jones. No; although I sauntered under noble trees, and got some magnificent views.
Brown. Switzerland? Italy?
Jones. No time for long journeys. I enjoyed fine air, and walked twenty miles a day; studied fine Old Masters, and enjoyed a stroll in a museum which has no equal.
Brown. Really!! Then, in the name of wonder, where have you been staying?
Jones. In London.

[Farewells exchanged, and exeunt.]

A KNIGHT OF THE WILLOW;

Or, why not "Sir W. G. Grace"?

["Dr. W. G. GRACE, whose name has been everywhere of late—except where it might well have been, on the Birthday Honours list."—*Times*.]

WHY not? Great Scott! "The play's the thing,"

Before the footlights, round the ring

At Lord's, it little matters,—

Easily first is easily first!

Just fancy what a glorious burst

From throats aglow with zeal—and thirst—

Would hail the Knight of Batters!

They've shouted for him many a time,

Whose mellow age is still his prime,

And others' youth surpasses;

But how they'd make the welkin split

If honours donors had the wit

To knight this Hero of the Hit,

And favourite of the masses!

"The play's the thing." Sir HENRY IRVING

Sounds well. Who'll question *his* deserving

When 'midst the knights they place it?

But here's a player just as great

In his own field. Why should he wait?

However high be knighthood's state,

The name of GRACE will grace it!

What greater joy to crowds affords

Than the announcement "GRACE at Lord's"?

What lots of "Lords" and "Graces"

Do less than England's W. G.

To furnish genuine sport and glee

To thousands, who still throng to see

How well he "times" and "places."

True, "Thunderer," true! He stands the test.

Unmatched, unchallengeable Best

At our best game! Requite him!

For thirty years to hold first place,

And still, unpassed, keep up the pace,

Pleases a stout, sport-loving race.

By Jove, "Sir WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE"

Sounds splendid. *Punch* says—"Knight him!"

"IN THE NAME OF PROFIT—TOGS!"

IT seems that the uniform of the SHAHZADA, worn by his Highness on State occasions in England, was designed by a Briton, and consequently is not included in the official garb of the Afghan Army. Presumably the same sartorial artist was responsible for NARULLA's "get up" at the Derby. The son of our ally appeared on that memorable occasion in "a harmony in grey"—grey frock-coat, waistcoat and trousers, with grey fez turban to match. No doubt the head-dress was relieved with a diamond worth £1,000,000, or something of the sort, just to show that our guest was of eastern origin. The following suggestion for complete outfits may be found useful:—

Yachting.—Suit of blue serge, covered with rubies and diamonds. Straw hat, made of golden wire, encrusted with emeralds. Tan shoes, studded with brilliants. Shirt of silver tissue, with collar and cuffs of virgin gold. Telescope of turquoise, with sling of linked Queen Anne's guineas.

Shooting.—Suit of ditto's of gold tissue. Shoulder-guard of diamonds. Deer-stalker of birds of Paradise breast-feathers. Boots of young crocodile leather, embroidered with lapis lazuli.

Private Dinners.—Gold coat and trousers. Silver shirt and waistcoat. Diamond opera hat and overcoat of various precious stones. Handkerchief of woven brilliants. Necktie of antediluvian aluminium at £520 10s. 4d. a grain.

TARTARIN SUR LA TAMISE.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET has gone back to his own country. He is pleased with us on the whole. We have learnt his language and read his books.

We are not so clever or intelligent as the French; but we are more stable of purpose and despise ridicule, and keep ourselves well informed about other countries. *L'enfant dit vrai, peut-être!*

Our women, however, are inferior to French women, as they lack either beauty or taste: and the less said about their looks and dress the better. *Toujours galant, "le petit Chose!" Pécarré!* TARTARIN has surpassed himself; and if he manages to persuade his fair compatriots that he is sincere in this, *il aura bien mérité de la patrie*; and will recover all his old popularity. Nothing will remain for him but to prove that we lost the Battle of Waterloo, and that the Lord Mayor is a more important person than Queen VICTORIA. After that, *"Aux grands hommes de la France, la Patrie reconnaissante."*

The Latest Edition of "The Chronicles of Holinshed," written by JOHN "of that ilk." Honest JOHN is outspoken. His motto is the truth and nothing but the truth—as far as he can recollect it. His memory appears to be good. JOHN is Frank.

DRAMATIC TEMPORARY PROVERB (adapted for Garrick Theatre).—"When the HARE is away the WILLARD will play."



INSULARITY.

"BY THE WAY, RADDLES, A RUSSIAN PRINCE IS COMING TO DINE WITH US NEXT WEEK!" "AH, THEN, SIR, I SUPPOSE HE AIN'T O' MUCH ACCOUNT IN HIS OWN COUNTRY!"

REGRETS.

"To wish is folly, to regret absurd."

THAT I went out in my new hat and light summer clothes, and did not take my umbrella the only day within the last fortnight when there was an hour's rain.

THAT I had already accepted an invitation when one to a party that would have been infinitely more pleasant all round subsequently arrived.

THAT I took that champagne last night, and some other things.

THAT I left off my winter "things" before summer had set in.

THAT I returned to my winter "things" just when summer weather did set in.

THAT I went out to supper and supped heartily.

THAT I didn't have that tooth out when it first pained me.

THAT my dentist should take a four days' holiday just when I wanted him badly.

THAT I put into five sweeps and drew blank.

THAT I lent a man half-a-sovereign.

THAT I didn't back the winner.

COMMERCIAL AND NAUTICAL.—Two City men, twin brothers and partners, in character the very reverse of CHARLES DICKENS's kind and generous *Cheerybles*, are known as "The Twin Screws."

WHITSUNTIDE.—"Don't stop in! I'll take you out if you'll only come," as the dentist said to the tooth.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.:

House of Commons, Monday, May 27.—RITCHIE back to-day, after long absence. Changed address from Tower Hamlets to Croydon. Waiting to be called to table by SPEAKER, had opportunity of hearing long debate round Bill promoted by London County Council. RITCHIE, as President of Local Government Board in last Ministry, made London County Council possible. Happy thought to play him in, as it were, with County Council debate.

"Been out of it nearly three years now, TONY," said RITCHIE, when, one of a score of old members, I went to shake hands and bid him welcome; "just the same old place; perhaps a little duller at the moment. What they want is new blood, or, perhaps, better still, a re-infusion of old blood. Can't give them a new County Council Bill; must try and make them somehow sit up."

These thoughts pressed upon him as he stood at table signing Roll of Parliament after having been sworn in. Brought his hat with him, as new Members do, since, as yet, they have no peg to hang it on. Placed it on table whilst he signed the Roll. Passing on to be introduced to SPEAKER, observed with a start that there were two hats on the table. Odd. Was sure he had brought only one. Blessed is the man who makes two blades of grass grow where formerly only one peeped forth. Possibly analogous benison for a man who, planting one hat down on a table, looks and behold there are two. Happy omen; make the most of it; wouldn't do to go



Ritchie Redivivus!

(From a sketch picked up near the Front Opposition Bench.)

off with two hats. House sure to remark it. Besides, how could he shake hands with the SPEAKER holding a hat in either hand? Next best thing to select the newest; did so with pretty air of abstraction; advanced one step between table and Treasury Bench on way to SPEAKER's chair when he felt firm grip on his elbow, and a well-known voice in his ear.

"Give me neither RITCHIES nor poverty, but do leave me my hat."

It was the voice of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. How d'ye do?" said RITCHIE, hurriedly returning the SQUIRE's Sunday hat, and taking up his own, which had suffered the rigours of a wet and windy nomination day.

House cheered and laughed. KNATCHBULL-HUGGESSON gravely shook his head. "That's all very well," said he. "But a man who would pander to the lowest instincts of humanity by clearing the way for parish councils, would do anything."

Business done.—Another night's talk round Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Tuesday.—Prospect of hearing JOHN WILLIAM move adjournment of House over Derby Day, and JOHN LENG reply on other side, sufficed to crowd benches. Such encounter of wits rarely delights mankind these degenerate days. Such lightness of touch! Such gleaming attack! Such brilliant defence! In short, such badinage! Such persiflage! Old Members recall earlier conflicts in same field. Young Members look back on clever speech made by ELCHO in moving adjournment one year, capped by equally brilliant speech when, in the following Session, he seconded WILFRID LAWSON on the negative course.

This and all else would be excelled when JOHN WILLIAM began to eat, and LENE made light reply.

This was natural expectation from reputation of these famous wits. In dreary conversation that followed there was one solitary flicker

of humour; it was discovered by anxious searcher in the circumstance that the whole business was utterly, hopelessly prosaic. There wasn't a laugh in it from beginning to end. House begins to think it has had enough of this elaborate annual tourney of humour. Next year, if motion for adjournment over Derby Day is made, it will be better to have question put forth-with, and so divide. Another experience like the exceedingly bad half-hour endured this afternoon is more than should fall to the lot of a single generation.

Business done.—House agreed by 221 votes against 174 that it could not afford to take a holiday. Straightway proceeded to waste remainder of sitting in vain repetition of argument round clauses of Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Thursday.—Well for PRINCE ARTHUR he chanced to be absent to-night when Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES hauled alongside SILOMIO and raked him fore and aft. KENYON, who knows more than you think when you hear him speak, tells me it is pretty certain when the next Government is formed SILOMIO will have his choice of succeeding either EDWARD GREY or SYDNEY BUXTON. Neither office is of Cabinet rank. But with the chief in the Lords, a statesman of SILOMIO's ability and sagacity can make and keep a position equal in importance and influence to some more highly placed. No one will deny that the promotion will have been well earned. The Sheffield Knight has, perhaps, been more prominently associated with the conduct of Colonial affairs than with those nominally directed by Lord KIMBERLEY with the assistance of EDWARD GREY. This is a view strengthened by the circumstance of the honourable title conferred upon him by the emissaries from Swaziland. Actually, SILOMIO knows quite as much of Foreign Affairs as he does of Colonial.

To-night, on Vote on Account, he concentrated his attention on the action of the Foreign Office. Surveying its operations from China to Peru, he was constrained unreservedly to condemn them. Everywhere the British Minister had truckled to the foreigner. The flag of England, which the emigrants in the *Mayflower* proudly carried with them even in their exile, was dragged through every gutter of foreign capitals.

"There never was a time," said SILOMIO, "when this country was so isolated among the nations of Europe."

This grand speech echoed through nearly empty House. PRINCE ARTHUR and his colleagues on Front Opposition Bench, as usual, paid their distinguished colleague the highest compliment. They knew he would say the right thing in the right way, at the right time. Whilst he kept the gate no traitor could pass, no harm befall a beloved country. So, with one accord, they went off, leaving CASABIANCA SILOMIO to tread alone the deck, burning with his eloquence.

On the benches behind sat only TOMLINSON, who sometimes wishes PRINCE ARTHUR had a little more of SILOMIO's go; KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN who doesn't think the Knight is quite the model of a country gentleman, but likes to hear him shout at the Government;

and Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, wearing his best Sunday ducks in honour of a sultry day that reminds him faintly of breathless moments spent in the Forties in the Bight of Benin.

SILOMIO sat down and mopped the shining top of his patriotic head

with a handkerchief hemmed in Germany. The Cap'en, catching the Chairman's eye with the hook that serves in place of the strong right hand cut off by the flashing blade of the Moor whose felucca TOMMY was boarding under the impression it was a ferry-boat, sprang to his feet. "Unthinking diatribes," he called SILOMIO's noble speech; lamented the effect upon foreign powers of its delivery "by a responsible leader of the party"; and said much else that would have shocked the House had Members chanced to be present. PRINCE ARTHUR, who so acutely felt, and so bitterly resented, GEORGE RUSSELL's recent sneer at the Patriot Knight, was spared the anguish

of the moment by that carefully concerted movement which, happily, calls SILOMIO's colleagues off the Front Bench when he is about to discourse on Foreign Affairs.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

Friday.—House met to wind up business previous to Whitsun recess. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, always considerate, been thinking over ways of enjoying the holiday. Struck him nothing would be nicer than free admission for M.P.'s and their friends to witness process of vivisection. Put the matter before HOME SECRETARY in his genial way. ASQUITH very sorry, but has no power to give the desired admission. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS a little depressed, but went off with the consciousness that he had at least done his best.

"There is no enterprise in these people, TOBY," he complained. "We in London are much behind the age. We haven't here what in Paris is, I believe, called the *Mor-gew*: a nice, quiet place to turn into when you are out holiday-making. I have my own resources. When house is shut and I can't go about the basement and cellars smelling out the oil lamps, I sit on edge of fountain in Trafalgar Square and sniff its balmy waters. Everyone not equally independent. If we had only about the parks and in the thoroughfares places open to the respectable public where they might see vivisection going on, we should be a happier nation."

Business done.—House adjourned for the Whitsun recess. Back again June 10.

Wail of the Wire-puller.

Oh dear, what can the matter be?

R-S-B-RY doesn't seem hearty.

'Tis very well winning the Derby "Blue Ribbon," But that will not bind up—our Party!

NASRULLA KHAN.—On the Sunday immediately following his uncommonly fatiguing first day in town, the SHAHZADA was requested to visit the Zoo. Wire from Porcupine, who, on account of his splendid set of quills, acts as Secretary to the Zoo Society, ran thus:—"Will Khan visit Zoo?" Exhausted Receiver's reply brief but to the point, exhibiting fine mastery of English language, "*Khan can't*."

CLASSIC TITLE FOR DR. GRACE.—"The Centurion."



Cromwell. "Brother JOSEPH, Brother JOSEPH, for a Roundhead I find thee in strange company!"

"But what a pity it is that we cannot revive Oliver Cromwell in the flesh, and not only in marble." Mr. Chamberlain's Speech at Birmingham, May 29.



An Authority on Heraldry!
(Mr. Egerton All-n.)

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

THERE is, of course, to be an Eisteddfod in 1896; and it appears that the Llandudno Executive Committee have been making some revolutionary proposals with reference to it. They have resolved that they "respectfully desire that the Gorsedd will see its way to concur in the subject for the chair being in any metre, and not restricted to an awdl. The Committee are aware that the awdl has antiquity and custom in its favour, but, while calculated to develop skill in metrical composition, the local Committee feel that the necessity of composing in the form of an awdl is fettering to the conception and imagination." I cannot say what an awdl is, but I am dead against fetters, and, therefore, I say, down with the dastardly, fettering awdl.



SWIFT, strike off the fetters, wherever they're found,
Let the song-loving Welshman go free and unbound.
To the awdl too long has he bended his knee,

But its fate has been sealed, and the Welshman is free;
As free as his ocean, as free as his breezes,
He shall write as he likes, in what metre he pleases;
And he faces his Gorsedd, and vows he won't dawdle
A manacled slave in the train of the awdl.

AFTER this it seems somewhat bald and prosaic to read that

On the recommendation of "Hwfa Mon" (the Archdruid), "Eifionydd" (the registrar), "Cadvan," "Pedrog," "Gwynedd," and "Dyfed," of the Gorsedd Committee, who stated that the subject chosen for the arwrgerdd (heroic poem), for which a prize of £20 and a silver crown is offered, was unsuitable for an arwrgerdd, the subject was changed, "Llewelyn Fawr" being substituted for "St. Tudno."—Instead of the galar-gan, the subject of which was "Clwydfardd," for which £15 was the prize, it was decided to offer a prize of £15 and a gold medal for the best awdl on "Clwydfardd," the Gorsedd stating that an awdl would be much more appropriate, as the late Archdruid was a great admirer of the twenty-four metres. Instead of the hir a thoddaid "Cestyll Cymru" (Castles of Wales) it was decided to offer a prize of £2 2s. for the best hir a thoddaid "Beddargraph 'Elis Wyn o Wyrfaï,'" and also £2 2s. for the best hir a thoddaid "Beddargraph 'Tudno.'"

THE Bishop of HEREFORD has requested the parishes in his diocese to send up petitions respecting the Armenian atrocities. One of these parishes is Walford-on-Wye, and I propose to confer immortality upon the reply sent by its Vicar to the Bishop.

"I regret" (says this truly Christian cleric) "having been unable to respond in the way you desired to your appeal respecting the persecution of Christians in Armenia. My not doing so was owing to the circumstance that at the present time a remonstrance from our nation can have no moral weight whatever. We have now in office a Government which is exercising all its ingenuity in plans for the persecution and plunder of Christians here, and so long as we tolerate the continuance of such a Government in office the Turk would be justified in telling us to reform this scandal before we presume to remonstrate with him."

In other words, the Vicar of Walford-on-Wye disapproves of the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill, and refuses on that account to join in a protest against the torture and murder of his Armenian fellow-creatures. The logic of the Vicar is as convincing as his Christian sympathy is admirable. Let him be known henceforth as the Vicar of Reason Wye.

WHAT on earth is a "Rational Sick and Burial Association?" They possess one at Acton Turville; and, only the other day, it held great junketings. I may possibly have been rationally sick, but I have certainly never yet been rationally, or even irrationally, buried, nor, I take it, have the very vigorous members of the Association. However, they had a procession, which started from the club-room, headed by the Malmesbury band, and then walked to Badminton, calling at the Duke of BEAUFORT'S, where they were all treated with refreshments. Imagine his sporting Grace's feelings at being called upon to treat with refreshments a procession of the rationally sick and buried. They then dined. The menu is not given, but no doubt included bread made from mummy-wheat, Dead-sea fruit, and copious libations of bier (spelling again!).

CLOSE to Bristol, too, there is a place rejoicing in the name of Fishponds, where, at the Full Moon Hotel, the Loyal Pride of Fishponds Lodge of the Bristol Equalised District of the Order of Druids meets for its various celebrations. The members sometimes "peram-

bulate the village, headed by the band of the Mangotsfield detachment of the Bristol Rifles."

Now strike the clashing cymbals, and sound the big bassoon,
The Loyal Pride of Fishponds Lodge has left the old "Full Moon."
Yet, though their band be warlike, they mean nor war nor pillage,
'Tis charity that bids them thus perambulate the village.
No member of the Order would dare to come too late
When Fishponds calls her Druids out to celebrate a fête.
Then, while with martial music, the left foot on the beat,
The Lodge awakes the echoes loud in every village street,
The villagers of Fishponds forsake their early bed,
And each one at his window displays a nightcapped head,
Salutes the hoary Druids, nor fails to greet with cheers,
The Mangotsfield detachment of Bristol Volunteers.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Scotsman*, protesting against the omission of the grey plover from the list of birds to be protected under the Wild Birds Protection Act. "That the eggs," he adds, "are gathered by keepers and others for sale, should certainly be no argument; and any keeper might well be ashamed to watch a poor harmless bird all day through binoculars for the purpose of making a few shillings by the sale of its eggs." We live and learn. I have been eating plover's eggs for years without the least suspicion that the poor harmless mother-bird had been shamefully watched through binoculars by a keeper in search of shillings. All the same, I heartily indorse the suggestion that the plover should be protected.

SIR DONALD CURRIE must have the eye of an eagle. Speaking at a luncheon held in Newcastle the other day in connection with the Trinity Presbyterian Church, he declared that "nothing had ever charmed him more than to observe at the luncheon that day the marvellous ability, but much more the marvellous unanimity and Christian fellowship manifested by the Nonconformist bodies." I doff my cap to the man who can infer not only marvellous unanimity and Christian fellowship, but also marvellous ability from his observation of bodies at luncheon. After this it must be the merest child's-play to navigate the *Tantallon Castle* to the Baltic Canal.

AT a recent meeting of the Blackrock Town Commissioners, so I gather from the *Freeman's Journal*, Dr. KOUGH, the Vice-Chairman, objected to the adoption of a petition in favour of the Intoxicating Liquors (Ireland) Bill. He said the petition had been carried by a side-wind. Obviously, in the Doctor's opinion, the only thing to be done was to Kough-drop it.

THE ASCENT OF MAN.

["Professor DRUMMOND'S 'Ascent of Man' was discussed in the Assembly of the Free Church and very severely handled."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

WHAT? Sprung frae an ape wi' a danglin' bit tailie?

Evolved by a process o' naitional law?

What? Me, Sir? An Elder i' Kirk an' a Bailie?

That boast o' the bluid o' the Yellow Macaw?

Ye'd gar be takin' me graunfeyther's Bible

An' write down "Gorilla" the sire o' us a'?

Na, na! 'Tisna me that's the traitor tae libel

The family tree o' the Yellow Macaw.

We gang straught awa' through the son o' ta PHAIRSHONS

Tae NOAH an' ADAM, and back to the Fa',

An' name but respectable kirk-gangin' pairsons

Hae place i' the tree o' the Yellow Macaw.

Baboons?—Leave the Sassenach, o'er his Manilla,

Tae boast as he will o' his Puggie*-Papa!

But strike me teetotal if e'er a gorilla

Shall sit i' the tree o' the Yellow Macaw!

* *Anghee*, Monkey.

LIGHT AND HEAT; OR, IN A CONCATENATION ACCORDINGLY.—Speaking of "the invisible parts of the solar spectrum," Dr. HUGGINS tells us the "ultra-red" has been traced to a distance nearly "ten times as long as the whole range of the visible or light-giving region of the spectrum." Nature, indeed, is "all of a piece." In politics, as in optics, the "Ultra-Red" lies beyond the "light-giving region," though, as Science says of its "gamut of invisible rays," they are perceived "by their heating effects." The S. D. F.'s and other wavers of the Red Flag, should study up-to-date optics.

"SIG ITUR AD ASTRA."—The Balloon Society has presented "W. G." with its gold medal. Therefore has he pardonable cause for inflation. It is to be hoped that this will not have the effect of making him hit "skyers." In spite of the aeronaut medal, may we never see "e'er a naught" tacked on to W. G.'s name.



"BOUND FOR THE BALTIC SEA!"

[Mr. GLADSTONE starts for a trip to the Baltic in the Donald Currie Ship *Tantallon Castle*, Wednesday, June 12.]



WHAT A CHARMING SURPRISE IT IS, TO A MAN WHO HAS LOOKED TO HIS BICYCLE FOR TWO HOURS' PEACE AND LIBERTY A DAY, TO COME DOWN ON HIS BIRTHDAY AND FIND THAT HIS WIFE AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW HAVE TAKEN LESSONS IN SECRET, AND WILL HENCEFORTH GO WITH HIM ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE!

SUN AND SONG.

Saturday.—Have just been reading in *Temple Bar* an article on the influence of sunshine on SHELLEY, BYRON, KEATS, MOORE, SOUTHEY, and other poets. Never thought of that before. There is so little sunshine in London, and when there is one never sits out in it. That is why all the magazines reject my sonnets, and why no one will publish my tragedy in blank verse. Sunshine! Right on the top of one's bare head. That is the cure. The reason is obvious—Phœbus Apollo, the Divine Afflatus, and all that sort of thing. Must go somewhere into the sunshine at once. Brighton is near, Brighton is shadeless, Brighton under the June sunshine is hot. The very place. Shall now at last electrify the world. Go down by an evening train. Somewhat crowded. Whitsuntide, of course.

Sunday.—Glorious morning. Blaze of sunshine. Brighton is not an inspiring place for a poet. Walk along asphalted parade. Extremely hot. But that is just what I want. Still SHELLEY and the others did not advocate softened asphalt, to which one's boots almost stick. The beach is the right place. Lie down on the dusty shingle above high water mark, take off my hat, and abandon myself to the Divine Afflatus. Wait patiently for inspiration. Can only think how hot it is. Wonder if the Divine Afflatus could get through my hat. Put on my hat. Still no inspiration. Take my hat off again. Begin to become insensible in the warmth. Suddenly feel on the back of my head a sensation as of something striking me. Can it be the inspiration? No, it was a pebble. Jump up. Boys behind, aimlessly throwing stones, have hit me. Sudden inspiration to rush after them with uplifted stick. Sudden flight of boys. Pursu them over uneven shingle. Wonder if SHELLEY and the others ever did that. At last stop, breathless, hotter than ever. Find, with difficulty, another unoccupied space on beach, and lie down again. Become quite drowsy. Suddenly wake up. Must have been asleep for a long time. Sun going down. No inspiration yet, and no chance of Divine Afflatus to-day. Must wait till to-morrow.

Head aching very much. Wonder if SHELLEY and the others had headaches when the D. A. was coming on. Consult *Temple Bar*. Apparently not. Very strange.

Monday.—Again blazing sunshine. Hotter than ever. This must bring on the D. A. if anything would. Again lie on beach. More crowded than yesterday. Some of the people seem friendly, and to be interested in my experiment, for they address me and advise me to get my hair cut. Could this possibly be advantageous to admit the D. A.? No. SHELLEY and the others wore their hair like mine, not cropped like a convict's. Tell this to my new friends. They laugh. I become angry. Then they tell me to keep my hair on. Curious instance of the vacillation of popular opinion. They go away singing. Pain in my head and sleepiness still worse. Can no longer keep awake. Abandon myself to D. A. Am suddenly aroused by someone shaking my arm. Open my eyes. Can hardly see anything. Awful pain in head. Shut my eyes again. My arm again shaken roughly. A voice says, "Now then, get up." Endeavour to lift my head but cannot. Never felt so ill before. Murmur feebly, "I can't. It's the D. A. coming on." Voice answers, "D. T. yer mean. None o' your gammon. You come along o' me." Begin now to understand that it is not Phœbus Apollo who is standing by me in a vision. It is not even a beautiful woman, as in SHELLEY's *Alastor*. It is a policeman. Must find precedent for this. Somehow my voice seems changed and uncertain, but I manage to murmur, "*Temple Bar*." "Oh yes," says the policeman, "you've been enough in the bar. Now yer can try the dook. Come along." He endeavours to raise me, but I again fall insensible.

Wednesday.—Remember dimly the horrible events of the last thirty-six hours. I was taken to the police-station, and brought before the magistrate. He would not even look at *Temple Bar*, and fined me for being drunk and incapable. I drunk and incapable! Oh heavens! To-day I am back in London. The sky is cloudy. No chance of the D. A. now. Shall give up poetry for ever, and for the future write words for songs.

AT A YEOMANRY REVIEW.

SCENE—An open space near Baymouth, the watering-place at which the County Yeomanry have been going through their annual training. Along one side of the ground is a row of drags and other carriages, occupied by the local magnates; along another, the less distinguished spectators stand in a thin line or occasional groups, waiting for the review to begin. In the centre, the inspecting officer is judging the best turned-out troop, while the remainder of the regiment are doing nothing in particular.

Yeomanry Non-Com. (who is leading an officer's horse and talking to a female friend of his and her brother with the sense of conferring a distinction upon them). Ah, 'tis not all play this yere trainin', I do assure ye. I've been so 'ard-worked all the week, with all the writin' I've had to do at the orderly room and thet, I've 'ardly 'ad time to live! But I like it, mind ye, I like it more every year I come out and so does my old 'errse, a' b'lieve. And there's this about it too—the girls don't come errfter a feller!

The Young Lady. Well, I'm sure! Now I should have thought when you're in the Yeomanry, it was just what—

The Y. N.-C. Tain't so—not in my case—that's all I can tell ye.

The Y. L. (with coquettish incredulity). Oh, I daresay. With that uniform, too! Why, I expect, if the truth was told, you know more than one young lady who's glad enough to be seen about with you.

The Y. N.-C. (complacently). More than one! Why, theer wurr eight I took out in a boat for a moonlight row on'y lawst night—nawn o' my seekin', but they wouldn't take no denial. I didn't want to be bothered with 'em. I've got other things to do besides squirin' a passel o' wimmin folk about, I hev.

The Y. L. You conceited thing, you! If that's the way you go on, I shan't talk to you any more!

The Y. N.-C. Well, you won't hev th' opportunity, for theer's the Captain calling me up. So long—and take care o' yerselves!

[He trots off, feeling that he has sufficiently impressed them.]

The Y. L. (to her brother, with the superiority that comes of a finishing school with all the extras). Distinctly "country," isn't he?

Her Brother. Well, he can't help that. And he rides as straight as any chap I know.

The Y. L. Oh, he's a real good fellow, I know that; still, he is just a little—I did hope I'd polished him up a little while we were at the farm last summer; but there, I suppose you can't put refinement into some people!

Another Young Lady (to her Admirer). I can't make GEORGE out yet among them all—can you?

Her Admirer (and GEORGE's rival). Cawn't say as I've tried, particular. But there's one there in the rear rank that hes a look of him; that one settin' all humped up nohow on his 'errse.

The Adored One. Oh, of course, if you're going to make out as GEORGE can't sit on a horse!

Her Admirer (sulkily). Well, I'd back myself to ride 'cross country agen GARGE any day.

The Adored One. Then why don't you join the Yeomanry, like he has? Her Admirer (who would if he could afford it). Why? 'Cause 'tain't worth my while, if you want to know!

The Adored One. I'm sure it's a smart enough uniform—at least GEORGE looks quite 'andsome in it.

Her Admirer. He didn't look very 'andsome when I see him on parade this mornin'; the sun had peeled his nose a treat!

The Adored One. It's well there are some who are willing to make sacrifices for their country!

AMONG THE CARRIAGES.

Mrs. Prattleton. Yes, so sad for him, poor dear; but of course, whenever his father dies, he'll be quite comfortable. (Recognising

a military acquaintance.) Oh, Captain CLINKER, do come and tell me what they're supposed to be doing out there, and whether they've begun yet.

Capt. Clinker (R.A.). Nothin' much goin' on at present. Ah, they seem to be wakin' up now a bit. (As the band strikes up.) There's the general salute; now they're goin' to make a start.

Mrs. Pratt. Who is that little man in the baggy black frock, rather like a dressing-gown, and the cocked hat; and why is he galloping out here?

Capt. C. He's the inspectin' officer; takin' up his position for the march past, don't you know.

Mrs. Pratt. Oh; and they're all going to march past him. How nice! But there's another officer in a cocked hat; is he inspecting, too?

Capt. C. Only their tongues; he's the regimental Pill—the doctor, you know.

Mrs. Pratt. (disenchanted). I quite thought he must be a general at least. Dear me, there's one man in a red coat and a helmet. What is he doing here?

Capt. C. That's the adjutant.

Mrs. Pratt. Oh; and the adjutant always wears a helmet. I see. They've hung red silk round the kettledrums; (pleased) that's real soldiering, isn't it?

Officers (as the regiment marches past by squadrons). Right whe-eel! Eyes right! Forward! Dress up to your leaders there!

Capt. C. (with languid approbation). The dressin's not half bad.

Mrs. Pratt. No, they're dressed very like Hussars—or is it Artillery I mean? I always had an idea the Yeomanry wore comic uniforms—with shirt-collars, you know, and old-fashioned milk-pail hats with feathers and things. But (disappointed) there's nothing ridiculous about these. What a frisky animal that trumpeter is riding; look at him caracoling about!

Capt. C. Trumpeters and serjeant-majors always the best mounted.

Mrs. Pratt. Are they? I wonder why that is. (As the regiment ranks by in single file.) But they've all got beautiful horses.

Capt. C. (critically). H'm, they're a fair-lookin' lot. Fall off a bit behind, some of 'em.

Mrs. Pratt. Do they? Then they can't be very good riders, can they?

Capt. C. These fellows? They ought to be; most of 'em, you see, hunt their horses regularly.

Mrs. Pratt. (with a mental vision of dismounted troopers chasing their chargers about the ground). What fun! I should like to see them do that. (As the regiment trots past in sections.) But they don't

seem to come off over the trotting.

Capt. C. Not quite; the leaders don't keep their distance, so the men can't keep up. Still, considering how short a time they've been out, you can't expect—

Mrs. Pratt. No; and they haven't tried to gallop yet, have they? Some of the horses are cantering now, though; it looks so much nicer than if they all trotted, I think.

Capt. C. Don't fancy their Colonel would agree with you there.

Mrs. Pratt. What a shame to keep those poor soldiers out there all by themselves; they don't have any fun, and they only get in the way of the others when they turn round. Oh, look at them now—they're all coming straight at us, and waving their swords!

Capt. C. Pursuin' practice at the gallop; doin' it rather decently, too.

Mrs. Pratt. But do you think we're safe just here? Suppose they can't stop themselves in time!

Capt. C. No danger of that; too heavily bitted to get out of hand. ... There, you see, they're all wheelin' round. That'll be the wind up. Yes, they're drawn up in line; officers called to the front. Now the inspecting officer is makin' a few remarks, butterin' 'em up all round, you know. It's all over.

Mrs. Pratt. Really? It's been a great success, hasn't it? I enjoy a review so much better when they don't have any horrid firing. Don't you? [Captain CLINKER assents, to save trouble.]



ON THE WAY HOME.

George's Rival (reflectively). 'Twas onfortnate fur GARGE, him bein' th' only man as fell arf, so 'twas.

The Adored One. He didn't fall off—he only fell out. Didn't you hear him tellin' me the buckle of his stirrup broke?

George's Rival. Buckle or nawn, he come arf; that's all I'm sayin'. An' showed his sense, too, by keepin' out o' th' rest on it. But GARGE was allays a keeful sart o' chap.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

[“At the Ludlow County Police Court, on May 27, Sir CHARLES ROUSE BOUGHTON, Baronet, of Downton Hall, a Justice of the Peace, applied for a protection order against Mr. JOHN BADDELEY WOOD, of Henley Hall, a Justice of the Peace. The parties had a dispute over a waterway, and on leaving Middleton Church on Sunday, Mr. WOOD, it was alleged, used coarse language to Sir CHARLES, and called him a liar three times. Sir CHARLES said he was in bodily fear of Mr. WOOD, and thought if sureties to keep the peace were applied for he should be safer. The Bench granted the summons.”—*The Sheffield and Rotherham Independent.*]

SURE, WOOD and BOUGHTON might And now within their bosoms
full well housed

By closest ties be knit; Blind anger courses madly,
But water's caused them both to Sir CHARLES's temper has been
swell, Roused, [deley.
And brought about a split. And WOOD has lost his, Bad-

MR. T. DOLLING BOLTON, M.P. for N.E. division of Derbyshire, has been explaining to his constituents at Eckington the reason for his voting against the Government on Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's amendment to the Welsh Church Bill. He was under no obligation to party leaders or party as a party. There was no subsidy by the party, no assistance given by party speakers, and he had to rely upon the electors alone. “These elementary political principles endorsed by unanimous vote of continued confidence in esteemed member. Vote moved in eloquent speech by Mr. BODEN. No party assistance, no party voting, manly independence the thing for BODEN. Leaders say it ought to be a thing “verboten,” and Mr. T. E. ELLIS filled with foreboding by latest revolt. BOLTON voting blue had enough, but the enthusiastic approval of his constituency quite a bolt from the blue.

TO A LADY-JOURNALIST.

(Written by Request.)

GREAT heav'ns! Here, where's my paper, pen, and ink!
How is it all this while I have omitted you?
For her I've rhymed, and Her, and HER; don't think,
I beg then, that I'll from my duty shrink,
A duty to a lady smart and witty due.



I'm really sorry for this painful
lapse

Of etiquette—'twas careless, now you
mention it.

I thought—let's see, what did I
think?—perhaps [scraps;
You'd hardly time to read poetic
Your leisure's precious, and I dared
not trench on it!

Then ladies of the Press bar com-
pliments [permit any!];
(At least I seldom find they will
So I'm impelled to write plain
common sense, [pretence
As near as may be, and on no
Aspire to high-flown ode or “lover's
litaney”!

But still you've asked me, and I'd
much regret [a way;
Not to oblige you promptly, if I know
The more so, as you've just dropped
in to get

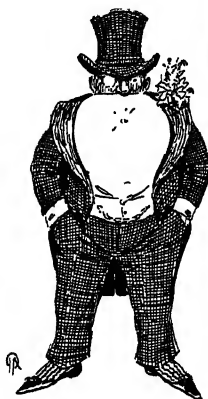
Coming for an interview.

A cup of tea and smoke a c-g-r-tte.
(By Jove, I hope I haven't giv'n the show away!)

Well, I've not said much, but I've thought the more:
If I were fulsome in your praise, why, “Drat it!” you'd
Most probably remark, or “What a bore!”
So, therefore, please between the lines explore—
'Twas you who bade me thus descend to platitude!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday.—Production of *Harold*. New Opera; music by COWEN, book by Sir E. MALET, British Representative man in service of Foreign Office, writing words for diplomatic, and words for musical notes. However good-tempered a composer may be, yet when he wants to write an opera he cannot get on without “having words.” No time left to give full criticism on *Harold*, which achieved sufficient success to satisfy composer and librettist; it may be as well to state that there is nothing “old” in it, except in last syllable of name. Years ago favourite subject with artists was “the finding of the body of HAROLD.” Sir EDWARD has found body; COWEN clothed it. ALBANI is its life and soul. Composer conducted. May probably be heard again this season; so no more at present.



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite, constitutionally credulous, on reading the earlier works of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, accepted the masculinity of the author as put forward on the title page. On reading *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham* (HENRY & Co.), he begins to doubt. No man, not the weakest-minded amongst us, habitually uses italics in writing a book. Moreover, none but a woman could draw such a creature as *Mrs. Anne Warre*. The more generous masculine nature could not imagine anything so unrelievedly undesirable. Doubtless she is made so bad the more strikingly to compare with *Allegra*, “whose charm was the charm of springtime and love, all the kind promises of the sunshine, the life, the tenderness, the warmth, the graciousness of nature.” The book, the most ambitious, and, in point of length, the most important, that has come from the pen of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, is marked by her gift of keen observation, that sees everything and sees through most people. Dialogue and narrative sparkle with felicitous turns, bubble over with epigram. There are boundless possibilities in JOHN OLIVER HOBBS; but she should turn her face more persistently to the sunlight. *Dr. Warre* and *Allegra* are so good and so pleasant, that the average reader would like a little more of them, and a little less of the almost impossible *Mrs. Warre*.

The proper study of mankind is man, and there could not be an apter tutor than Mr. SMALLEY. His *Studies of Men* (MACMILLAN), have, as he tells us in a preface, appeared for the most part in the *New York Tribune*. Everyone conversant with newspaper work will know that for many years Mr. SMALLEY's Letter from London to what, take it all in all, is the principal, certainly the weightiest, journal in the United States, has been its most prominent feature. A selection of these contributions have, happily, been rescued from the files of the newspaper, and are here presented. The *Studies* cover a wide range, but the subjects are all, in diverse fashion, interesting. One is struck with the extreme fairness of judgment displayed in dealing with men who stand so far apart as, for example, Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, Mr. PARNELL, Mr. SPURGEON, TENNYSON, Lord ROSEBURY, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. FROUDE, Mr. JOHN WALTER, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. During his long residence in England Mr. SMALLEY has known these and others, personally and in their public aspect. He has stored a picture gallery in which posterity may see them as they lived, nothing extenuated nor anything set down in malice. By way of redressing afresh the balance between the Old World and the New, Mr. SMALLEY has turned his back on London, and, having all these years written about Europeans, for the edification of Transatlantic readers, is about to tell Europe, in the columns of the *Times*, something of the undercurrent of public affairs in the United States. He will find in himself a most damaging rival. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A HOME-CURED TONGUE.—At a meeting of the “Gaelic League” in Dublin the other day, “the proceedings were conducted exclusively in Irish.” Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE, the President, said that the movement was advancing in favour every day, and that, “if this progress continued, the future of the Irish language was assured.” But how about the future of those who have to listen to it? He subsequently read a poem called “An Bhainrioghan Aluinn,” and, after that had the hardihood to remark that “both young and old take a delight” in speaking the language. As *Mr. Pickwick* would have said to Dr. Peter Magnus Hyde, “It is calculated to cause them the highest gratification.”

'ARRY says he was “much interested in hearing of a nartickle in the *St. James's Gazette* last week, headed *The Aunt of the Otter*. He opes the writer will next give us *The Uncle of the Coozie*.”

MEM. BY AN UNLUCKY AMATEUR DABBLER IN THE CITY.—To go in for “Specs” is short-sighted policy.



THE NEW WOMAN.

"YOU'RE NOT LEAVING US, JACK? TEA WILL BE HERE DIRECTLY!"

"OH, I'M GOING FOR A CUP OF TEA IN THE SERVANTS' HALL. I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT FEMALE SOCIETY, YOU KNOW!"

THE SHAHZADA ON THE THAMES.

"You will assist," quoth *Mr. Punch* to TOBY, "in giving the SHAHZADA a cheery welcome on board the P. and O.'s *Caledonia*. And *these*," continued *Mr. P.*, handing TOBY a packet and a purse containing untold gold "are your secret instructions."

"They shall be faithfully obeyed," replied the ever-faithful TOBY; adding, "*A bon SHAH, bon hur-rah!*"

Day lovely; voyage perfect. Father Thames at his best. Sir THOMAS SUTHERLAND, M.P. and O., and all the goodly company, drank the SHAHZADA's health most heartily. Then capital short speech from Right Honourable FOWLER about India. SHAHZADA satisfied with dinner, gratified by reception. On deck the SHAHZADA called TOBY aside. Interpreter intervened. "*Detnaw ton! Tuoteq!*" said the SHAHZADA, quietly, but authoritatively.

The interpreter retired, muttering to himself "Bow-strings for one." "Look here," said the SHAHZADA to TOBY . . . and they discussed affairs (TOBY acting as *Mr. P.*'s representative) of such importance that they cannot be even hinted at in this or any other place. "And now," said the SHAHZADA, still speaking in his native language, of which this is a translation, "is it not true that one of your national institutions at Greenwich is—"

"The Fair?"

"Bah!" laughed the SHAHZADA, "that has long since vanished; so have the Pensioners at the Hospital. But—"

"There is still hospitality," murmured TOBY, salaaming his very best.

"There is," returned the SHAHZADA, "and you shall show it."

"What can I do for you, your Royal Highness?" asked TOBY.

The SHAHZADA drew him yet further apart from the envious crowd, and whispered in his ear.

"Your Royal Highness," answered TOBY, "it shall be done. Command that the boat be stopped at Greenwich."

So the boat was stopped at Greenwich, and the SHAHZADA, with TOBY, debarked. Great cheering.

8 P.M.—*Telegraphic Message from Toby to Mr. Punch, Fleet Street.*

Cannot come to dinner. Shahzada and self enjoying tea and shrimps. All gone—except the shrimps. No money returned. Did it for one-and-ten, shall pocket difference. Shahzada says best entertainment ever had. See you later. Larks.

TOBY.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

(*A Sheffield Cricket Song, by a True "Tyke."*)

[*"The fifty-fifth contest on the cricket field between the rival counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire ended yesterday (June 5) in a victory for the representatives of the Red Rose by 145 runs, and the record now reads—Yorkshire won 23, Lancashire won 23, and 9 drawn."*—*The Leeds Mercury.*]

RED rose and white! A pleasant summer sight,

As a Midsummer Dream may well imagine it!

How different far from the wild wordy fight

'Twixt furious SOMERSET and fierce PLANTAGENET!

Bramhall Lane Ground presents a peacefuller scene

Than that once witnessed in the Temple Garden.

Here's war of wickets, on a sward as green

And as unreddened as the glades of Arden.

WARD, not hot SUFFOLK, fights for the Red Rose,

JACKSON, not VERNON, battles for the White One.

True York v. Lancashire are still the foes,

Nor is the issue now at stake a slight one;

But whether JACKSON be twice bowled by MOLD,

Or twice PEEL give young ALBERT his *quietus*,

The battle is as friendly as 'tis bold.

PAUL, with his eighty-seven, helps defeat us,

But brave Lord HAWKE, our Captain, makes his pile,

And there is comfort in the score of WAINWRIGHT.

If SUGG and BAKER make the Red Rose smile,

HIRST his true "Yorkers" down the pitch will rain right.

Some holiday-makers seek the grassy down,

And some will bask by seashore, or on sunny cliff,

Give me to watch the fine straight bat of BROWN,

The ball of MILLIGAN, the catch of TUNNICLIFFE,

Dead level now are Lancashire and York,

The Red Rose and the White bear equal blossoms.

Now comes the tug of war! Now must we work,

Active as catamounts, and sly as 'possums.

But this we know—that at our noble game,

With HAWKE the hearty, and with stout McLAREN,

The White Rose shall not have to blush with shame,

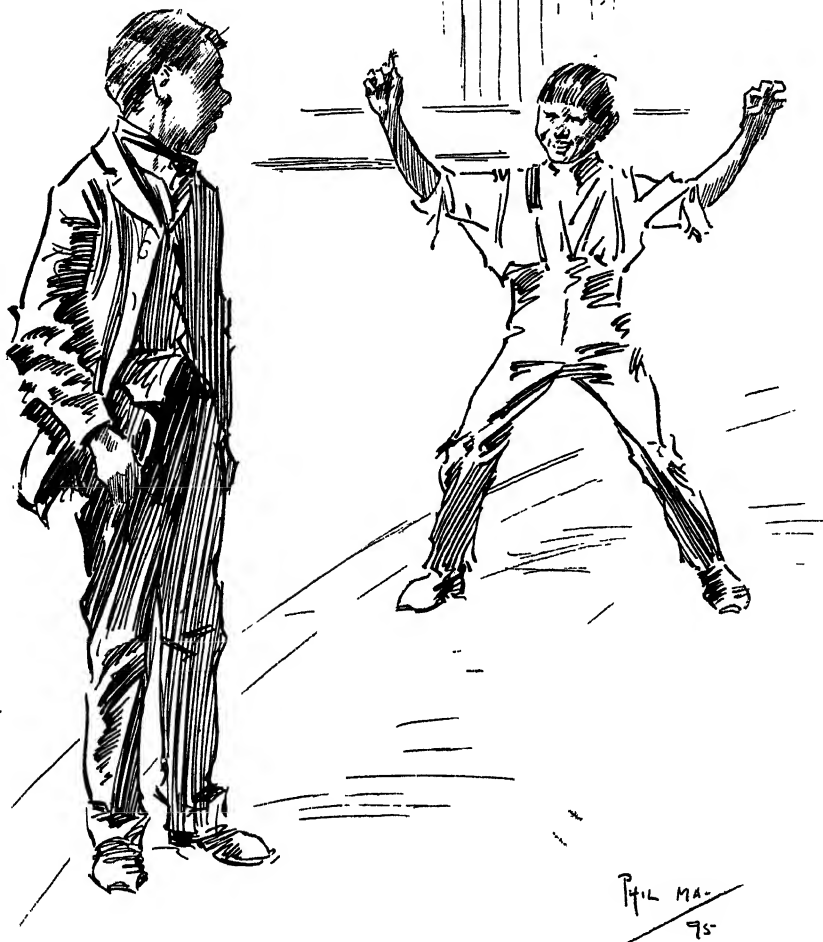
Nor the Red Rose, through funk, blanch and grow barren!

HIS NEW TITLE.—Dr. GRACE, C.B. ("Companion of the Bat").



“DEEDS—NOT WORDS!”

JOHN BULL. “LOOK HERE,—WE’VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR PALAVER! ARE YOU GOING TO LET THE GIRL GO, OR HAVE WE GOT TO MAKE YOU?”



Ragged Urchin (who has just picked up very short and dirty end of a Cigarette). "HI, BILLY! LOOK 'ERE! SEE WHAT YOU 'VE MISSED!"

'ARRY AND THE BATTERSEA PARK LADY CYCLISTS.

DEAR CHARLIE,—You know I'm a "biker."
I told yer a good bit ago
'Ow I learnt to cavort on the cycle; and now,
from Land's End to Soho,
There isn't a scorcherer Scorchier than
'ARRY, when fair on the spin.
Some *might* do me for pace, but for style,
and for skylark, I'd jest about win.

LIL JOHNSON—you know little LIL with the
copper-wire fringe and rum lisp!
'Er as flower-mounts Clerkenwell way, an'
was donah to young IKY CRISP!
She's blue sancho on learnin' to "bike," so I
took 'er to Battersea Park,
As I'd 'eard was the pitch for a spry lydy
cyclist as longed for a lark.

Larks, CHARLIE! It's spruce, and no
pickles! You know I fly cool without
fidge,
But I wasn't prepared for the toppers as
treddle it nigh Chelsea Bridge.
No slow Surrey-siders, my pippin, but smart
bits o' frock from Mayfair;
It took me aback for a jiff, tho' of course
I was speedy all there.

"Lor, 'AWWEE!" lisped LIL, "thith *ith*
thplendit! But 'adn't we better sthand
by?"

Thee 'ow thpiffing they thpinth, thoth sthwel
lydith! No, 'AWWEE, I don't *like* ter
twy.

Fanthy me in my cotton pwint wobbling
among thuch A-wonnerth ath thoth!
Look at 'er in the knickerth and gaiterth, and
thpot t'otherth Balbriggan both!"

Poor LIL! She's no clars, not comparative.
Ain't got no savvy, yer see;
And can't 'old 'er own among quolity, not
with a flyer like me.

Don't like to be done, I don't CHARLIE; and
so I sez "Jest as yer like.

Ony, if I meant biking, in Battersea, dash it
old girl, I should *bike*!"

"Oh, 'AWWEE," sez she, "you're a 'ot 'un!
But let uth look on, dear, *thith* go;
Yer thee I can't balanth, or pedal. I don't
want ter myke *you* no show."

"All right," I sez, 'orty an' airy. But ontry
noo, CHARLIE, old pal,
When I stocked up them beauties on bikes, I
was most arf ashyzmed o' my gal.

One young piece in grey knicks and cream
cloth, and a sort of soft tile called a *toke*.
Took my fancy perdigious, dear boy. I'd
ha' blued arf-a-bull to 'ave spoke,
But a stiff-bristled swell in a dog-cart 'ad got
a sharp eye upon 'er;
And I couldn't ha' done the perlitte without
raising a bit of a stir.

If I could ha' got rid o' LIL, I d ha' mounted
my wheel, and wired in,
Balloon-tyred smart safety, old man! I'd
ha' showed Miss GREY KNICKS 'ow to spin.
One tasty young thing wos in tears, 'oos the
bike she'd bespoke wosn't there.
I hofferod 'er mine, but the arnser I got wos
a freeze-me-stiff stare.

"Thtuck-up eat, my dear 'AWWEE!" sez LIL.
"Well," sez I, "she *may* be a Princess,
As a lot o' them hexercise here. Lydy B.
and a young Marcherness
Do paternise Battersea Park on a bike;
leastways so I've bin told;
And the breakfasts and five-o'clock teas give
by dooks is a sight to behold."

"Garn, 'AWWEE," snigs LIL, "you're a
kiddin'. But, thithorth! it ith a rum
thing.
To thee Batterthea Park, ath wath onth all
kid-cwicket and kith-in-the ring,
Now the pet-pitch of thwell lydy thyclists!"
"It shows yer," I sez, "'ow things move.
From hansoms and bus-tops to bikes! Oh,
the lydies *must* keep on the shove.

"They borrow their barnies from *hus*, arterall,
LIL. Toffs want a new lark,
So they straddle the bike *ah lah* Brixton, and
tumble to Battersea Park.
'Divideds' and 'Knickers,' my dysy, are
sniffed at out Hislington way,
But when countesses mount 'em at Chelsea,
they're trotty and puffed O K!"

World shifts it, old man, that's a moral!
We'll soon 'ave some duchess, on wheels,
A-cuttin' all records, and showing young
ZIMMY a clean pair of 'eels.
Hadvanced Women? Jimminy-Whizz! With
the spars and the sails they now carry
They'll race us all round, pooty soon, and
rump in heasy winners! Yours,
'ARRY.

RATHER A HANDFUL!

THERE seems to be a feeling among lady
writers that they also should have been
remembered in the Birthday-honour distri-
bution. That is all very well, but quite a new
demand has been started by the *Cork Con-*
stitution, which remarks,—

"It would not of course be regular to bestow a
knighthood upon a lady; but the rule in the
case of Mrs. DISRAELI might be observed, and
a Baroness be conferred upon the author of *Lady*
Audley's Secret."

What would MISS BRADDON do with a Ba-
roness when she got her? Work her up into
her next plot? Peeresses must be "cheap
to-day," if they can be given away in this
generous style.

A LAMENT.

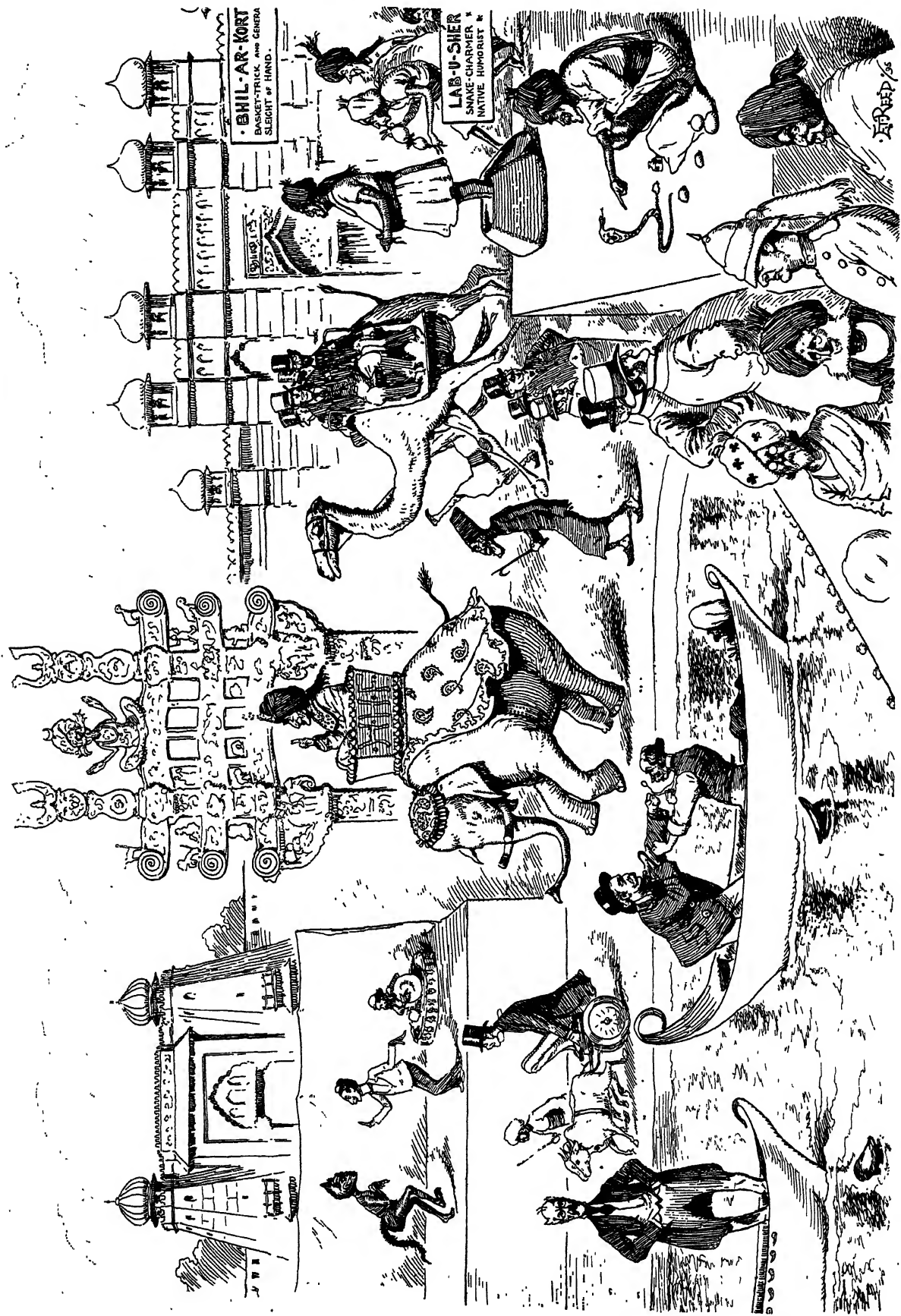
(CHEAPSIDE, JUNE 6, 1895.)

OH, princely guest from Afghan clime,
The poet's lot is hard! Ah!
When he would find the proper rhyme,
To balance with Shah-zada!

I see the guardsman ride erect,
The bugle sounds! Aha!
My part should be, in verse correct,
To greet the Shahza-da!

Thy quantities have kill'd my song!
Despair! I'm off to Mada-
-gascar, or anywhere! I long
To have it right. Shah-zadi?

A FAIR Correspondent adds the letters
"L. C. C." after her signature. She is *not* a
member of the London County Council, but of
the "Lady Cyclists Club."



PARLIAMENTARY INDIAN EXHIBITION.

A KIND INQUIRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A touching epitaph has lately come under my notice. It runs as follows:—

"HIC JACET ANONYMA.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,

Where yellow asters throve,
A maid whom there were few to praise

And fewer still to love.

She lived unknown, so none can know

The hour she ceased to be,
Enough to know she has, and oh!
Pray, all men, R. I. P."

Is it possible that our old friend, the New Woman, that quite "impossible she," has left us for "another place"? It seems almost too good to be true.

Yours unfeeling,
A. MISONEOGYNIST.

P.S.—You will observe that she died a spinster, of uncertain age.

A SPORTSMAN, not particularly literary, but very fond of theatricals, says that he hears there is a play going on called *Don Quixshot*. He thinks the first syllable may have been accidentally omitted, but feels certain that the *London Quixshot* ought to make a hit.

SCORING FOR DR. GRACE.—
"A Running Commentary."



HOW THINGS WILL OUT.

(The Judge is not at home, and Brown, Q.C., asks permission to write him a Note.)

Mary Elizabeth Jane. "WOULD YOU LIKE THIS BOOK, SIR? MASTER ALWAYS USES IT WHEN HE WRITES LETTERS!"
[Heavens! it's an English Dictionary!]

TOWN AND GOWN.

THE *Standard*, giving its account of "Speeches," at Eton, on Fourth of June, said, "The speakers were attired in Court dress, the Oppidians wearing their black school gowns." Since when have Oppidians worn "gowns," black or otherwise? Those who used to wear gowns were the Collegers. Surely the custom, sanctioned by some centuries, has not been changed. The "Oppidians," or Town Boys, could not possibly be metamorphosed into Gown Boys—at least so writes to us

THE TUG OF WARRE.

GOOD EVANS!—The *Daily Telegraph* reported "The Heroism of a Lady." The act and deed was that of Miss EVANS, of Hythe, near Southampton, who, after rescuing a man and a woman from drowning, plunged in again, dived, and rescued a girl, who was sinking for the third and last time. The girl saved will ever gratefully remember Miss EVANS as the lady who "brought her up by hand," and in finishing her education she will not neglect the extra-accomplishment of swimming. Honour to Miss EVANS, who is a real female champion, not of the Salvation Army, but of a Nautical Salvage Corps!

A NOCTURNE IN NOODLEDOM.

(What the Heart of the Young Masher said to the Music-hall Singer.)

(A LONG WAY AFTER LONGFELLOW.)

AIR—"The Day is Done."

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the brow of night,
Like a crape-mask drifting downward
From a burglar in his flight.

I see the lights of "the village"
Gleam through the evening mist,
And a feeling of dryness comes o'er me,
And a tiddley I can't resist.

A feeling of blueness, and longing
For a spree, and another drain;
It resembles sorrow only
As gooseberry does champagne.

Come, tip me some snappy poem,
Some icky and rorty lay,
That shall banish this chippy feeling,
And drive dull care away.

Not from the slow old stodges,
Not from the smugs sublime,
Who hadn't a notion of patter,
And were slaves to tune and time:

For, like chunks of WAGNER's music,
They worrying thoughts suggest,
Dull duty, and dry endeavour,
And to-night I long for rest.

Tip a stave from some Lion Comique,
Whose songs are snide and smart,
And who makes you roar, like ROBERTS,
Till tears from your optics start.

Who, without thought or labour,
And "on his own," with ease,
Can whack out the ripping chorus
Of music-hall melodies.

Such songs have power to quicken
The pulse that beats low with care;
And come like the "Benedictine"
That follows the bill-of-fare.

So pick from the cad, or the coster,
Some patter—alarg for choice;
And lend to the rhymes of the Comique
The tones of a stentor voice.

And our feet shall thump tune to the music,
And the bills that I cannot pay
Shall be folded up, like my brolly,
And as carefully put away.

THE GOOSE AND THE EAGLE.

(A Fable.)

A GOOSE that had miss-spent a long life, and, in addition to being old and ugly, was of a sour, ill-natured disposition, in despair of rendering herself any longer agreeable to her male acquaintances, conceived the desperate design of emancipating her female friends.

"It is intolerable," she declared to a large assemblage of the latter who flocked together directly the news of her design was noised abroad, "it is intolerable that, whilst all the good things of this life are reserved for the exclusive use and enjoyment of our male tyrants, we poor female creatures should be put off with feeble bodies and dowdy, unattractive plumage. I will go immediately to the King of Birds and demand the instant redress of these grievances under pain of my serious displeasure."

Scarcely had the Goose received the thanks of her audience for this valiant speech, when an Eagle, which chanced to be soaring at that moment in the heavens above them, and was attracted by the clamour that reached him, dropped suddenly to the earth in order to discover the cause of it; to whom the Goose, so soon as she was sufficiently recovered of her fears, humbly addressed her complaint.

"Foolish bird!" exclaimed the Eagle, when the Goose had made an end of her complainings, "know you not that what is fixed by Nature cannot possibly be altered by birds; and that if your sex have weaker bodies and a less attractive plumage than belong to us of the male gender, it is because Nature wills it so, and must be obeyed? Learn to be content with what you have, and cease envying those to whom Nature has been more prodigal of certain favours than she has been to you. Remember, also, foolish bird! that strength of mind is not the same thing with strength of body, and that though you may possess the one and pretend to despise the other, yet is Might the foundation of nearly all Right in the animal world, and must remain so because Nature will have it so and must be obeyed."

SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS AT MANCHESTER. —Last Friday H.R.H. the Prince of WALES's horse *Florizel II.* took the cake, or, rather, the Manchester Cup. *Florizel II.* is now *Florizel I.* In this new illustration to a Summer's not *A Winter's Tale*, *Perdita* should represent the race from the point of view of those who didn't win.

ANOTHER TITLE!! SUPPLEMENTAL GAZETTE OF BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—Dr. W. G. GRACE to be Cricket-Field-Marshal.



"JUST LOOK AT MR. JONES OVER THERE, FLIRTING WITH THAT GIRL! I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A WOMAN-HATER!"
 "SO HE IS; BUT SHE'S NOT HERE TO-NIGHT!"

"AS SIMPLE 'AS ITALIAN."

(A Dramatic Fragment from Drury Lane.)

SCENE—The Auditorium of the National Theatre. Present the customary throng. A performance on the stage is occupying the spectators' wrapt attention. Newly-married couple in stalls holding a discussion in undertones.

Angelina. I am so glad, dear, you did not get a book of the words. It will be such a capital exercise for my Italian. I find that I can understand every word.

Edwin (happy to have saved the expense of purchasing a translated libretto). Quite so, dear. You can tell me what they are doing.

Ang. Certainly, dear. Look, they are now having supper. You see, the heroine called for candles, and the waiter put them on the table. And now they are talking about things in general. And that is Armande. And don't you see Marguerite is ill.

Edwin. Yes; she is fainting in front of a window.

Ang. Exactly. Italian is so easy—almost like English. She gives him a flower, and he goes away. He says adieu, and then the curtain falls.

Edwin. Was that in Italian too?

Ang. Don't be absurd. (They discuss things in general, until the curtain rises on the Second Act.) Look, it is the same scene. You see, they are engaged. She is making love to him.

Edwin. Is that why he is sitting in a chair with his back to the audience while Marguerite strokes his hair?

Ang. Yes. While she is stroking his hair she is saying how fond she is of him. And now he is telling her how fond he is of her.

Edwin (after a quarter of an hour). What are they saying?

Ang. Oh, just the same thing over and over again. The Italian language is so beautiful. "Oh, Armande!" She calls him by his Christian name. She is so attached to him.

Edwin. But what was the meaning of that?

Ang. (at the end of the Act). Oh, don't you see, he said something that pleased her. Then she kissed him. Really, I had no idea how easy Italian was. Of course, one understands it from knowing French. (Entr'acte passes as before, and curtain rises on Act Three.) Ah, here we are at Auteuil. Yes, and here comes Marguerite with some flowers. Isn't it interesting?

Edwin. Isn't this piece rather like the *Traviata*?

Ang. I don't know. But I never saw the Opera. And there, that old gentleman has come to call upon Marguerite.

Edwin. Why, of course, like the old chap with the baritone song. Now I begin to understand Italian myself.

Ang. Do you, dear? Well, you see, he was going to be rude, and then they made it up, and she gave him a chair. And there, do you see? she leaves a letter for Armande. It is for him to read. And now she leaves him. And he is reading the letter.

Edwin. And doesn't seem to like it. And there's the old chap (without the song), and he is consoling him.

Ang. (after a glance at her playbill). Yes, because they are father and son. (The Fourth Act passes, and she explains to her husband that Marguerite has been playing at cards, and that Armande is very angry with her.) That's why he throws money at her.

Edwin. Rather a cad—Armande.

Ang. Oh, no. You know we must not judge foreigners by an English standard. (The last Act commences.) You see, she is very ill. That cradle covered with rugs is her bed.

Edwin. Indeed!

Ang. Yes. And that I suppose must be the doctor. I wonder what they are saying! This Act they all seem to be talking faster than they did in the others. That old woman was her friend. I wonder why she has left her like that!

Edwin. Didn't she say something like "What a rum go?" It is the only line I have understood since the commencement of the performance. What is she saying now?

Ang. (hesitating). Well, I am not quite sure. But you see she is very ill. She scarcely recognises Armande.

Edwin. What is he saying? What has he done with his father?

Ang. (perplexed). I can't quite follow this Act—they talk so fast.

Edwin. And, I say, why on earth have these two turned up? A lady in complete bridal costume—wreath, veil, and all—and a chap in evening dress. What on earth have they got to do with the story?

Ang. Don't you think, dear, we had better get a book?

Edwin (ignoring the suggestion). There's the poor thing dead!

Ang. Ah, I understood the last bit quite well. The Italian language is so much more expressive than our own, isn't it, dear?

Edwin. Darling, it is!

[Cigarettes, cabs, and Curtain.]

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

It has been noticed by philosophers that a mere name will often lead a man to his ruin. Why, for example, was JOHN DARLEY fined twenty shillings and costs at the Tynemouth Petty Sessions? He met a boiler-smith, RICHARD



ROTHWELL, riding on a bicycle. Thereupon, without any apparent reason, he used abusive language, bashed the unoffending boiler-smith on the nose, brandished a knife, and shouted out, "Come on!—I'm JOHNNY DARLEY, from Byker." There you have it. Residing, as he did, in a perpetual comparative, he naturally despised and loathed the positive "byke." Hence his violent assault on its rider.

I OBSERVE, with deep regret, that Professor LLOYD, of Southport, has been fined for trespassing on a railway bridge at Preston. The Professor did not want to stay there. All he wished to do, and all that he actually did, was to dive off into the water below. He is an aquatic Professor, and informed the Bench that he was obliged to do these things to keep up his reputation.

I'LL tell you a tale of Professor LLOYD,
Who dived off a bridge at Preston—
An act that the magistrates much annoyed,
Though he kept both his coat and vest on.
They said "You mustn't repeat this joke,
Professor, or else you'll rue it."
But LLOYD, the Professor, he up and spoke,
And said, "I'm obliged to do it.
Up on the bridge I stand for awhile,
I stand till I fairly shiver,
Then down I go—it seems like a mile—
And I plunge in the bubbling river.
I hope your worships won't "queer my pitch,"
For I'm sorry to give you trouble
In maintaining a reputation which
Is so closely combined with bubble."

I WISH I had been in Hawick lately. Ever since I first learnt the rudiments of the English language I have been haunted by a desire to know how a man looked and acted when he "bussed the Standard." They've done that at Hawick "in connection," as I read, "with the celebration of the ancient custom of the Common Riding." Later on "the local slogan 'Teribus' was sung with great vigour." There is something crushing, scattering, and battle-heralding about the mere sound of that fearful word.

J. B., who describes himself as "A Residenter in Oswald Road," writes to *The Scotsman* to complain of the flimsy material used in the construction of the lamp-posts near his dwelling. The other day a milk-van ran away—at least, the horse drawing it did. "One would think," says J. B., "the progress of such a small vehicle would have been arrested by coming into collision with one lamp-post, but four posts were destroyed by the van. On examination it is found that the foundation of a street lamp-post only goes three inches into the stone below it. With such a short hold the lamp-post is easily toppled over." Of course it is. To fix lamp-posts so inadequately gives a direct encouragement to milk-vans to run away and attempt their destruction. Let the Lord Provost of Edinburgh look to it.

THE Master and the Matron of the workhouse at Stratford-on-Avon have resigned, and the guardians have been "considerably discussing" the appointment of their successors. Eventually it was resolved, not only to reduce the salaries, but also—hear this, ye licensed victuallers!—to cut off the beer-money hitherto paid. What dignity can possibly attach to a workhouse officer who has to pay for his own beer? It is by such insidious attacks as this that the foundations of public confidence are shaken, and the whole fabric of the Constitution is endangered. My mind misgives me when I attempt to forecast the future of Stratford.

At Tetbury there is a lodge of the recently-established Conservative Working Men's Benefit Society. It is called—*absit omen*—the Trouble House Lodge, and quite recently it held a *fête* and dinner. 'Tis always *fête*-day somewhere in the world. Indeed, the amount of *fêtes* that take place on any given day in provincial England is astounding. Without frequent *fêtes* no district can be considered respectable.

In the world that we live in our troubles are great
To add to their number is scarcely the game.
Nay, how can these lodgers delight in their *fête*,
With perpetual trouble attached to their name?

At Owens College, Manchester, so I gather from the letter of "An Old Student" in *The Manchester Guardian*, some of the students are beginning to feel, that "while its teaching of specific subjects is admirable, in fact, unsurpassed, its general education—that education which consists in the development of men—has not yet reached the same level." They therefore wish to develop athletics, and by making the modest subscription of 10s. 6d. compulsory on all, "to decoy the unathletic man into taking exercise almost without knowing it." At present only 150 out of 800 students pay up. I heartily commend this proposal, though I confess I should like to know what sort of exercise it is that a man can take almost without knowing it. Let the unathletic man be decoyed by all means, but let him thoroughly understand that he is to take exercise, and take it, if possible, with reasonable violence.

MR. N. F. DRUCE, of Cambridge, is, as I write, at the head of the batting averages of this year, and next to him comes the marvellous W. G.

Ye batsmen attend, of my hints make a use,
And consider the greatness of GRACE and of DRUCE.
If you wish to make hundreds your names, you'll agree
Must be monosyllabic and end with e, e.

ASCOT.

To Monsieur Punch.

CHEER MONSIEUR.—Last year I am gone to your races of Ascot. It is beautiful, it is ravishing, but how it is dear! Thousand thunders, how it is dear! I go to the *Grand Prix*, I pay twenty francs, that is also dear, but it is all, it is finished. Eh well, I desire to see one time your Gold Cup, and I go of good hour by railway. Arrived there I pay one pound, that what you call one sov., and I enter. I suppose I can go by all—*partout*, how say you? Ah, but no! I see by all some *affiches* "One Pound."

I can to write your language enough well, but I speak with much of difficulty. Therefore I read the affixes without nothing to ask. Thus when I read "One Pound" I go no more far. I walk myself in the charming garden and I see the beautiful misses. Ah how they are adorable! DAUDET has wrong, DAUDET is imbecile, they are adorable. It is not the pain to pay again some pounds for to see to run the horses, when I can to see the misses who walk themselves here, without to pay of more.

But in fine I am fatigued. Also I have great hunger, for it is the hour of the *déjeuner*. But without doubt one is obliged to pay one pound before to enter the bar. My word, I will not! I shall not pay one sov., and more, for a squashed lemon and a bun of Bath. I go to smoke at place of that, and I walk myself at the shade all near of an arch.

All of a blow all the world lifts himself and comes very quick towards me. I cannot escape, I am carried away by the crowd, I arrive to the arch. I think "*Du courage, AUGUSTE mon cher! Sois calme! S'il y a encore une livre à payer*—" But there is no sov., and I pass. Thousand thunders! What is, then, this noise? Is he a revolution, a riot of Anarchists? Ah, no! It are the book-makers. The bookmakers in the midst of the ladies! Hold, it is too strong! And I pay one sov. to stand with those men there! It is too strong! I go more far, I pass the barrier, I am alone on the grass. I go to left. I see some men, in a cage of iron, who cry also. It is—how say you?—"Tatersal." Then, ah heaven, I arrive at the true *Pesage*! Not of burgesses, not of villain beasts of bookmakers, not even of "Tatersals." But *partout* the ladies the most beautiful, the most charming, the most adorable! It is there I go! Even if I pay one sov., two sovs., three sovs., I go!

I essay to enter. The policeman stops me. I say, "One pound?" and I offer to him one sov. He looks all around, and then he says, quite low, "No good, Sir—the inspector's looking." I say, "She is good, that pound there, I assure you of it. Is there two to pay?" And I hold one other. Then the inspector comes and says I bribe the policeman. I say that no. He says that yes. I am furious. I say I pay the entrance. He says, "Get off the course." I refuse. He pushes me. I resist. Other policemen push me. Just heaven, they force me to go! I cannot resist. Then all the people in face cry furiously. They shout "Welshman!" How they are stupid! Can they think that I am a Welshman—me, AUGUSTE? Ah, that it is droll! Then the policemen run, and I run also. I wish not to run, but I am forced. And, in fine, we are at the railway station, and they put me in a train, and I arrive to London at three o'clock. See there all that I have seen of your races of Ascot, and I have paid one sov. It costs very dear.

Sincere friendships, AUGUSTE.



"HONEY, MY HONEY!"

Chinaman. MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR THIS LITTLE ADVANCE; BUT I'M AFRAID I SHALL WANT SOME MORE SOON.
Bear (aside) 'SO SHALL I! A GOOD DEAL MORE—FROM YOU."

[Hums "Oh, honey, MY honey!"]



HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Auntie. "ARCHIE, RUN UP TO THE HOUSE, AND FETCH MY RACKET. THERE'S A DEAR!"

Archie (preparing to depart). "ALL RIGHT. BUT I SAY, AUNTIE, DON'T LET ANYBODY TAKE MY SEAT, WILL YOU?"

THE MAN AND THE MAID.

(Up-to-date "Biking" Version.)



"WHERE are you going, young Man?" cried the Maid.

"I'm going a cycling, Miss!" he said.

"May I come with you, young Man?" asked the Maid.

"Why, ye-e-es, if you feel like it, Miss!" he said.

"But—why do I find you like Man arrayed?"

"Oh, knickers are cumfy, young Man!" she said.

"But the boys will cheffy you, Miss, I'm afraid!"

"What does *that* matter, young Man?" she said.

"Are you a Soorcher, young Man?" asked the Maid.

"Nothing so vulgar, fair Miss!" he said.

"Then I don't think much of you!" mocked the Maid.

"Neither does 'ARRY, sweet Miss!" he said.

"What is your ideal, young Man?" said the Maid.

"A womanly Woman, fair Miss" he said.

"Then I can't marry you, Sir!" cried the Maid.

"Thank heaven for *that*, manly Miss!" he said.

A RULE OF CONDUCT.

You say to a man what you *couldn't* write to him; and you write to a man what you *wouldn't* say to him.—JAMES THE TRANQUILL PENMAN, J.P.

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

A FAMOUS old mill has been burned to the ground. None other than that situate upon the river Dee, where a certain jolly miller sang songs and earned the envy of "bluff King HAL" in days of old, wearing the white flour of a blameless life. He also wore a white hat, for the purpose, it is said, of keeping his head warm. The modern miller wears one in summer to keep his head cool. No doubt he found it useful at the fire. Great thing to keep a cool head on such occasions. The mill has now been destroyed by fire four times. There was an ancient prophecy, according to a local paper, that it was doomed to be burned down three times. This Delphic oracle would, of course, have inspired the simple gentlemen of old Greece to give up insuring after the third fire. Probably the modern "miller of the Dee" has committed a paradox, and profited by a lofty disregard for his prophet.

ALL Saints Church, Old Swan, is the first Liverpool church which has adopted the innovation of lady choristers wearing the new surplices and caps, which have been specially designed for their use. The surplices are quite unlike those used by the clergy; they are more like dolmans. The caps are of the shape worn by a D.C.L., and are made of violet velvet. One of the most cogent reasons for their adoption is expressed by the Rev. Canon WILKINSON, who, as appears from the *Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*, writes thus:—"Since these garments have been introduced, the offertories in the church have been increased by at least one-third."

INTERNATIONAL DISCOURTESY.—The French law, it seems, requires the owner of a yacht, in which he is himself sailing, to supply stores of victual and drink for his crew. A French yacht put in at Dartmouth, says the *Field*, and the Dartmouth Custom-house officials dartsed down on her, and made the owner pay for what he used of his own. "They manage these things better in France." This would have been indeed, "a 'Custom' more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

RUS IN URBE

A SKETCH IN REGENT'S PARK.

SCENE—A railed-in corner of the Park. TIME—about 7 P.M.

Inside the inclosure three shepherds are engaged in shearing the park sheep. The first shepherd has just thrown his patient on its back, gripped its shoulders between his knees, and tucked its head, as a tiresome and obstructive excrescence, neatly away under one of his arms, while he reaches for the shears. The second is straddled across his animal, which is lying with its hind legs hobbled on a low stage under an elm, in a state of stoical resignation, as its fleece is deftly snipped from under its chin. The third operator has almost finished his sheep, which, as its dark gray fleece slips away from its pink-and-white neck and shoulders, suggests a rather décolletée dowager in the act of removing her theatre-cloak in the stalls. Sheep, already shorn, lie and pant in shamed and shivering bewilderment, one or two nibble the blades of grass, as if to assure themselves that that resource is still open to them. Sheep whose turn is still to come are penned up at the back, and look on, scandalised, but with an air which seems to express that their own superior respectability is a sufficient protection against similar outrage. The shearers appear to take a humorous view of their task, and are watched by a crowd which has collected round the railings, with an agreeable assurance that they are not expected to contribute to towards the entertainment.

First Work-Girl (edging up). Whatever's goin' on inside 'ere? (After looking—disappointed.) Why, they ain't on'y a lot o' sheep! I thought it was Reciters, or somethink o' that.

Second Work-Girl (with irony). They look like Reciters, don't they! It do seem a shame cuttin' them poor things as close as con-vicks, that it do!

First W. G. They don't mind it partiukler; you'd 'ear 'em 'oller fast enough if they did.

Second W. G. I expeck they feel so ridic'us, they 'aven't the 'art to 'oller.

Lucilla (to GEORGE). Do look at that one going up and sniffing at the bundles of fleeces, trying to find out which is his. Isn't it pathetic?

George. H'm—puts one in mind of a shy man in a cloak-room after a party, saying feebly, "I rather think that's my coat, and there's a crush-hat of mine somewhere about," eh?

Lucilla (who is always wishing that GEORGE would talk more sensibly). Considering that sheep don't wear crush-hats, I hardly see how—

George. My dear, I bow to your superior knowledge of natural history. Now you mention it, I believe it is unusual. But I merely meant to suggest a general resemblance.

Lucilla (reprovingly). I know. And you've got into such a silly habit of seeing resemblances in things that are perfectly different. I'm sure I'm always telling you of it.

George. You are, my dear. But I'm not nearly so bad as I was. Think of all the things I used to compare you to before we were married!

Sarah Jane (to her Trooper). I could stand an' look on at 'em hours, I could. I was born and bred in the country, and it do seem to bring back my old 'ome that plain.

Her Trooper. I'm country bred, too, though yer mightn't think it. But there ain't much in sheep shearin' to my mind. If it was pig killin', now!

Sarah Jane. Ah, that's along o' your bein' in the milingtary, I expect.

Her Trooper. No, it ain't that. It's the reckerlections it 'ud call up. I 'ad a 'ole uncle a pork-butcher, d'ye see, and (with sentiment)

many and many a 'appy hour I've spent as a boy—

[He indulges in tender reminiscences.

A Young Clerk (who belongs to a Literary Society, to his Fiancée). It has a wonderfully rural look—quite like a scene in 'Ardy, isn't it?

His Fiancée (who has "no time for reading rubbish"). I daressay; though I've never been there myself.

The Clerk. Never been? Oh, I see. You thought I said Arden—the Forest of Arden, in SHAKESPEARE, didn't you?

His Fiancée. Isn't that where Mr. GLADSTONE lives, and goes cutting down the trees in?

The Clerk. No; at least it's spelt different. But it was 'ARDY I meant. Far from the Madding Crowd, you know.

His Fiancée (with a vague view to the next Bank Holiday). What do you call "far"—farther than Margate?

[Her companion has a sense of discouragement.

An Artisan (to a neighbour in broadcloth and a whitechoker). It's wonderful 'ow they can go so close without 'urtin' of 'em, ain't it?

His Neighbour (with unction). Ah, my friend, it on'y shows 'ow true it is that 'eving tempers the shears for the shorn lambs!

A Governess (instinctively, to her charge). Don't you think you ought to be very grateful to that poor sheep, ETHEL, for giving up her nice warm

fleece on purpose to make a frock for you?

Ethel (doubtfully). Y—yes, Miss MAYOR. But (with a fear that some reciprocity may be expected of her) she's too big for any of my best frocks, isn't she?

First Urchin (perched on the railings). Ain't that 'un a-kickin' 'E don't like 'avin' 'is 'air cut, 'e don't, no more shouldn't I if it was me... 'E's bin an' upset 'is bloke on the grors, now! Look at the bloke layin' there larin'. 'E's ketched 'im agin now. See 'im landin' 'im a smack on the 'ed; that'll learn 'im to stay quiet, eh? 'E's strong, ain't 'e?

Second Urchin. Rams is the wust, though, 'cause they got 'orns, rams 'ave.

First Urch. What, same as goats?

Second Urch. (emphatically). Yuss! Big crooked 'uns. And runs at yer, they do.

First Urch. I wish they was rams in 'ere. See all them sheep waitin' to be done. I wonder what they're finkin' of.

Second Urch. Ga-arn! They don't fink, sheep don't.



First Urch. Not o' anyfink?

Second Urch. Na-ow! They aint got nuffink to fink about, sheep ain't.

First Urch. I lay they do fink, orf an' on.

Second Urch. Well, I lay you never see 'em doin' of it!

[And so on. The first Shepherd disrobes his sheep, and dismisses it with a disrespectful spank. After which he proceeds to refresh himself from a brown jar, and hands it to his comrades. The spectators look on with deeper interest, and discuss the chances of the liquid being beer, cider, or cold tea, as the scene closes.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday.—Grand night. Memorable for *rentrée* of ADELINA PATTI. She has been absent from C. G. Opera many years. Welcome little stranger! Absence makes hearts fonder, and so Big Heart of Big House, crowded right up to tipmost topmost, goes out to ADELINA PATTI re-



Patti commence la Patti-série.

re-appearing as radiant *Violetta*, the Con-sumptive Cocotte and heroine of *La Traviata*. Quite in best Tra-la-la-viata form is our PATTI to-night. The know-ing ones observe high keys politely transposed to suit ADELINA. But what manager could re-fuse to put down the notes when ADELINA agrees to sing? All come in early. Upper parts of House at Lowest prices either break-fasted or lunched on doorstep, waiting for Warbler to com-mence. Warbler begins - 8.30 sharp. "8.30 sharp" may-be, but Warbler nei-ther sharp nor flat; in perfect tune. DE LUOLA first rate as poor, spoony little *Alfredo*; and ANCONA admirable as Old Original G. G., i.e., *Georgy Germon*t. "Pura siccome," and "Parigi o cara," old friends all, come out as fresh as ever, or fresher. Get story rather mixed up with that of *Manon*, which in some respects it resembles: *Violetta* evidently *Manon's* niece, or first cousin. Touchingly sympathetic acting on part of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as the nurse (draught, &c., every hour, prescriptions carefully made up) attending the suffering soprano. *Annina* deeply touched by sad meeting between *Alfredo*, "such a Daisy,"—or, such a "Lack-a-Daisy,"—and his sweet *Violet*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Who won the battle of Tel-el-Kebir?" "I, said Cook HAMLEY, I won Tel-el-Kebir with my Highland Brigade." Mr. INNES SHAND's life of General Sir E. B. HAMLEY (BLACKWOOD) is obviously pub-lished with chief intent of placing in permanent form HAMLEY's claim in respect of this engagement. It is not a new story. It was published to the world soon after the event in the pages of a monthly magazine. The article, a model of terse, lucid, yet pic-turesque writing, is reproduced in these volumes. Whether accurate in detailed assertion and induction, or coloured by strong feeling, it is a melancholy story. Either HAMLEY was deliberately ignored in the Commander-in-Chief's despatches after Tel-el-Kebir, or he was under a remarkable hallucination. The affair is all the more curious since Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, as soon as he was appointed to the Egyptian command, sought out HAMLEY and offered him the command of one of the divisions of the expeditionary force. The secret of the estrangement which soon developed between the two soldiers is, my Baronite suspects, to be found in the characteristic fact that the very day the ship conveying Sir GARNET WOLSELEY arrived at Alexandria, HAMLEY went on board and proposed to show his chief how the enemy should be attacked. "He did not seem to wish to pursue the subject," HAMLEY writes in his diary, "and I soon after took leave." Other incidents, which HAMLEY hotly resented, culminated in the despatch to the War Office reporting the fight at Tel-el-Kebir, and ignoring the Highland Brigade, which, in the view of its commander, had borne the brunt of the battle. Some day Lord WOLSELEY may give his

version of the affair. Meantime it gloomily stands forth in this record of a strenuous but, on the whole, a disappointed life. It is pleasant to learn that HAMLEY gratefully recognised in one of Mr. PUNCH's Cartoons a powerful incentive to the course of public feeling which postponed his being shelved under the operation of the scheme of compulsory retirement by reason of age. The most charming passages in the book are the correspondence with the late Mr. BLACKWOOD, who opened to General HAMLEY the avenue to literary fame.

One of my Baronites of Irish extraction writes thusly:—"A Tale of the Thames is the title of the Summer Number of *The Graphic*. It is written by J. ASHBY-STERRY, and illustrated by WILLIAM HATHERRELL. The course of the story—or, rather, the watercourse of the story—covers a good deal of ground, embracing as it does, on both sides, most places of interest between the Source in Trewsbury Mead, Gloucestershire, and Hampton Court." Quoth the Baron, "I am all anxiety to see this tale of the Thames uncoil itself."

The Baron welcomes a comparatively "handy" volume ("handy" relative term, depending on size of hand) of reference, entitled, *Men and Women of the Time*, new edition, brought out by Messrs. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, edited by Mr. PLARR of Oxford; and the plat that is set before the public and the Baron appears to be a thoroughly satisfying one. "The first name for which I naturally looked," quoth the Baron, "was that of ROUTLEDGE himself, but searching from ROSSI, through Roumania, to ROWBOTHAM, nowhere did I light upon the name of ROUTLEDGE. Master MILLAIS is here, also MILLER, likewise MILLS; but I do not see the name of the author of the 'Arty Papers,' the inventor of 'ARRY' in these columns, of immortal fame. 'Name him!' In every other respect the compilers and publishers are to be congratulated, and do hereby stand congratulated, on their work by the ever-appreciative BARON DE B.-W."

THE TWO GRACES.

"There was something pathetic in seeing old W. G. and young W. G. at the wicket together. It is not often we see father and son together at the wicket in first-class cricket."—The *Star* on the M. C. C. v. Kent match at Lords.]

AIR—"The Two Obadiahs."

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Pat your wicket, dear son WILLIAM, pat your wicket!

In the pitch there are bad patches, that may lead to bowls or catches;

And you're now in first-class cricket, first-class cricket.

I've already topped my fame; you

have got to make your name.

I should like to see us both make a

'century' this time!"

Says the young W. G. to the old

W. G.,

"'Twould be prime, Father

WILLIAM, 'twould be prime!"

Says the young W. G. to the old

W. G.,

"How I wish that I could time

and place like you!

I should like to hear them clap me, but

my gig-lamps handicap me;

Still I'll do my little best to pile a

few."

Says the old W. G., "Run for all you're worth, like me!

You must always 'play the game.' You must ever 'look alive.'"

Groans the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"Caught—for Five! Father WILLIAM, only Five!"

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"Bother HEARNE, dear son WILLIAM, JONES and HEARNE!

But don't you get in a pucker! Caught and bowled for Fives's a

But be patient, and you're sure to get your turn. [mucker,

I am going to have a shy for another Cen-tu-ry.

You must help me by-and-by to keep up the family name!"

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,

"Right you are, dad! Wish you luck, and a good game!"



Tom Bowling.

"THREE WHICH'S?"—Will SARA B., ELEANORA DUSE, and Miss ADA REHAN be playing individually and separately at different theatres all at the same time? Were this concatenation to occur, the playgoer, at the height of the season, would be as puzzled as was the "anxious cit," who "each invitation views, And ponders which to take and which refuse." The "stayer" will win. Fly away, SARA, fly away, NORA—and so from three take two, and only ADA REHAN remains, which is a simple sum in subtraction, though Miss REHAN herself is always a most welcome Ada-ition to the English-as-she-is-spoken Drama in London. The Augustinians of Trafalgar Square return to their Daly avocations on the 25th.



UNDESIGNED COINCIDENCE.

Curate (to Parish Choir, practising the Anthem), "NOW WE 'LL BEGIN AGAIN AT THE 'HALLELUJAH,' AND PLEASE LINGER LONGER ON THE 'LU'!"

THE GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

SIR.—Being "stumped," alas I can only send Dr. GRACE my best wishes, and a round 0, which is good for naught.

Yours, RUN OUT.

SIR.—To encourage "Our Boys" in the National Game, I am heartily glad to see the daily (*Telegraph*) increasing list of subscribers to the testimonial. Had poor H. J. BYRON been alive—the mention of "Our Boys" of course recalls him to our minds—he would no doubt have sent a coin, and further subscribed himself

PERKYN MIDDLEWICK-ET.

SIR.—The present enthusiasm for cricket and its distinguished Professor will spread to France. There *le cricquet* has already been introduced, and, when no misadventure occurs, the batsman, returning triumphant and grateful, records his "*actions de Grace*."

Yours, HOMME D'UNE CHAUVÉ-SOURIS.

P.S.—*Je fais le cricquet, autrement 'e m'engraisse.* (See?)

SIR.—I miss one important name from the *Telegraph* list of subscriptions to Grace Testimonial. What is GRACE the Batsman without T. G. BOWLES?

Yours,

BATTER PUDDING, M.P.

SIR.—Here's something original. Lay out some of the coin subscribed in purchasing for Dr. W. G., the champion "Willow-wielder," a set of "Willow-pattern plates."

OLD CHINA.

P.S.—I happen to have by me a rare, almost invaluable set, which I can dispose of at a certain figure.

SIR.—Dr. GRACE is now getting on for fifty. In another four years he will complete his half century. Therefore he is no chicken. Ergo, he may one day have a duck's egg. I withhold my subscription, to accumulate with interest, till that occurs.

AN ARDENT ADMIRER.

SIR.—Ah me! and well-a-day! it is the grand sorrow of my life! I cannot subscribe to this fund for Dr. GRACE. I dare not, except you allow me to send it confidentially through you, Sir, ever the Ladies' friend. Ah Sir! long ago my heart "went out"—to whom? no

matter. It was a cricketer. I never told my love! I long-stopped! But never, never, shall I forget that memorable day when he was there, and when someone, Dr. G. will remember who it was, *bowed a maiden over!* I am not a heroine, but I may sign this (as I address it fervently to) "GRACE DARLING!"

The Lighthouse, A Little off—the Coast.

SIR.—I belong to an "Impi" tribe—with "cunious" addel. Otherwise would I contribute what I did to the first cricket-match I ever played, when, as the ball was thrown at me, to save my head I gave a bob. I cannot even do that now. But as a lover of the game I hope that there are many youthful Britons eager to follow "*Exemplum Gratiae*."

Yours, STUMP ORATOR.

DEAR SIR.—I think you are quite right to encourage cricket, as it is a noble game. The Duke of WELLINGTON once said that Trafalgar was won on the Eton Playing-fields. I don't think he was quite right there, as I have always been told that the battle was fought abroad. I am last in my class, but I'm in the second Eleven. I'm often "not out," and to-day I've had to "stay in" all the time during the match, because I had a saying-lesson to write out and translate. The other day I made 27, including three fours, against the United Thingummies.

I remain, yours enthusiastically,

The Only College.

TOMMY.

P.S.—I will send my shilling as soon as I can get it from BATTLEY MI. He owes it me for birds' eggs.

SIR.—I am only too happy to contribute my mite, for though it's some while—alas! how time flies—since I handled the willow, I well remember playing in the early forties against ALFRED PITCHER and JOHN TOSSEY. Ah, they were heroes in those days. I myself was no mean performer. I tell you, Sir, many's the time I have made double figures against the underhand bowling of JIMMY TRUNDLER, and he *could* bowl, too! before the round-arm style came in. I never took kindly to that, but these fifty years I have been an ardent locker-on, and I must tell you, &c. &c.*

JNO. WARDLE.

(Late Member of All-Muggleton C. C.)

* "No you mustn't." Caught out by Editor.



A Wicket Girl.



“A FLYING VISIT.”

EMPEROR WILLIAM (*to MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE leaving Kiel after very brief stay*). “MUST YOU REALLY GO? SO SORRY!”



"Perfect Lady" (who has just been ejected). "WELL, NEXT TIME I GOES INTO A PUBLICHOUSE, I'LL GO SOMEWHERE WHERE I'LL BE RESPECTED!"

PROVERBS BY AN ILLUSTRIOUS FOREIGNER ON TOUR.

THE time of special trains was made for slaves, not Asiatic Princes.

You may take an Eastern Magnate to a manufactory, but you can only with difficulty get him to lunch with the local Mayor.

There is many a slip between the Prince and the lift.

A view of machinery in motion in hand is worth two invitations to receptions in prospective.

Cocked-hats of a feather flock together. You cannot make pleasure out of the address of a corporation.

All roads lead to turtle soup.

It is an ill wind that causes a swell on the Ship Canal.

People who live in mosques ought not to throw sticks at the Derby.

A programme kept to time is not worth nine.

The early mayor has to wait longest.

Give a Highness a wrong title and report him.

Enough at a factory is better than a feast in a Town Hall.

It is a long explanation that has no turning.

A jerk is as good as a nod to a bowing multitude.

When a person of the first importance enters by the door all settled arrangements disappear through the window.

The Representative of an Illustrious Race laughs at Traffic Managers.

The English Public enjoys a sensation, but the Indian Empire pays for it.

When the Prince is away, to fill up the time the band will play.

The son proposes but the father disposes.

The autocrat through the telegraph waits for no one.

Welcome the coming quiet and speed the exhausted guest.

An Opportunity not to be Missed.

Tired Reviewer (to Anxious Author). Ah! old fellow! I'm fagged out! Come and dine with me to-night? Sorry to give you such short notice.

Anxious Author. "Short notice!" Oh, please, never do that. [*Exeunt together.*]

"A SALE! A SALE!"

THE Price Sale of pictures on Saturday last at Christie's will be ever memorable as "The Highest Price Sale." "What's the demd total?" was the first question Mr. Mantalini asked. To which the present answer is £87,144. A nice little sum to go on with, or off with. One of the incidents was most dramatic. GAINSBOROUGH'S "Lady Musgrave" was put up to be purchased. Then stood forward bold WILLIAM AGNEW with eight thousand guineas in his best gossamer. "The lady is mine!" he exclaimed, rapturously, and was advancing with arms outstretched to seize his prize, when suddenly his path was crossed by one CAMPBELL "of that ilk," who cried aloud, "Here are ten thousand golden sovereigns plus ten thousand silver shillings, all glittering on a tray! Advance no further!" And bold WILLIAM advanced no further. For once he was taken aback. "I didna ken the CAMPBELL was coming!" muttered WILLIAM A-bashed. And ere he could recover from his surprise, and while yet his frame was quivering with excitement, his picture, the Lady that should have been his, was gone. "They have given her to another!" he sang sadly, but the next moment he pulled himself together, and "taking heart of Grace" WILLIAM made such running, off his own bat, as would have astonished even the eminent cricketer just mentioned. And the last of the "Reynolds' Miscellany" in this collection succumbed to WILLIAM the Conqueror for 450 guineas. *Sic transit gloria Saturday!*

NEW NAME.—The Imperial Institute henceforward to be known as "The Somers Vinery."

A FINE SUMMER DAY'S OUTING.

HIGHLY recommended by "The Faculty" (who has tried it more than once). Given a perfectly calm sea, a delicious light breeze, and anything else "given" that you can get, including pleasant company, then, with tears in your patriotic eyes, and a tremolo in your voice, bid farewell (for a couple of hours or so) to old England, cross the Channel, invade France *via* Calais, where, however calm the sea has been, you must be prepared for a "buffet"; but this "buffet" is not at all rough, just the contrary, and if by chance you should have at all suffered from any unevenness in the wave line, you are sure, on arriving at Calais, of a "restauration" which will send you back in another hour and a half quite the giant refreshed. That same evening you can pose as a real traveller just returned from "the Continent," which will serve you excellently both as reason and apology for not having answered any letters, and neglected epistolary business generally during the last month. "Been away, my boy!" "Ah, that's why you didn't answer my letter. Where have you been?" "Oh! France, about Normandy. Delightful. Ta! Ta!" And perhaps the expenditure of the day's trip will have saved you from all sorts of trouble, pecuniary and otherwise, that you might have got into had you remained at home, answering letters. *But*, as to the benefit of the sea air—there can't be two opinions about that.

A DISTINGUISHED COMMONER WHO CANNOT VOTE FOR DOING AWAY WITH "LORD'S."—Dr. GRACE. Public school elevens and M. C. C. all against such a proposition.

BOLD J. H. TAYLOR.

[J. H. TAYLOR, an Englishman born and bred, has for the second time won the Open Championship (Golf) at the St. Andrews Links.]

OH! young J. H. TAYLOR is a fine young fellow,
At whom the Scotsmen may hardly scoff;
For though he's Saxon by birth and breeding,
He is champion now at the Game of Golf!

On St. Andrews' Links when the rain was pouring,
He smote the ball with a manly blow;
And he distanced St. Andrews' ANDREW—KIRKALDY—
Though TAYLOR was trained in far Westward Ho!

And he went the four rounds fair and featly,
In strokes three hundred, and twenty, and two,
Which SANDY HEED, and ANDY KIRKALDY,
And DAVIE ANDERSON, they could not do.

It may seem sheer cheek for "a gowk of a Saxon"
To take the cake at the Gaelic Game; [cerest flattery,
But as imitation's the sin—
Let 'em take a licking in the light o' the same.

So here's a health to bold J. H. TAYLOR.
Lord of the Links, at the tee a toff; [slighted Southron
Who takes first place for the At the Ancient and Royal Game of Golf!



ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.

'Arry (on a Northern Tour, with Cockney pronunciation). "THEN I'LL AVE A BOTTLE OF AILE."

Hostess of the Village Inn. "LE, SIR! WE'VE NANE IN THE HOOSE, BUT CASTOR ILE OR PARAFFINE. WAD ONY O' THEM DAE, SIR?"

"HOUSE OF REST FOR ACTORS."

BENEATH the spreading BEER-BOHM TREE

The Resting Actor stands,
And grateful takes the £ s. d.
From Active Actors' hands.
No more he'll strut upon the stage

Where he has done his best,
Nothing he'll need, while active men
Are doing *all the rest*.

Classical and Cockney.

Hal. It was a Greek play at Bradford College.

'Arry (to Tom). I told you it was a Greek fake.

Tom (to 'Arry). How do you know?

'Arry (giving Hal as his authority). 'Cos it's 'Al-sez-tis.

The New Women.

THEY dress . . . like men.
They talk . . . like men.
They live . . . like men.
They don't . . . like men.

INTELLIGENCE FROM (AND AT) HAMBURG.—"Mr. G." was unable to go to the Zoo at feeding-time. He was conspicuous by his absence, as all the other lions were there.

NEW AND APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE AFTER-DINNER CRUMB-AND-FRAGMENT BASKET.—"The Morsel-eum."

'ARRY ON THE SEASON.

DEAR CHARLIE,—The pypers all tell us the Season is now at its 'ight;
Don't mean one o' THOMSON's, my pippin.
That josses is now out of dyte.
When I was a bit of a kiddie, dad 'ad a old brown-covered book
Into wick now and then, on a Sunday, 'e thought it the right thing to look.

Such sloppy saloop, my dear CHARLIE, "embellished" with rummy old cuts,
Drawn stiff and old-fashioned, by SROTHARD.
On one o' 'em though, I was nuts,
Musi—somethink or other I fancy. But as to the cackle, Great Scott!—
"The sun rolling bounteous from Aries," and reams o' such molly slop rot.

Now if JEMMY 'ad sung of our Season, not Nature's old merry-go-round,
But London's pertikler, for swells, it 'ud suit me right down to the ground.
But as JEMMY has shirked it for tosh on "ethereal mildness," and such,
Wy 'ARRY must 'ave a cut in, and all London is fly to his touch.

Wot a Summer we're 'aving this Season! All Nature seems trim and in tune;
Ripe storberries picked out o' doors, though we've 'ardly yet dropped into June;
The parks jest like bloomin' peraries, the water supply going queer,
And a general 'urrying up for stor 'ats, lemon squashes, and beer.

It seems only yesterday, CHARLIE, the standpipes wos up in our street,

And "Are you froze off?" wos the question of every poor pal you might meet.
And now there's a new "water famine" along o' the 'eat, not the cold,
And ginger-pop's sellin' as fast as it can be unbottled and sold.

Queen's droring-rooms, troopin' the colours, and trotting young NASRULLA round,
Is sights your true patriot's nuts on, and I've done my bit, you be bound.
I chi-liked to young Ingy-rubber, and give him the haffable nod;
And if H. R. H. didn't twig me, and drop me a smile, well, it's odd.

Hart's 'aving its innings, as usual, and so is old W. G.,

Only more so. My eye and a band-box, a rare bit o' stuff he must be!
As nigh forty-seven as don't matter, as big as a barrel, and yet
A-piling 'is centries like pea-shellin'! Sound Double Gloster, you bet!

I sor him at Lord's, mate, last Thursday, five 'ours and a arf in the sun,
A smiting and running as if, at 'is age, with 'is weight, it was fun!
'O, CHARLIE? My collar flopped limp, and I lapped lemon-squashes—a number;
And there wos 'e tottling 'is Thousand, as cool as a bloomin' cowmumber.

I wouldn't ha' done it for tuppence; no, not with the cheerings chucked in,
Although the Pervilion fair rose at 'im. 'Ow gents of clars, and with tin,
And no need to it, CHARLIE, choose Cricket, at ninety degrees in the shyde,
When they could lay hidle, fair licks me.
But, there, hevery one to 'is tryde!

A dust-coat, a white 'at, a field-glass, a landau and lashings o' fizz,
At Hascot would suit me fur better. The old sport o' kings 'is good biz.
With shakels, and luck, like Lord ROSEBERRY! Scissors! I do 'ate a Rad.
But a sportsman, as pulls off two Derbies, wy 'ang it, 'e can't be no Cad.

If Primrose would only turn Primroser, wot a fair topper he'd be!
Wot can be 'is little gyime, CHARLIE, to foller old W. G.?
(I don't mean the cricketer this time.) That Liberal lot ain't no clars,
With a lot o' tag-rag they can't hold, and a lot o' bad Bills they can't pass.

The blot on this Season is Parlyment. Wy don't they 'urry it up,
And scoot to country, the cripples? St. Paul's to my tarrier pup,
They'd git a 'ot 'iding this journey. Let ROSEBERRY out the thing short,
Chuck 'ARCOURT and pal on with Gentleman JOE, like a gent, and a Sport!

Then 'ARRY will talk to 'im, CHARLIE! Ah, well, I ain't got no more room,
Though I ain't done the Season arf justice. The last pale laburnum's in bloom,
But it ain't bin washed brimstone with rain-bursts. Our SARAH is hover from Parry,
Sir ORGUSTUS is fair on the toot, so 'Ooray for the Season! Yours, 'ARRY.

NEW BOOK AND QUERY.—"Women's Tragedies. By H. D. LOWRY." Is the tragic history of *That Lass of Lowrie's* included? "But that is another story."

NOW WE'RE FURNISHED!

THIS is how the Guardians of the Middleton Union (County Cork) transact business:—

"Mr. Morrison (to the Chairman). You promised to write to the Local Government Board, and do it now. (Noise and interruptions.)"

"Mr. Murphy (warmly). I say the whole thing is all humbug, and based upon humbug."

"(At this stage there was great noise and confusion, several gentlemen speaking at the same time.)"

"Chairman (very warmly, and hitting the table). I say I am not a humbug, and I was never a humbug, and I hope I'll never have to be displaced from any public position because I was a humbug or a proved humbug."

Why did not the table turn upon the chair, and hit it back? This would have been a real case of table-turning. To parody EDWARD LEAR's delightful *Nonsense Songs*, Said the Table to the Chair, "You can hardly be aware How it feels when you come down With your fist upon my crown."

"MÉNUS PLAISIRS."—One of the best *menus* of the season provided by the Lyceum House of Entertainment included, or rather did include, during last week past, such choice dishes, so much to the taste of everyone, as *The Ris d'Ellen Terry à la Nance Oldfield* and *Tête de Mathias à la Henri premier*. Appropriately, of course, did the orchestra, which plays before each performance, give the old familiar airs of "*I would I were with Nancy!*" and "*The Bells are ringing for!*"—*Mathias*—not for "*Sara*."



A STRAIGHT REPLY.

Daughter of a Hundred Earls (who is about to marry for love). "NOW I AM GOING TO HAVE A HOUSE OF MY OWN, MRS. RUSTLE, I SHALL GET YOU TO GIVE ME A HINT OR TWO."

The Maternal Housekeeper. "WELL, LADY CLARA, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP YOU MUCH. I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE CONTRIVANCES OF PEOPLE WITH SMALL MEANS."

A MISSED CHANCE.

[Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's "reply on behalf of the ladies was witty and felicitous, and only disappointed" those who had hoped that at least one "new woman" would have justified the claim of her sex to equality with the male by replying. "The only sign of novelty we detected about the ladies present was that a few condescended to puff cigarettes, to the evident scandal of some less advanced ladies."—*The "Literary World" upon the late meeting of the "New Vagabond Club."*]

OF novelties—and novel ties—in chase,

Advances the New Woman, destined winner Of true first-fiddledom and pride of place!

Already she's "advanced" to a club dinner At the New Vagabonds! How Eleusinian

It sounds, how almost desperately daring!

Clubdom was once Man's absolute dominion,

Which now New Womanhood with him seems sharing.

"She made no speeches," though;—though FRANKFORT MOORE

Cracked jokes, and HOPE told tales! With mild regret One hears that, 'midst the after-dinner "roar"

Her share was—proxies and a cigarette!

Can it be her revolt against Man's yoke

Shall end, as here, in silence and in smoke!

DAMP ITALIAN DRAMA.—*The Evening News*, eh?

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

[A paper on "The Amplitude of Rolling on a Non-synchronous Wave" was read before the Congress of Naval Architects in Paris.]

LAST week, the papers tell us, the talented and zealous Designers who construct our ships their best attention gave To M. BERTIN's writing on what sounds to us exciting—
The amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

How often, crossing over those distressing Straits of Dover, Where flighty folks grow flabby and where riddy ones grow grave, We have meditated sadly that we don't encounter gladly
The amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

The amplitude—we'd hear it, and would probably not care, it Seems but to be an adjunct which perhaps we might not crave. For that execrable rolling we require much more consoling,
That amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

Yet the rolling might be ended if the waves could be amended To synchronously swell, all want of symmetry to save, But we can't be CANUTES, can we? He could no more stop it than we—

That amplitude of rolling when non-synchronous the wave.

So Lord DUFFRIN entreated all the experts, round him seated, To build a ship where passengers could comfortably shave, Ev'n where a billiard-table would be absolutely stable,
No amplitude of rolling, though non-synchronous the wave.

Naval Architects, then, hasten to diminish woes which chasten The happiness of hundreds, be they timorous or brave; Make a ship, like dry land seeming, where we should not think of dreaming
Of amplitude of rolling, though non-synchronous the wave.

WHITEWASHING THE STATUE OF CROMWELL.

"CROMWELL," wrote the *Daily News* on ARTHUR BALFOUR's speech, "was the only man of his time who understood the principles of religious freedom." Ahem!

"Papa," said Polly Eccles, referring to certain charges brought against her revered father, "Papa may have his faults, but he's a very clever man." So the *D. N.* as to the Protector CROMWELL, "OLIVER," says the *D. N.* in effect, "being human, may have had his faults, as had other men of his time, but he thoroughly understood religious freedom." Did he? In Ireland for example? With him "religious freedom" was like the verb in grammar, either "expressed" or "understood." It might have been "understood," but it certainly was not "expressed" in action. If CROMWELL was such a model of "religious freedom," then it will be as well to reconsider history under NERO, DIOCLETIAN, & Co., not to mention the amiable NINTH CHARLES of France, the genial HARRY THE EIGHTH of England, the gentle PETER, Czar of All the Russias, and a few other kindly-disposed rulers, who were, probably, the only men of their time thoroughly understanding the principles of religious freedom. As the song says, "They wouldn't ha' hurt a biby, They were men as you could trust!" And for OLIVER himself, "He was all right when you knew him, But—you had to know him fust!" Rather; and then you had to accommodate yourself to his little ways, or else so much the worse for one of the two, and that one wouldn't have been OLIVER CROMWELL. But, of course, between principles and practise there is a "Great Divide."

THE SHAHZADA, weary of London life and English enjoyment, will at last exclaim with the canny Scot, "For pleasure gie me Peebles!" (The original remark was made by the author of *Peebles whom I have met*.)

NOTE, SATURDAY, JUNE 15.—Piece running all last week in Theatre Royal Law Courts—"Bébé." For Monday's lunch Sir HENRY HAWKINS ordered a Capon.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 10.—School reopened after Whitsun Holidays. Occasion marked by lamentable episode. Attendance, as usual on Black Monday, very small. SPEAKER took Chair at three o'clock. No private business on hand; nothing to be done till half-past three. Meanwhile, SPEAKER and Members sit with hands folded.

Everyone knows the temptation of such opportunity for a nameless Personage. TOMMY's idle hands instinctively clutched after mischief. Suppose he were to move to have House counted? Evidently not forty present; nothing very serious would follow. SPEAKER would count. If not forty on hand, would leave Chair, sit at table, and wait till they came. Or he would go off, come back any time before four when message brought in that a quorum was in sight. Still, it would be a lark; would startle the House, frighten Ministers, possibly postpone commencement of business by half an hour.

Cap'n just rising with intent to observe that there are not forty Members present, when happier thought struck him. Why not get some landsman to do the trick? The more venerable and venerated the agent the better. TOMMY knows himself to be a wicked old salt. House not shocked now at anything he does. Half the fun gone if he played this prank himself. Shifting his quid and scanning horizon, noted in his place Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart., G.C.S.I., late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, once Governor of Bombay, sometime Chief Commissioner of Central Provinces of India.

The very man for the job. Buttonholing him with his hook, Cap'n TOMMY opened his little plot. TEMPLE aghast at first. Never known such a thing done, and the like. TOMMY jawed away, twisting TEMPLE round the tip of his hook like a marlingspike on a flying jibboom. Convinced him that public duty called for sacrifice of private prejudices. Having squared TEMPLE, TOMMY got men near him to walk out before House was counted, so as to reduce chances of quorum.

Bell rang; Members rushed in; Ministers huddled on Treasury Bench like flock of frightened sheep. TOMMY, looking down from shrouds in Strangers' Gallery, carefully counted.

"Only thirty two," he said. "Done it!"

But SPEAKER can count as well. "One—two—four—fourteen—twenty-seven—thirty-nine, forty," said he, with tone of conviction that precluded contradiction.

"Blow me tight!" said TOMMY, coming out of the shrouds, a deathly pallor shining through his tan. That was not his exact expression; but it was equivalent to his remark.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Tuesday.—EDWARD GREY is a hard nut for Irresponsible Verbosity to crack. SILOMIO, his jaws aching with attempts at crunching SYDNEY BUXTON, sometimes turns to him, and goes away sorrowing. TOMMY has a tuck in at him occasionally, but makes nothing of the job. To night AMBROSE, Q.C., took him in hand. Drew up stupendous question on subject of Great Britain's relations with the Porte in respect of Armenia.

"That'll fetch him," he said, as he ogled the paper on which the question was set forth in bold type. Is there a treaty obligation, he wanted to know, as distinguished from mere discretionary right,

authorising Great Britain to interfere in the affairs of Armenia, or make war upon the Porte? If so, specify the treaty and the particular article or articles creating such obligation.

This a bare summary of question, the drafting of which had cost AMBROSE, Q.C., some sleepless nights. SILOMIO had looked over it; TOMMY had touched it up; BARTLEY had beamed over it; HANBURY had hugged it. GREY's last hour (of course in Parliamentary sense) had evidently come. He had wriggled out of some earlier man traps set for him. This would settle him.

And this is what GREY said in reply:—"The article of the Treaty of Berlin relative to the point raised by the hon. member is the sixty-first."

Only that, and nothing more. The raven on the pallid bust of PALLAS was scarcely more disappointingly laconic. There was a shocked pause; then allied forces swooped down on UNDER SECRETARY, crying, in chorus. Did the clause mean this? Did it mean that?

"The hon. member," said GREY, not even smiling, "must place his own interpretation on the clause."

Evidently nothing to be done with a person of this temperament. SILOMIO, with a wild shriek, learned in Swaziland, dashed in with fresh questions; was neatly tripped up by SPEAKER; lay sprawling on ground with dishevelled hair. Before he could get up, SNAPE was asking HOME SECRETARY if the police might not be supplied with lighter clothing in summer months.

Business done.—Crofters Bill read second time.

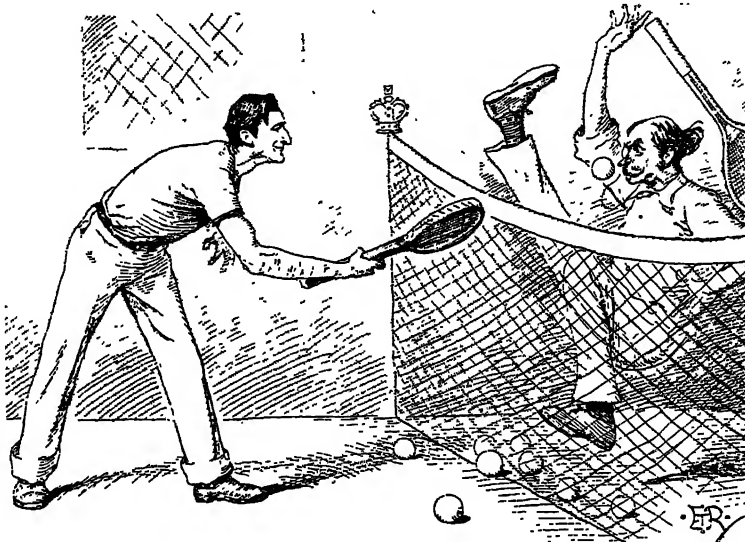
Wednesday. Off Tilbury.—Yes, I'm off Tilbury, and shall be off to the Baltic at four bells, whatever time that may be. Mr. G. is responsible for it. Tired of doing nothing; pondering perilously over growing temptation to run up to town, plunge into Parliamentary work; address meeting at Blackheath on Armenian question. In nick of time comes letter from DON CURRIE, proposing a trip to Kiel for opening of Baltic Canal.

"The very thing!" said Mr. G., vaulting over the library table at Hawarden, where he was sitting when letter arrived. "But TOBY, M.P., must come with us."

Objections urged in vain. What would Constituents in Berks say, me running away from work? Who was to write the only authentic matter-of-fact record of Parliamentary doings for future historians? Mr. G., with all the impetuosity of youth, would listen to nothing. So here I am, on board the R.M.S. *Tantallon Castle*. Here, also, is quite a quorum of members. Curious to see how they all trooped in just now when luncheon-bell rang. Said they thought it was a division; being in saloon, might as well stay.

That's all very well. By-and-by we'll be on the North Sea, where the stormy winds do blow, do blow. Shall see then whether we can keep a House through the dinner hour.

Business done.—Anchor weighed. Mr. G. taking the helm till we're out in the open, when anyone can steer. Looks more than usually knowing in a sou' wester. Wind N.E.E. Barometer falling.



Vantage in (Sir E. Gr-y and Sir E. Ashm-d-B-rtl-tt.)



Don Currie, Lord High Admiral.

STARTLING NEWS! ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. — GRACE caught!! WRIGHT at last

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday.—Tannhäuserites disappointed. Signor VIGNAS indisposed. *Tannhäuser's* understudy *Faust* put up. House good. Performance better. PLANÇON, — once *Jupiter* now *Mephistopheles*, the extremes meeting in one singer, — excellent. MELBA quite the German Fräulein. BEVIGNANI, C.B., i.e., "Conducting Beautifully," in the chair.



Pagliacci.

Tuesday.—Many other attractions, yet heart is true to Opera. M. VICTOR MAUREL, as *Iago*, adds another leaf to his victor's wreath of Laurel. MAGGIE MACINTYRE makes distinct advance, and sings, "O Willow, we have missed you" most melodiously. TAM AGNO as *Misther O'Tello*, the Irish darky singer, uncommonly powerful. RICHARD GREEN, *Montano*, greener than ever: quite fresh. PERCY MORDY a good *Roderigo Rando*. The highly Pole-ish'd OLITZKA a fair representative of *Emilia*. And this cast, with MERRY MANCINELLI manipulating musicians, makes the Opera a delight to the *fine fleur* of the Covent Gardenian Hot House.

Wednesday.—House crammed to see and hear ADELINA PATTI as *Rosina* in the ever delightful *Barbiere di Siviglia*. ROSSINI for ever! "Whar's PATTI's acting worth a third of the money; her singing makes up t'other two-thirds. "Bonus" to audience in "*Home, Sweet Home*." Wrapt attention! Here we are all of us out for the night, so to speak, in silks and satins and jewels rare, and with feathers and diamonds and all our war paint on, off afterwards to routs, balls and supper-parties, and yet all hushed, conscience-stricken as it were, in the midst of our gaiety, by sweet voice warbling so distinctly "*Home! Home! Home! Sweet Home!*" Wherever (including the Opera Covent Garden) we wander (and we can't wander when our attention is riveted on *la Diva*) there is no oh-o-o place like Ho-ome!" And then, second verse finished, a storm of rapturous applause bursts over the singer! Yes! those are our sentiments, "*Home! Home!*" by all means. Only—excuse us—we "*won't*" go Home Sweet Home till morning, till daylight doth appear." But why, ADELINA *mia*, didst thou sing at the end of the Opera that remarkably anti-climaxious waltz of TI-TO-TUM MATTER's? TI-TO-TUM all very well in his way, but not a ROSSINI. And then you sang it from a paper in your hand as though doing penance in a music sheet? A mistake, ADELINA, don't do it again, spin your TI-TO-TUM at a concert, but not in ROSSINI's *Barbiere*. BERTHA BAUERMEISTER obtained a rapturous encore, but shook her finger at the audience as who would say "too late! too late!" So BEVIGNANI bowed, and on we went again merrily. PINI-CORSI good as pantaloone *Bartolo*. ANCONA a capital *Figaro*, looking like one of *Cruikshank's* comic characters. ARRY MUNDY, fine *Basilio* done in Italian oils; M. BONNARD, light and airy French count, more of larker than lover. All Home-Sweet-Home-ing (or elsewhere) about midnight, many being detained by the singers at the Opera from getting to the SPEAKER's "at Home," Sweet Home.

Thursday.—Pagliacci, with Miss PAULINE JORAN appearing as *Nedda*, and playing it in first-rate style. "Gee up! *Nedda!*" Query. PINI-CORSI good as *Tonio*? Answer. 'CORSI was. 'T'others not much, but Opera still charming. Yet this evening's programme too trying for emotional persons. *Pagliacci*, tragedy; *Cavalleria Rusticana* tragedy also; tragedy from beginning to end; even the celebrated mezzo very like a wail! Not kind of DRURIOLANUS to afflict us thus. Madame BELLINCIONI, "the original *Santuzza*," admirable. Honour easy between Madame CALVÉ and BELLINCIONI. The latter played it first abroad; but the former had the start of her *here*. In some of the action peculiarly characteristic of the type, BELLINCIONI wins, not by a neck, but by two hands. CALVÉ more striking (hands down) in her jealous agony. Signor VALENTINE FIGARO ANCONA excellent as *Alfio*; the situation when VIGNAS, going strong as *Turiddu*, catches *Alfio's* ear, in order, as he says in Sicilian, "Tu-rid-u of his presence" by subsequently killing him, more dramatic than ever. GIULIA RAVOGLI admirable as quite the gay *Lola* of the Sicilian Seven Dials. After *intermezzo* Bowing BEVIGNANI declines *encore*.

Friday.—Child *Harold* allowed to sit up late for another night. Composer COWEN ought to sing, "I love my ALBANI with an A, because she's Admirable." *Harold* improveth on representation. William Malet played by RICHARD GREEN. Nice of the librettist, Sir EDWARD MALET, to keep the memory of his ancestor Green. It must make singers rather nervous to have the composer *vis-à-vis* conducting his own work; as WAGSTAFF observes, "in this instance it must have the effect of Cowin' them." 'Nother week gone.

A SIESTA.

How sleepy I feel! It is this beastly influenza cold and headache. The best thing to do for a headache is to have a little doze and sleep it off. Not a very easy thing to do in a big Paris hotel in the afternoon. However, it is quiet enough in my room, looking on to the courtyard, away from the noises of the Boulevard.

Just dropping off. Crash! Only someone shutting a door. That is not an unusual sound. In these big hotels no one closes a door, no one glides along a passage, no one speaks in a soft voice, but every one bangs, and stamps, and shouts. If it is a woman, she screams. Another crash! The man in the next room just come in. That's the Frenchman with the awful cough. No one but a Frenchman could have a cough like that. Lie and listen to his cough for some time. Various other doors banged. But at last sink into unconsciousness. Good Heavens! What's happened now? Oh, it's the American trunks being dragged out of the room on the other side. Well, at any rate I shall not hear the American voices now through that miserable door of communication, which, locked and bolted ever so carefully, does not keep out sounds. But there is someone talking there now. Of course the new comers. It must be two people. No, twenty people. By Jove, they are Germans! And there's the Frenchman's cough again. I shall never get to sleep. Yet somehow the sounds get confused, I fancy the Germans are coughing and the Frenchman is saying "*Ja, ja, ja*," and then—

There, now I am awake again. Why, there's someone knocking at the door. "*Pardon, monsieur, avez-vous reçu votre linge?*" "*Mais, oui, je l'ai reçu hier.*" "*Pardon, monsieur, il y a des faux-cols.*" "*Non, je les ai reçus tous.*" "*Mais, monsieur—*" "*Mais qu'est-ce que vous me chantez là? Laissez-moi tranquille.*" "*Mais, monsieur, le monsieur en face m'a dit que monsieur a reçu des faux-cols que monsieur—*" Confound the collars! Get up, let in the *garçon*, examine my collars and the collars of the *monsieur en face*, who is just packing up, rectify the mistake of the washer-woman, and am again alone. Now is it worth going to sleep or not? Will try once more.

What's that? "*MARIE!*" It's someone shouting outside my door. How fond they are of shouting outside my door! "*MARIE! De l'eau chaude.*" I hope she won't think it's for me, or she'll wake me up if at last I get a chance of dropping off. Then silence. Positively, absolute silence. The coughing Frenchman must have been suffocated; the Germans—no, nothing could stop the Germans from talking, only they have gone out of hearing. And the *femme de chambre* has hurried off to fetch that hot water for somebody, and the *garçon* is not banging his broom about in this *couloir*, and there is no baggage coming or going, and no door crashing; and, in the midst of profound peace, I think drowsily of quiet country afternoons, when one hears only the humming of the bees, and the whispering of the aspens, and then, and then—Hullo! What's up now? There's someone else knocking. My last chance gone. My head is aching more than ever. "*Eh bien?*" "*C'est l'eau chaude que vous avez commandée, Monsieur.*"

THE ADVERTISEMENT FIEND.

(Written in the Train by an Irate Traveller.)

"The English landscape is being transformed into a dumping-ground for catchpenny eyesores."—See the "*Nineteenth Century*" for June.

FOR Soap and Pill each English slope and hill

Is now a background, and the cry is,

"Still

They come;" these public nuisances,

that mar

The fair earth's face, like some un-

sightly scar.

Who possibly can care, I ask, to

learn

That Juno Soap Saves Washing, or to

turn

A gaze disgusted on some blatant

board, [plored

By which the devious tourist is im-

To try the Lightning Pill that never

fails

To spot the Spot, or cure whatever ails?

JOHN BULL, his missus and the kids,

I hope,

Do not entirely live on pill's and soap.

And yet you'd surely think so, when

you've scanned

The nostrum-signs that so adorn our

land!

Oh! heavily I'd tax 'em, if I might!

And keep the landscape clear. Am I not right?

[Terminus. Exit, fuming.



SOCIETY'S NEXT CRAZE.

(As foreseen by Mr. Punch's Second-sighted Clairvoyant.)

It is the summer of 1896—or possibly '97. The scene is a road skirting Victoria Park, Bethnal Green, which Society's leaders have recently discovered and appointed as the rendez-vous for the Season, and where it is now the correct thing for all really smart people to indulge, between certain prescribed hours, in sports and pastimes that have hitherto been more characteristic of the masses than the classes. The only permissible mount now is the donkey, which must be ridden close to the tail, and referred to as a "moke." A crowd of well-turned-out spectators arrives from the West End every morning about eleven to watch the brilliant parade of "Mokestrians" (as the Society journalist will already have decided to call them). Some drive slowly up and down on coster-barrows, attended by cockaded and disgusted grooms. About twelve, they break up into light luncheon parties; after which they play democratic games for half an hour or so, and drive home on drags.

Mr. Woodby-Innatt (to the Donkey Proprietor). Kept a moke for me? I told you I should be wantin' one every mornin' now.

[The Donkey Proprietor (after consulting engagement-book). I've not got it down on my list, Sir. Very sorry, but the Countess of CUMBERBACK has just booked the last for the 'ole of this week. Might let you 'ave one by-and-by, if Sir HASCOR GOODWOOD brings his in punctual, but I can't promise it.

Mr. Woodby-Inn. That's no good; no point in ridin' after the right time. (To himself, as he turns away.) Nuisance! Not that I'm so keen about a moke. Not a patch on a bike!—though it don't do to say so. Only if I'd known this, I'd have turned up in a tall hat and frock coat; and then I could have taken a turn on the steam-circus. Wonder if it would be any sort of form shyin' at cocoanuts in tweeds and a straw hat. Must ask some chap who knows. More puzzlin' what to put on this year than ever!

Lady Ranela Hurlingham (breathlessly to Donkey Proprietor). That's mine, isn't it? Will you please put me up, and promise me you'll keep close behind and make him run. (Suppliantly.) You will, won't you?

The Donkey Proprietor (with a due sense of his own value).

Well, I dessay I can come along presently, Lady 'URLINGHAM, and fetch 'im a whack or two; jest now I can't, having engaged to come and 'old the Marshiness of 'AMMERCLOTH's on 'er moke; but there, you order be able to git along well enough by yourself now—you ought!

Captain Sonbyrne (just home on leave from India—to Mrs. CHESHAM-LOWNDES). Rather an odd sort of idea this—I mean, coming all the way out here to ride a lot of donkeys, eh?

Mrs. Chesham-Lowndes. It used to be rather amusing a month ago, before they all got used to riding so near the tail; but now they're all so good at it, don't you know.

Capt. Sonb. I went down to Battersea Park yesterday to see the bicyclists. Not a soul there, give you my word!

Mrs. C.-L. No; there wouldn't be this season. You see, all sorts and conditions of people began to take it up, and it got too fearfully common. And now moke-riding has quite cut it out.

Capt. Sonb. But why ride donkeys when you can get gees?

Mrs. C.-L. Oh, well, they're democratic, and cheap, and all that, don't you know. And one really can't be seen on a horse this year—in town, at least. In the country it don't matter so much.

First Mokestrian (to second ditto). Hullo, old chap, so you've taken to a moke at last, eh? How are you gettin' on?

Second Mokestrian. Pretty well. I can sit on his tail all right now, but I can't get into the way of keepin' my heels off the ground yet, it's so beastly difficult.



Fragments from Spectators. That's rather a smart barrow, Lady BARINRAYNE's drivin' to-day. . . . Who's the fellow with her, with the paper feather in his pot-hat? Bad style, I call it. . . . That's Lord FREDDY FUGLEMAN—best dressed man in London. You'll see everybody turnin' up in a paper feather in a day or two. . . . Lot of men seem to be using a short clay as a cigarette-holder now, don't they? . . . Yes, RODDIE RIPPINGILL introduced the idea last week, and it seems to have caught on. [&c., &c.]

AFTER LUNCHEON; AT THE STEAM-CIRCUS, AND OTHER SPORTS.

Scraps of Small-talk. No end sorry, Lady GWENDOLIN; been tryin' to get you a scent-squirt everywhere; but they're all gone; such a run on 'em for Ascot, don't you know. . . . Thanks; it doesn't matter; only dear Lady BUCKRAM has just thrown some red oohre down the back of my neck, and AGY VERE came and shot out a coloured paper thing right in my face, and I shouldn't like to seem uncivil. . . . Suppose I shall see you at Lady BRABAZON's "Kiss in the Ring" at Bethnal Green to-morrow afternoon? . . . I believe she did send us cards, but we promised to look in at a

friendly lead the Duchess of DILLWATER is giving at such a dear little public she's discovered in Whitechapel, so we may be rather late. . . . You'll keep a handkerchief-throw for me if you do come on, won't you? . . . It will have to be an extra, then, I'm afraid. . . . Are you goin' to Lord BALMISYDE's eight o'clock breakfast to-morrow? So glad; I hear he's engaged five coffee-stalls, and we're all to stand up and eat saveloys and trotters and thick bread and butter. . . . Oh, I wanted to ask you, my girls have got an invitation to a hoky-poky party the VAVASOURS are giving after the moke-ridin' next Thursday, and I'm told it's quite wrong to eat hoky-poky with a spoon—do you know how that is? . . . The only correct way, CAROLINE, is to liek it out of the glass, which requires practice before it can be attempted in public. But I hear there's quite a pleasant boy-professor somewhere in the Mile End Road who teaches it in a single lesson; he's very moderate; his terms are only half a guinea, which includes the hoky-poky. I'll send you his address if I can find it.

. . . Thanks so much; the dear girls will be so grateful to you. . . . I do think it's quite too bad of Lady GERALDINE GRABBER, she goes and sticks her card on the only decent wooden horse in the steam-circus and says she's engaged it for the whole time, though she hardly ever takes a

round! And so many girls standing out who can ride without getting in the least giddy! . . . Rathah a boundah, that fellow, if you ask me; I've seen him pullin' a swing boat in brown boots and ridin' breeches! . . . How wonderfully well your daughter throws the rings, dear Lady CORNELIA, I hear she's won three walking-sticks and five clasp knives. . . . You're very kind. She is quite clever at it; but then she's had some private coaching from a gipsy, don't you know. . . . What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon? . . . Oh, I'm going to the People's Palace to see the finals played off for the Skittles Championship; bound to be a closish thing; rather excitin', don't you know. . . . Ah, Duchess, you've been in form to-day, I see, five cocoanuts! Can I relieve you of some of them? . . . Thanks, they are rather tiresome to carry; if you could find my carriage and tell the footman to keep his eye on them. [&c. &c.]

Lady Rosehugh (to Mr. LUKE WALMER, on the way home). You know I do think it's such a cheering sign of the times, Society getting simpler in its tastes, and sharing the pleasures of the Dear People, and all that; it must tend to bring all classes more together, don't you know!

Mr. Luke Walmer. Perhaps. Only I was thinking, I don't remember seeing any of the Dear People about.

Lady Rosehugh. No; somebody was telling me they had taken to playing Polo on bicycles in Hyde Park. So extraordinary of them—a place nobody ever goes near now, you know!

THE LAST TOURNAMENT

(OF TENNIS—IN THE NORTH).

*By a Manchester Enthusiast of Tennis-onian
Tastes and Hibernian Sympathies.*

["For once in a way the Northern Tournament, which has long boasted of being second only to Wimbledon, has not proved an unqualified success. . . . The withdrawal of Messrs. PIM and STOKER must for some time be severely felt by tournaments of first-class importance."—*Bradford Observer.*]

AIR—"The Battle of the Baltic."

OF Tennis in the North,
Sing the—more or less—renown!
But—some champions of worth
From the netted lists are flown;
The Great Brethren from the verdant courts
are gone!

Once they mustered a brave band,
LAWFORD long, and LEWIS grand,
Whilst the RENSHAWs, hand o'er hand,
Smashed—and won!

Now the other—BADDELEY—twins
Have it nearly their own way;
And they score repeated wins,
Though the ALLENS, too, can play,
And can send a swift one down the centre line.
When those twins are on the job
It is little use to lob.
Then there's BARLOW,—bet your bob
He is fine!

But the might of England flush'd
In those courts of emerald sheen.
WILFRID flew, and H. B. rush'd.—
Oh! the wearing of the Green!—
Where is Irish PIM, where STOKER, that great
gun?

Though they smashed and volley'd madly,
The Hibernians murmured sadly,
"Faix! Auld Erin's beaten—BADDELEY
At this fun!"

Then there's sweet Miss DOD again!
Oh, how sad it seems, and odd,
To survey the chalk-marg'd plain
In the absence of Miss DOD,
Who they say is wholly given up to GOLF!!!
Shall the links then lick the Court?
Tennis champions run short?
And the slaves of the Scotch sport
Jeer and scoff?

True MAHONEY and Miss MARTIN
Did their best our sport to save;
And Miss COOPER took stout part
In mixed doubles—which was brave:
But where was Mrs. HILLYARD, "whom we
knew?"

(As Ulysses said of him
In the Shades.) Oh, STOKER, PIM!
E'en bright Manchester looked dim
Missing you!

Still, joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of your might!
Yet we hope that Golfing craze
Will not come, like a big blight,
And seduce our DODs and RENSHAWs any
more.

For to mar the sweet content
Of our Northern Tournament,
By much time on links misspent
Were a Bore!!!

"THE SEELEY LECTURERS."—We have a wholesome dread of lecturers generally. Perhaps the more learned the lecturer, the greater the boredom to the listeners, specially if the latter be frivolously inclined. But in any case, if lectures must be, then we would rather hear a *Wise* lecturer than a *Seeley* one. On second thoughts, the only entertaining Seeley Lecturer that we know is the one at the Zoo, who discourses on, while exhibiting, the seal.



AT A FRENCH HOTEL.

"TELL HIM TO CLEAN YOUR BOOTS, JOHN—AND MINE TOO."

"ALL RIGHT. ER—GARÇON, NETTOYEZ MAY BOT, SI VOO PLAY—ET AUSSEE MAH FAM!"

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

MR. H. T. WADDY, the Liberal Candidate, has been telling the voters of the Truro-Helston division of Cornwall stories about those wicked publicans. At one of the bye elections they got out posters, which read, "If you vote for the Liquor Traffic Bill, this house will be closed," and displayed them in their premises. But the Radical humorist was on the war-path, and, having provided himself with copies of the poster, attached them to the respective doors of the prison, the lunatic asylum, and the workhouse. This was quite excellent. But Mr. WADDY might have carried the joke a little further, say as far as London. There, at all events, the Bill may possibly lead to the early closing of one public

house, where business has for some time been in a very bad way. This would of course be a source of great satisfaction to Mr. WADDY—and his leaders.

In connection with the course of lectures given at Truro by Mrs. THWAITES, principal of the Liverpool School of Cookery, a large company recently dined in the Concert Hall, at the invitation of the directors of the Truro Gas Company, when the advantages of cooking by gas were put to practical test. Truly there be epicures at Truro who know what's what. Cooking by G. A. S. must have been a great success, and Truro will look forward to a repetition of this Cook's excursion. In any case, it will have added to the list of the good things it has seen and people it has known.



Off the Elbe, Wednesday Afternoon.—Got up steam, weighed anchor and laid our course East by North half South for Hamburg. Don CURRIE, whose knowledge of ocean life is extensive and peculiar, tells me no well regulated ship puts to sea without first ascertaining the weight of her anchor. Much interested at this peep into nautical life. But what has the weight of the anchor to do with the voyage of the *Tantallon Castle*, or even with the opening of the Baltic Canal? Well, the

Don is not sure. Anyhow, it is an old custom. Sailors are superstitious, and if this preliminary to a voyage were omitted, they would turn rusty, and might even want to throw someone overboard. So, to prevent possible unpleasantness, the anchor is weighed—"To an ounce," Don CURRIE says severely.

Suppose before we turn in we shall be told how much it weighs. Wish I knew what is the average weight of a really good anchor. So awkward if a man comes upon you suddenly, and says "The anchor weighs just over a ton"; or "What do you think? the anchor turns the scale at fifty-two lbs. ten dwt." Is one too much, and is the other surprisingly little? Haven't the slightest idea. Shall, in either case, say "Ha!" That is, at any rate, non-committal.

Mr. G. will know what an anchor ought to weigh in given circumstances. He knows everything. Shall try and find opportunity of asking him.

Hamburg, Friday, 5 A.M.—"I am very fond of the German tongue," said the Member for SARK, paying me an early morning pyjama-call. "The language in which GOETHE wrote and HEINE sang is sacred. Still, when it is emitted from the throats of half a score of steam-whistles, one feels there are limits to passionate desire. Have often heard siren song of steam-whistle in and about the Thames. That's bad enough for the sensitive ear. But when it comes to steam-whistling in German, you begin to understand why people sometimes commit suicide."

For my part, I like it. Few things more charming than to be wakened at daybreak by a steam-whistle spluttering in your larboard ear. Before you have quite drank in the fulness of the music, another shrieks in your starboard ear. Then, far and near, all round the harbour, they pop off in different keys. Some angry; some whining; some in anguishing pain; some mocking; some wailing; one ingenious contrivance, moved by a master-hand, managing to imitate a burst of maniacal laughter, in which, if you didn't bury your head in the pillow, you feel you must join.

Then there's the effect on the man on deck. Don't know who he is; fancy he must be the Supercargo. At first shriek of the earliest whistle, he puts on the heaviest boots (those with the clump of steel at the toes, the wedges of iron at the heel, and fat-headed nails all over the sole). He gives preliminary stamp precisely over your head; all right; steam-whistle shrieks; others respond; Supercargo is off; stamps to and fro just the length of the deck immediately over your berth; leaps up height of two feet; drops exactly over your head; steam-whistles go faster; Supercargo clatters off; fetches from somewhere a plank, a rough-hewn plank studded with nails; this he dashes on the deck over your head; got the range to a nicety; never misses; steam-whistles go off simultaneously; maddening effect on Supercargo; he rages to and fro, charges over your berth, banging the plank with mad delight. You get out of your berth, dash to side; just going to plunge over; when Quartermaster seizes you and leads you back to cabin, locking you in.

And SARK says he doesn't care for early morning effects in Hamburg harbour!

Saturday Morning.—Steaming down Elbe, meaning to anchor at its mouth. (Not at its elbow, as SARK told the pilot. Pilot didn't see joke. Stared at him, and said, "Hein?" which made SARK look foolish.) Last night citizens of Hamburg entertained us at dinner. Banquet spread in what they call the Zoologischer Garten. Odd how the way of pronouncing a familiar word grows upon some people after dinner.

Feeding time seven. No extra charge to the public, who are kept outside. Excellent dinner; but general arrangement more suited to time of Methuselah than our shorter-lived day. Sat down at 7.30; finished by 11.30. Peculiarity of menu was the interpolation of cold speeches among the hot dishes. As soon as we swallowed our *Klare Schildkrötensuppe*, and toyed with our *Forellen, blau mit Butter*, Chairman rose and proposed toast to Emperor. Next came on the table (sideways, of course) *Helgoländer hummer auf amerikanische Art*. Before the dish was removed, another gentleman on his legs proposing health of Mr. G. So on through the meal: first a bite and sup, then a speech. Practice interesting, though apt to induce a coolness on part of some of the dishes. Suppose cook calculates that gentlemen proposing particular toast will speak for ten minutes; he takes twenty, or, if of a fearless nature, half an hour. Where's your next dish? Why, cold or burnt. Nor can system be recommended on score of economy. Consequence of sitting through four hours dining off sort of speech-sandwich, is that you begin to get hungry again. The absent-minded man, offered an ice, says he usually begins his dinner with soup. If two hundred follow his example, and insist upon going all through the dinner again, it is not only embarrassing, but becomes costly.

Off Jutland, Sunday.—Don CURRIE last night gave return banquet on *Tantallon Castle* to Hamburgers. Done in princely style. Over

two hundred sat down in brilliantly lighted saloon. Had our speeches, as usual with *nous autres*, served with the desert instead of as *entrées*. Few, short, pithy, and one historical. Don CURRIE proposed toasts to his fellow Sovereigns, the Queen of ENGLAND and Emperor of GERMANY. Burgomaster of Hamburg toasted Mr. G., who responded in speech, lofty in sentiment, eloquently simple, admirable in delivery. Dog and pup, I have, during the last twenty years, heard nearly every one of his great speeches in the House and out. Declare that in all the qualities that go to make a perfect oration, it would be hard for even his record to beat this impromptu speech, delivered amid such strange surroundings.

After dinner, a dance on deck. The waltzing and polkaing common-place enough. But Kiel owing to the great physical resemblance between his representative on the *Tantallon Castle* and His LEAGUE, M.P., and Imperial Majesty the GERMAN EMPEROR!! In fact, the LORD OF THE ISLES do a sword dance, whilst RAMSAY, M.P., like them, clad in national garb, played the bagpipes. This struck the German guests more than anything. Their papers full of it.

Copenhagen, Tuesday.—King and Queen of DENMARK, with rest of Royal Family, had day out to-day. Came aboard *Tantallon Castle* for luncheon.



"You talk about your Roshervilles, *cher* TOBEE," his Majesty said, as we smoked cigars with our coffee; "but to my mind, the place to spend a happy day is the *Tantallon Castle*."

"There is," I said, "the drawback of the absence of shrimps. But then even kings cannot have everything."

"True, TOBEE," said the grandfather of our kings-to-be and of other people's. And for a moment the royal brow was "sicklied o'er with pale cast of thought."

It cleared as he caught sight of our two rival Kodakesses, who had simultaneously got him in focus. Pretty to see King arrange his hair, give little twist to moustache, and assume look of abstraction, just as common people do when they suspect someone is taking a snap-shot at them. As SARK says, "One snap of the Kodak makes the whole world kin."

Oddly enough, there were speeches at the luncheon. Mr. G. having got his hand (or rather his voice) in at mouth of the Elbe, delivered two charming addresses. One in proposing health of King and Queen of DENMARK, the other in responding to toast to his own health, given by King. A new thing this for Old Parliamentary Hand to serve as after-dinner speaker. Listening to his graceful, gracious phrases, one almost regrets he should have given up so much time to Irish Land Bills, Home Rule, and the like.

After luncheon a stroll on deck, and, incidentally, a memorable scene. In addition to the Kodakesses, who have taken everyone on board, except each other, we have a regular artist with a camera. Don CURRIE, having a moment to spare, thought he would have his likeness taken. Got into position; operator's head under the cloth fixing him; in another moment it would have been done. As SHAKESPEARE wrote long ago, "Nothing escapes the eye of royal Denmark." The King, seeing what was going on, quietly led up the Queen, and stood by her in focus; the rest of the Royal Family, as our toast lists have it, closed in, forming a group near the Don; and when the astonished operator removed the cap and exposed the plate he found upon it the Royal Family of Denmark and one simple Highland gentleman distinguished in such company by his plain estate.

In afternoon, Don CURRIE having entertained Kings and Queens and Crown Princes, threw open all the gangways of the ship to the people of Copenhagen. They flocked in by hundreds, increasing to thousands. In endless streams they passed along the decks peering and poking their noses into every nook and cranny. On upper deck they had a great find. Sitting in his state cabin, with door open,

was Mr. G. reading about the Vikings in their own tongue, which he has lately added to his list of acquired foreign languages. The Danes, men, women, and children, stood there at gaze. Mr. G., with his back turned to door, read on, unnoticing. Crowd growing unmanageable with ever-increasing numbers, a handy quartermaster rigged out ropes, and made sort of hand-rail, guarding either side of cabin, keeping back crowd. But it filled the deck all through the afternoon, ever changing, but ever one in its passionate, yet patient desire to catch a glimpse of that figure in the cabin, that went on reading, as if the world outside were a mere wilderness.



An admirable spot for a little quiet reading, although perhaps the firing does make it a little difficult to concentrate one's thoughts wholly upon the matter in hand.

Wednesday.—At Kiel. Harbour and approaches filled with fleets of all nations, every ship bristling with guns, and longing to be at somebody. For the closing years of the nineteenth century of the Christian Era, this is, as SARK says, most encouraging. It is the completest achievement, the proudest thing civilisation has to show us.

FROM the *Manchester Guardian* —

SIR CHARLES HALLE'S CHOIR PICNIC. FINAL REHEARSAL and for TICKETS at Messrs. &c.

How is a picnic rehearsed?



HIS IDEA OF IT.

Native. "Is 'T NO A DAFT-LIKE PLACE THIS TAE BE TAKIN' A VIEW? THERE'S NO NAETHING TAE BE SEEN FOR THE TREES. NOO, IF YE WAS TAE GANG TAE THE TAP O' KNOCKCROGGAN, THAT WAD SET YE FINE! YE CAN SEE FIVE COONTIES FRAE THERE!"

THE LEADING MOTIVE OF THE "W. O.," WITH VARIATIONS.

The General Idea (supplied at Pall Mall). That, although the British Army costs (exclusive of extras) £57 per man, the War Office is the best bureau in the world. The establishments over which the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief preside, are necessarily incapable of improvement, as they are absolutely perfect. This being so, nothing more need, can, and should be said.

Commentary No. 1 (supplied by Printing House Square). That the General Idea of the War Office is ridiculous. That were Pall Mall to be occupied by the staff of a merchant's office, the nation would be saved millions, and the £57 (exclusive of extras) per man arrangement would soon be regarded as an extravagant product of the wasteful past.

Commentary No. 2 (supplied by a military writer). That civilians cannot possibly know anything about the working of a Government Office. As Pall Mall says it is perfect, it is to be presumed that it is. Why not leave well alone? And as for £57 (exclusive of extras) per man, why, is not that arrangement less than £80?

Commentary No. 3 (supplied anonymously). Opinion of military writer not worth the paper containing it. Look abroad. Does the foreign service cost £57 per man, exclusive of extras? Not at all. Then what can be done on the Continent, can, and should be done in England.

Commentary No. 4 (supplied by the working-classes). What! pay, £57 (exclusive of extras) for a soldier? Much better abolish the Army, and reduce the price of beer!

Commentary No. 5 and last (supplied by Private THOMAS ATKINS). What, I cost £57 a year, exclusive of extras! Well, all I can say is, that precious little of the money or the perquisites gets into my pockets! Worse luck to it!

MRS. R. ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION. — "What's this I hear about Mr. G.?" inquired Mrs. R. "That he is returning to the House in town, and giving up his Villiers in the country?"



UNLUCKY SPEECHES.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!" SAYS THE BASHFUL JONES TO FAIR BRIDE ON THE OCCASION OF HER THIRD MARRIAGE.

ARS EST CELARE NATURAM.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR having expressed a wish to visit a non-existing island at Hamburg, the tasteful citizens have constructed one by means of wirework, canvas, plaster, and cement.

It is stated that the SULTAN is bored by the Bosphorus. The whole surface of the water will therefore be covered with planks, painted green, to represent meadows.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS is said to have remarked that Brussels would be improved by a distant view of the sea. The municipal authorities propose to cover the high ground, seen from the palace windows, with tin-foil. It is hoped that this will give the effect of the sea gleaming in the sunshine.

THE PRESIDENT of the French Republic having thought that it would be a pleasing compliment to Russia if some specimens of Russian architecture could be erected in Paris, it is believed that the *Commission des Monuments Historiques* will cover the Louvre with laths and canvas, painted to represent the Kremlin, and by similar means will transform the Champs Elysées into the Nevsky Prospect, and will give to Notre Dame the appearance of the forts at Cronstadt.

THE KHEDIVE has expressed an opinion that the Pyramids look old and shabby. If the English and French government will authorise the expenditure, the whole surface of the stone will be made perfectly smooth, will be painted and grained in imitation of oak, and will finally be varnished. The face of the Sphinx will be washed, and will then be used for an advertisement of an English soap. The enormous rent paid for this will be added to the KHEDIVE'S pocket money.

THE QUEEN of HOLLAND is dissatisfied with the flat surroundings of the Hague. It has been pointed out to HER MAJESTY that the city contains a hill, called, we believe, the Vijverberg, which rises at least three feet above the level of the sea, but she has replied that this is not enough. It is therefore proposed to surround the whole city with a gigantic panorama of the Bernese Oberland.

THE OTHER DAY the King of SPAIN perceived a reflection of the moon in a pond, and was much annoyed when his attendants failed to bring it to him. It has now been arranged that all the ponds in the neighbourhood shall contain an aluminium moon, which can be pulled out by a specially appointed Grandee of Spain, if commanded by HIS MAJESTY.

"B-O-M-B-BOMB!"

FRIDAY, June 21. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE resigned his Commander-in-Chieftaincy, and the Government was suddenly scattered by a "*Brodrick Patent Cordite Exploder*," which reduced the Secretary of War's salary by a hundred pounds.

"A hundred pounds!
Ha! Thou hast touched me nearly."

The Critic.

THE WITNESS Protection Society and General Legal Reform Union has been holding its Annual General Meeting. Among the numerous objects of this estimable body the chief appears to be to protect witnesses in law courts from insult by counsel. Captain PARKIS, having expressed himself as willing, was voted to the chair, and the members settled down to have a good time. "Heated discussion," "further disturbance," and a well-sustained fire of "protests," lent an air of gaiety to the proceedings, which culminated in "various gentlemen abusing one another across the table." With such excellent practice, the members of the W. P. S. G. L. R. U. should be able to hold their own in court. The Bar trembles. Even the Bench feels a little uneasy.

L-CKW-D, no longer drawing, will be drawn,
Even the piercing eye of OL-BKE will quail,
C-ES-N be "spacheless," G-LL will almost fawn,
And sturdy W-BST-R falter and turn pale,
Because the witness, taking heart of grace,
Will "go for him" with candour strangely new,
And brandish, cross-examined, in his face
The W. P. S. G. L. R. U.!

"MEMORABLE SAYINGS AND HISTORICAL EVENTS."—There must now be added to the long list Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S languidly joose remark on Friday night last. "Thank Heaven," he is reported to have said, "there is one night on which we need not fear a crisis." And while yet the laugh was on their lips, the bells rang, and subsequently the Four Tellers announced what could not have been Fore-told. And who laughs last?



“WILLIAM! AHOY!”

OPEN-MINDED WILLIAM (*having come ashore from “The Stormy Petrel”*). “AVAST THERE, MESSMATES! THE STATESMAN WHO WOULD LAY HIS HANDS ON A STEEPLE-HATTED FEMALE IN DISTRESS,—*SAVE IN THE WAY OF KE-INDNESS*,” &c., &c. [The “Messmates” “avast” accordingly.]

*** “Mr. G.” withdrew his pair with Mr. VILLIERS in order to keep “an open mind” on the Welsh Disestablishment Question.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MESSEURS. ARKWRIGHT, CUNLIFFE, and WARNER have received their blues from the Captain of the Oxford University Eleven. In other words, these gentlemen will help to represent their University in the cricket match against Cambridge. My congratulations, though they come late, are none the less hearty and sincere. Can any years of success in after life efface the memory or outrival the delight of that crowded moment of glorious life which comes to a young man when his Captain tells him he may get his blue? Thenceforward he is made one with the great company of old blues, who year by year meet and exchange reminiscences, the honour of his University is in his hands, his father becomes less rigorous in his financial views, and his mother is confirmed in her opinion that her darling is the brightest and best and handsomest of created beings.

These keen joys come but once in a lifetime, and only to a few.

THAT man's a good bat who can time, judge, and mark right
The ball as it flies from the right hand of ARKWRIGHT.
And the Oxford men cheer as they see the stumps fall
When the Magdalen bowler delivers the ball.
"My team," said G. MORDAUNT, "requires only one lift;
If I get it the Cantabs may go and be Cunliffed."
And I think he was wise in awarding, don't you,
To this tricky left-handed young bowler his blue.
And lastly the Captain, he put in his thumb,
For he very much wanted to pull out a plum:
"I have it," he cried, like a modern Jack Horner,
And he promptly scored one as he pulled out Plum WARNER.

WHEN I was a freshman at Cambridge (*cheu fugaces!*) I remember being both impressed and terrified at having pointed out to me a tutor of a certain College who was said to be the hero of a Bacchanalian incident. The story went that the tutor, returning from some feast with a party of friends, fell, by mischance, into one of the narrow streams of water that flow at the side of the Cambridge streets. Striking out vigorously, he shouted, "Save the rest, I can swim." No doubt the story is still told, for the supposed hero of it is still alive. Indeed, when a caricature of him was published some years ago in *Vanity Fair*, the biography by JEHU JUNIOR closed with the words, "He can swim." Yet the story, as affecting Mr. DASH, of Blank College, is manifestly false, for it is older than the century. The curious may find it in its original form in the lately published volume of S. T. COLERIDGE's letters. The poet relates it of an undergraduate of his day who had taken part in a drunken revel.

BUT the ways of stories are at all times inscrutable. I have myself—I confess it without a blush—deliberately invented and spread abroad a story about a semi-public dinner. I did so merely because it struck me as containing elements of humour. Besides, it not only might have happened, but ought to have happened. A year or two later six gentlemen, who had been present when the incident did not occur, related it back to me, each one with a little special embellishment of his own. Some of them were magistrates, most of them were fathers of families, and all were honourable men. Yet they were all prepared to stake their reputations on the absolute veracity of this myth; and, what is even more curious, they retailed it to its inventor and disseminator.

LYTHAM is troubled. I read that "the musical attractions at the Pier Pavilion have been fairly patronised, and dancing on the pier is to be resumed." This latter attraction, it appears, has not met with the entire approval of the Lytham people, who contend that it will bring Lytham into disrepute. "The Ratepayers' Association have had the matter under consideration, and have disclaimed any connection with the innovation. The directors, however, have had the question under discussion, and have decided to continue the dancing."

Said the pier-man to the tourist, "Lo, the tide is flowing free;
Won't you come and join the dancers in our Temple by the sea?
See how maziely the Harries and the Harriets advance,
Will you won't you, will you won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"We have corne's, flutes and fiddles, and we always play in time,
And the triangles at intervals triangularly chime.
Hark, the bold bassoon is booming, every dancer gets a chance,
Come and trip it, pretty tourist, in our gay Pavilion dance."

But the tourist paused a moment; then addressed the pier-man, "Brute,
Such proceedings bring poor Lytham into awful disrepute,

Besides, I'm here for pleasure, and I do not want to prance,
As the rest of them are doing, in your gay *al fresco* dance."

And the ratepayers considered it, and angrily replied,

"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side:

Take your dancers far from England, take them bodily to France;
We disclaim the least connection, and we will not join your dance."

I NOTE from a correspondence in *The Scotsman* that a considerable amount of feeling has been aroused by the erection of the new North British Railway Hotel in Princes Street. Lord WEMYSS, apparently, has declared not only that it will spoil the view, but also that it will "pierce the vault of heaven." Another correspondent adds that it will have "a Jennerised, unreposeful front." That ought to settle the matter at once. Someone else complains of "those terrible advertisements of drugs and fluid beef which extend in gigantic letters along the side of the lower part of the Carlton Hill, and which catch the unwilling eye of anyone looking from the Bridges, from the Mound, and indeed from any part of the Old Town." What with advertisements of drugs and fluid beef, and a new hotel possessing a Jennerised, unreposeful front, obviously Edinburgh is in a bad way.

MR. C. J. WALTON, of Wolverhampton, writes to the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* with reference to a recent appeal on behalf of the victims of the "Liberator" frauds. "I fail entirely to see," he says, "how a member of the Church of England can be expected to make the slightest sacrifice (except on the principle of Christian charity), seeing that the whole idea of the 'Liberator' scheme was to find funds for the agitators whose sole aim was the robbery and destruction of the Church of England as a national institution, and to get hold of its funds for secular and non-religious purposes." Dear me, dear me, how strange, how terrible, how muddle-headed. This poor politician has evidently got mixed up between the Liberator and the "Liberation Society." Let him take the hint, and send in his subscription.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Convict Ship, CLARK RUSSELL's latest novel (CHATTO AND WINDUS), is redolent of the sea. There is no writer, not forgetting MARRYAT, who has such close companionship with the sea in its multiple forms and its many moods. The temptation to transfer some of the ever-varying pictures of the sea which sparkle in these pages is great but must be resisted. Here is a glimpse of night at sea, chosen not because it is best, but because it is shortest:—



"The mighty shadow of the ocean night was majestic and awful, with the wild, flashful colouring of lightning in the south, and the dustlike multitude of stars over the three glooming spires of our ship."

One would suppose that, sitting down to write, CLARK RUSSELL had just come home from a long trip foreign, or at least lived his life somewhere within sight and sound of the sea. The pity of it is, my Baronite tells me, that this incomparable student of the sea, of ships that go down upon the waters, and of those who people them, lies at anchor on his sofa in an inland town. He has not looked upon the sea for a dozen years, nor smelt its brine, nor watched a ship coming or going. This makes the more marvellous the power of description of sea life in all its forms here displayed. Beyond this special gift, fascinating to some people, Mr. RUSSELL has a story to tell, a good stout sea story, full of life and adventure, through the devious movements of which we meet real men and one woman. Remembering that CLARK RUSSELL now ranks as a veteran novelist, it is pleasant to bear testimony to the fact that he seems to have saved his best wine to the last. *The Convict Ship* is, take it from stem to stern, the best work he has yet turned out. THE B. DE B.-W.

"N.B."—Glasgow will have to look after its parks. Here is the Town Council actually dreaming of "feuing" some of "the recently-acquired Camphill grounds" for building purposes! These grounds belong to the people, and adjoin the South Side Park, and "the amenity of that park would be destroyed" by building operations. One protester says South Side Park is the prettiest in Glasgow, and "more like the London parks, which I regard as the finest in the kingdom." Thanks, worthy Scot! The view of it, "as seen through the railings in the Pollokshaws Road," reminds him of "the fine view of Hyde Park which is to be had through the railing in that busy and lovely thoroughfare—Oxford Street." Thanks again, thrice worthy Piet! But Oxford Street a "lovely thoroughfare"—well! At any rate, the Glasgow Bailies when next they are disposed to "feu," should think of the "Many" instead.

RHYME FOR RECORD-MAKERS.

RATTLE-IT, rattle-it, "Biking"
man;
Make us a "record" as fast as
you can;
Score it, and print it as large as
life,
And someone will "cut" it ere
you can say knife!

GERMANY AND FRANCE AT THE THEATRES.—Capital fun at DRU-RIOLANUS'S Drury Lane, by the Ducal Court Company. Farical Comedy, HASEMANN'S *Töchter*, played by the Ducal Creatures. How we have been going it in the theatrical world! SARA in French! DUSE in Italian! and now the clever people of Saxe-Coburg - and - Gotha ("You'll Go-tha and see 'em!") to finish with. By the way, SARA not to be beaten by anybody as *La Tosca*. Fascinating and terrible as ever. In the knife, corpse, and candle scene, awful. Fine play, but—"Horrible! Most horrible!" Quite comforting, when curtain descends on that Act, to remember that "it's only purtendin'."

A SINGULAR entry was on Tuesday, June 18, made in Mr. INGLEFIELD'S visitors' (House of Commons) book. "Mr. DISRAELI—Mr. GLADSTONE." It was Mr. C. DISRAELI introducing as a visitor a Mr. GLADSTONE of Liverpool. A very "singular entry" indeed, had it been the ghost of Big Ben himself!

DR. W. GRACE'S FAVOURITE DISH.—"Batter pudding."

Sissy. "MAMMA, DOES DEMI-TOILETTE MEAN HALF-DRESSED, LIKE MRS. ROBINS IS WHEN SHE COMES HERE TO DINNER?"



"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," &c.

MERRY MAY OUR KIEL GROW!

(BY A WEE GERMAN LADDIE.)

AIR—"The Keel Row!"

As I sailed through the Baltic,
The Baltic, the Baltic,
As I sailed through the Baltic,
I heard a German sing, O!

"Merry may our Kiel grow,
Our Kiel grow, our Kiel grow,
With ships from sea to sea, O!"

"The Vaterland reposes,
As though on beds of roses,
Whilst we hold up our noses,
Among the Naval Powers, O!"

Merry may our Kiel grow, &c.

"The Frank desires to mizzle,
His Panama's a fizzle.
BULL, in his land of drizzle,
Is jealous as can be, O! [&c.]
But merry may our Kiel grow,

MR. F. J. HORNIMAN, F.R.G.S., tea-merchant, has accepted the invitation to oppose Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK, Conservative M.P., for the united borough of Penryn, Flushing, and Falmouth. It is anticipated, says the *Western Daily Mercury*, that he will make a good candidate. Certainly he ought to be able to suit the constituency tea T, unless it continues faithful to its CAVENDISH, in which case his candidature will end in smoke. Mr. HORNIMAN, no doubt, will welcome an early general election, because the longer he stands the greater prospect of his getting what school-boys call a "tannin'."

NEW SONG.—"Goodness' Nose," By the author of "Beauty's Eyes"!!

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

A COMIC RAILWAY JOURNEY.

Miss Prunes-Prism. And now, my dear charges, I trust you have utilised the hour that has been hypothecated to enjoyment profitably.

Emily. Indeed we have, dear governess. I have read to my brother and sister a most amusing account of a railway traveller who wished to get from Bangor to Euston in five hours, and was baffled in the well-intentioned attempt by the clever ingenuity of the railway companies!

Miss Prunes-Prism. You refer, no doubt, to the gentleman who, having left Bangor at 7.55, reached Llandudno at 8.5, Colwyn Bay at 8.41, Abergele at 8.52, Rhyl at 9.2, and Chester at 9.56.

Margaret. Yes, dear Miss PRUNES-PRISM; and it is at that point the fun of the railway companies came in. Having arrived at 9.56 he found that the train for London had already left. It was timed to depart for the metropolis exactly one minute before the arrival of his train at 9.55!

Emily. Indeed, dear governess, the story is vastly entertaining. Then there is a similar arrangement at Crewe Junction. At that centre of popularity a train arrives from a provincial source at 10.48, just one minute later than the advertised time for the departure of the London train. Those who have the framing of these traffic arrangements must be wags of the first water!

Miss Prunes-Prism. No doubt they are. And now, my dear CHARLES, supposing your dear papa wished to get from Bangor to Euston, what would you advise him to do?

Charles. I should recommend him to walk.

Miss Prunes-Prism. I think, my dear child, that your counsel would be sound. And now, my dear charges, having enjoyed our chat, let us return with renewed energy to the consideration of the principal incidents of *Magna Charta*.

ENCORE VERSE.

(See Song, "The Two Graces," in last week's "Punch.")

[In the first innings of the Jubilee Match, "I Zingari versus Gentlemen of England," W. G. GRACE, Sen., scored 34, and W. G. GRACE, Jun., 79].

Says the young W. G. to the old W. G.,
"Seventy-nine, my potent pater, Seventy-nine!"

Says the old W. G. to the young W. G.,

"That beats mine, sonny WILLIAM, that beats mine!"

A. G. SREEL does little cricket, but he made hay of my wicket;

How we used to run the score up, he and I, long ago!

But I told you you would do it, if you only dared stick to it;

And we know, we old 'uns, WILLIAM; yes, we know!"

THERE has been much excitement in Sheffield about the School Board. The unsectarian party had a chance of converting a minority of one into a majority of the same extent, owing to the retirement of one Church member, and the serious illness of another, Father BURKE, who was thereby prevented from attending the Board meeting for the election of a new member. Mr. CHARLES HOBSON, however, refused to take advantage of an accident to reverse for the next two years and a half the policy of the Board laid down by a majority of the ratepayers, and chose what he considered the better part of pairing with Father BURKE. Therefore was the chairman enabled to give a casting vote in favour of the Church candidate. But "Hobson's Choice" has not pleased his candid friends, who think, and say, that it is "not war," nor even magnificent. The blades must needs keep up the credit of their native place by making cutting remarks. They come from Sheffield.

Who Threw It?

Joy in the Church, confusion in the chapel,
And contradictory clamour everywhere!

It may be questioned if the Eris-apple
Gendered more strife than "Mr. GLADSTONE'S Pair."

SERIES TO SUCCEED "THE PENNY POETS."—"The Tuppenny-Ha'penny Poetasters." To include the lays of the Logrollerites, and the leading aspirants to the Laureateship.



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